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AGRA:

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1853.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"THE SHIPWRECK" and "Poetic Pieces by J. B. L." declined with many acknowledgements.

* * and x. y. z.. would oblige us by communicating either their own names or that of a responsible friend, confidence, if so desired, will be strictly respected.

Devoid, as we necessarily are, of the means of reference on many subjects, the reasons are obvious which oblige us to decline anonymous contributions.

We shall return all the communications, of which we have not been able to avail ourselves, within the month, to those who have favored us with them.

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LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY,

JANUARY, 1853.

LINTA'S DREAM.

(A slightly German Tale.)



Linta,—a maiden, poetess, sister, and betrothed,—had been doomed, in the fury of war, to see all that was dear to her, two brothers and her lover, snatched away. Easy is it for a man, in the fiery tumult of the senses and faculties, and in the engrossing intoxication of passion, to endure wounds oftentimes not felt till afterwards, or to perish in the general destruction. But the mother who stays behind at home, and the sister, and the sweet-heart, compelled to expose themselves, with glazed eyes and rigid limbs, to the arrows of misfortune, and hoping without hope; much the more grievously, in every war, unseen and unbefriended, do these bleed. When approaching death, with its victory-and-powder wains, passes before their windows; when the field-music of the foe peals triumphantly before them; when the weapons, which are destined to transfix the loved one's breast, burnished, gleam into moist eyes; and when, at last, one peal of hostile thunder meets another:—there is no far-off heart more happy than is that which feels not. Then, from the field of slaughter, passes every bullet, that fails the beloved heart, through that which loves; and the interim is simply one unintermitted torture, which no victory assuages, but rather enhances. Then does each sealed despatch, blood-stained, as it were, enshrine only nameless death. Yet, should she that loves throw aside the despatches, still, do her night-visions recal them,—false, or true, but for the most part bloody.

Night-tidings of such sort did Linta receive earlier than tidings by day. Each dream blotted out a joy from her heart. Three gloomy predictions passed, and then came a fulfilment. Her elder brother was dead, though not killed. But her sorrow left her two hopes. Soon, however, was one of them extinguished. Her younger brother, the companion in arms of her lover, had fallen on the field of battle,—the real seed-plot of death,—on which seldom is more earned than a meagre sighing peace.

Now did the twice-stricken heart shut within itself the blood of its wounds, and distil it to deadly poison. "The third, too, is dead," said she: "yes, nightly he dies before me. All good things and all bad, as runs the proverb, go by threes." Frenzy snatched her into its whirlpool, down among its fury-masks. Would that there were an art to discover, for anguished life, a rose-coloured delirium! Why,—when reality has cankered all our blessings,—must dreams light up above us a wild outflaming northern-light, and the Medusa's head of madness petrify our wounds?

Now, Linta's madness was, in this, peculiar, that, though when awake she wandered about unwontedly quiet and languid, yet when once absorbed in dreaming,—itself a daily delirium,—it was at once increased. Her groans, her lamentings, the contortions of her features in sleep, indicated distinctly what ghastly forms, one dissolving into another, did her dreams reflect from out the floods which so deeply overspread her life. Like the night-violet, it was her wont to awake at sunset, whether she had slept much or little. The night she would spend in repeating to others, or to herself, her hideous poetic dreams. Unfortunately, her dreams at that time projected their shadows far into life; and she beheld at one time her lover, and again her brothers, standing before her. Particularly was she tormented and perplexed because she was unable to give the third of the victims, her bridegroom, the fitting tribute of her tears. For hours together she would gaze, before the mirror, at her parched eyes, in the hope of a single refreshing drop. Often did she exclaim in sleep, "But one tear, O God! Give but this to my eye, and then may it wither. Ah! in truth, I have wept but twice."

But fate had sweeter tears for her in store; for her beloved Alexander returned, blooming, from the volcanic hearth of war. He longed to restore and devote to his mistress the booty of his life. But how should he certify himself to her distempered vision, to which he had so often before been presented as a mere counterfeit? She may indeed, said her mother, shriek out, at the sight of him, "I see my lover and one brother: where, then, is the third?" The mother adduced, as in point, the terrible story of the mad woman who incessantly saw her lost friend, as one returned from the dead, sitting at table: suddenly she exclaimed, "there are two," and fell dead, as the real image of her friend was brought before her eyes. "But," said the lover, "one has to run risks even in peace. Her dreams must be changed. And

how? By music, which she once loved so well. Let her awake under the most favourable circumstances. I will contrive all. I will thus stand before her, hand in hand with our dear mother. Hitherto the unfortunate has been left to sleep and dream at her will. A truce now to ceremony. By Heaven, I understand her."

The mother acquiesced in this gentle proposal. Some hours before sunset Linta fell asleep. She was carried into a room which the evening sky could fill with all its roses. In three rooms, opening one into another, the tones of flutes and harps, and a chorus of voices, were so disposed that they seemed to echo each other in the distance. The enchantment was not to be interrupted; for music most easily dissolves, in its pure and hallowed infinity, the infinity of our griefs; and melody has, from of old, subdued those ravenous monsters, insanity and melancholy. The bed-room was bestrewn with flowers, butterflies were made to flutter around, and the notes of nightingales without blended their jubilee of love with the human harmony within. Only the mirrors were removed, as being the background and receptacle of fanciful appearances. It was Alexander's purpose, at sunset, as soon as Linta's manner and speech showed her soul to be more calm, to take her mother by the hand, as an earnest of reality, to step forth before her, and to declare that he still lived and loved.

When the maiden, speechless yet listening, heard the first tones, she appeared to repulse, with both hands, either these or the objects of which she was dreaming. A cloud overspread her pale tearless features. One pang after another graved its furrow in her delicate beauty, and ravaged the lilies of her countenance. At one time she said, "Happy me, that I weep," and touched her eye. But there was no tear there. Only the mother and the lover wept. At last, however, she cried out, "O say that to me again, Alexander. Heal, heal, wound ^{my} soul." Then broke the hard lowering clouds into soft warm rain, and tears streamed down her face. But she did not move her hand to wipe them away. She then sang, "Could I but stand on high and join your song;" nor did she know that she was singing.

When, at length, the sun sank down, she opened her eyes and said, though her hand was closed, "Alexander, I hold thy hand in mine." He advanced quickly towards her, and grasped her hand in his own. Her mother took the other, on which he said, "Behold thy friend and thy mother, my beloved!" She stared out into the evening red, and then

upon the figure before her. She listened to the flutes, she poured forth a flood of tears, but mingled with smiles, and fell upon the breast of her lover. "Is the dream indeed accomplished?" she exclaimed. Again she sank upon her n.other, saying, "I believe it is indeed accomplished." "Heaven be thanked" responded Alexander, who divined the beautiful reality.

When the first raptures at her recovery were past, she recounted her wonderful dream; but begged that, during her recital of it, the music should cease. For she was still weak, and the melody affected her too deeply in her waking state.

She proceeded: The world of dreams knows neither space nor time. So I have felt. But how? Three hell-streams wound steeply upwards to the sun. And far beyond our firmament there stood a heaven of black ether, swarming with fast-anchored worlds, never yet set in motion. They called them pre-eternity. It seemed as if, in the gloom, wretchedness and its spectre, ever nearing, circled around me. There then, rose up our sun, wearing a fury-mask; and behind it peered the first quarter of the moon, like the crest of a serpent. Directly now, upflew and disported, in the ray of morning, ephemeral-winged mortals, and vanished again when the stars appeared. I beheld before me the portal of eternity. A beauteous youth, whom involuntarily I loved from afar, advanced to it. The keys of the gate were brought to him. Forthwith he was resolved into dust, and his spirit entered eternity. Next came veritable great Death, mounted on the wings of four tiny speckled butterflies, announcing that he was bent on his elephant-hunt after worlds. Like fruits he flung down sun after sun; and their planets, in his course, were turned to ashes.

Then, of a sudden, followed my brothers. They did not salute me; but one of them said very gravely, "Dost thou hear nothing?" And I heard from out the earth,—which was a grave-yard filled with beings buried yet alive,—confused murmurs and mingled groans of men entombed but still breathing. And round about the mountain-tops stood countless dwarfs, laughing loudly at every thing, and dancing gaily together. "Look behind thee," at last, said my younger brother, in anger. Behind me stood multitudinous phantoms, and pledged me in sepulchral urns. No power of utterance had they, awaiting the great reign of ruin, when they were to write articulately their thoughts with their tongues. Between the soft shadows there swiftly glided the form of a tall

youth, but quite concealed by a veil, even to his hands and feet. In his hands he held a book. "What time is it, friends?"

! the figure in a sweet voice,—“my brothers.”...

“All sundials have gone backwards, and point to zero,” shouted a sprightly dwarf from a distant mountain. “It is not time,” returned the figure, and the dwarf fell headlong from the peak.

“Thou poor heart,” said the figure, then to me, in a voice like a lute: “thou hast now a grievous dream; but here have I the dream-book. Dreams ever indicate their contraries. Pray God for the worst, and it shall be well with thee when thou shalt awake.” “Alas, alas, surely I know thee,” I exclaimed. “Speak no names,” strictly enjoined the figure: “else all will awake, especially the Devil.” The phantoms seemed to dissolve away, and afar off my brothers made as if to stride towards each other over the summits of the rocks; but they could make no progress, and only slipped backwards. The dwarfs were mostly crushed. The figure and I waded more and more heavily. Immensity or nothing embraced and pervaded my life. I sobbed with oppressed respiration, which ever returned to find my heart still swelling. “I hear at last the ill-boding Alpine horn; but thou dost not as yet; excellently well dreamed after the dream-book!” said the figure; and its veil trained longer and wider around it. New-born children, with wreaths of noxious flowers, lay on the road. “O most promising!” said the figure. In a garden, children were playing on wind-instruments, and gray-haired men were made to dance even into their graves, till nothing but their shaking heads was visible. Finally, corruption, as best it could, whirled away in dust. “Very well,” said the figure of the youth to me: “only thou dost not weep as much as I could wish. Submit thyself more to the dream-book. Another thing, and a more perilous, would be tears of joy.”

After this we encountered, in a valley, two tyrants, crowned with points of daggers, lying stretched along on the two walls of the rocks, counselling together like friends. But each word they uttered was transformed into a living creature, and rushed down, now a wolf, now a tiger, now a toad, and now a vulture. These monsters were reposing on two transparent hills, from which burst veins of gold and silver; and from one of them flowed blood, and from the other flowed tears. At last the two tyrants shook hands, but with hands that were only strange stumps. One of them was white like a white negro, and the other was black like a blue-dyer. Then the youth hurried me from the mountain-pass, saying “There

it is." And I beheld a black stage-curtain, hanging down from heaven to earth; and on it was ingeniously depicted a hell. Around it eagerly fluttered storm-butterflies, urgently pressing for admittance.

I too then heard the ill-omened Alpine horn; and the curtain was rolled up to heaven.

Upon a plain, immeasurable by the eye, stood two armies in battle-array, silently facing one another; and they were made up of cripples belonging to victorious squadrons of the earth now returning to their homes. They were all of them men with one arm, one eye and gaping gashes. And through a thousand wounds in file I plainly saw the stars twinkling. And now began a silent battle with air-guns. No sound fell upon the ear; but figure after figure fell prostrate, and each closed its own eyes with its own hand. From out a lovely brilliant cloud reached an arm, as if to proffer succour; but it was thrice broken, and dropped blood. The star-flecks were white spots in the constellation of the celestial tiger; and high above the sun stood, motionless, the ancient basilisk, behind the veil of Isis. All looked up wistfully, as they breathed their last breath, when he revealed himself and gazed on the world. Then, to my terror, the primeval Satan, who was deaf and speechless, stalked before me, uttering the frightful shrieks of the dumb. With his wild convulsions he racked himself in vain to announce to me woes inevitable. To make his meanings evident he momentarily beckoned up to the basilisk. At last, as I did not wholly despair, he grasped, with his claw, which every instant lengthened, at the veiled dragon, as if to snatch the veil from before his all-destructive eyes.

"Now, Linta, art thou redeemed; awake!" said the youth, And I dreamt that I awoke. In my fancied waking-state he still stood beside me, but unveiled. I had before discerned who he was. We stood upon a crystal globe, which rocked on a sea of soft tumps as if on waves; and two huge butterfly-wings were expanded for sails; and the tones of flutes breathed out to us from the flower-bells.

"Is it I that am alive, or is it thou that art?" asked I. "Both of us," replied the youth: "he!l, he!l, wounded soul!" "O, say it again and yet again," I exclaimed. He did so; but his voice plunged me into a sweet deep sense of extinction,—a sense ever growing sweeter and deeper. His tones closed my eyes; but I saw him through my eye-lids. I opened them, but suffused with tears of joy; and through these I beheld him again. I brushed them away. His glance

was to me like a kiss. The heavens over-head were bestarred with white pearls. The Gemini shimmured with ever clearer and intenser ray, and at last beamed upon me with their four familiar brother-eyes. And before the moon floated on a white aurora. We flew, we glided between islands, and I sang in our flight: "Had I a thousand hearts, a thousand lives, to but one heart, to but one life would I devote them all." And the youth gazed on me, and said, "Could I but take thy hand now! But on the sea this is forbidden us. Wait till we reach the land." We sped now between the Paradise Isles. On one of them bloomed roses, which were keeping the jubilee of their rose-feast, sacrificing the thorns. On another of these islands sang nightingales, perched on flute-formed branches; and the flutes sounded of themselves, and eagles fanned diligently upon lutes with their wings. On yet another of these islands reigned flowers; and children led in may-flowers, and maidens led in lilies. One island was filled with sighs of joy,—and it passed on, of itself, before us. And after it heaved long white waves of roses in its wake, and red waves ebbd to meet them. And at last it stood, as if overarched like a bower of roses, in the midst of the sea.

When we had passed a promontory covered with eternal snow, suddenly a many hued sparkling dew fell upon the outspread heavens.

"And where is their sun?" asked I. "In the heart," said the youth, "is the primeval sun. Observe how at night the primeval sun-flowers turn towards thy heart." And the forget-me-not upon his breast moved in keeping with the beatings of my heart.

"O, how my own flowers tremble in sympathy!" observed the youth. "Why, then, does thy heart tremble so?" "It trembles," I replied, "only like a chord, which vibrates invisibly but to sound the longer the more perfectly, when touched by the hand of harmony." At this, the youth looked strangely on me, but beautifully; and a tear stole from his eye. It fell not, however, but rose to the heavens, and swelled, and hung suspended as a little silver cloud in the empyrean. What then did I see aloft? The clouds, one and all, rose up on the horizon, as if human forms, and stood, like white brides, on the heavens; and, as it were, like Memnon-figures, sang down to earth. And they were illumined with rosy light, and they solaced the anxious heart. "O, could I stand on high, and sing with you; and, with the other clouds, sunny and dewy, dissolve away." Thus I cried. "Not so, Linta," said the youth;

"rather behold, yonder, that stretching shore of verdure. There may I presume to touch thy hand." At the moment, from the stretching shore a lark flew towards us, and, though in the everlasting azure, carolled its old song of earth. Now vanished the heavens and the islands. And the lark sang of our spring-times gone-by, and of those to come; and the heart glowed in the life of home, and the earliest joys came back again.

And on the shore, where the lark flew, showered down the aroma of flowers; and in the distance rose a rainbow with ever-quickenning rapidity; and below it stood the image of a divine countenance, as if beneath a triumphal arch. "Seest thou not," said the youth, "the expanding plumage of the birds of paradise, and how it darts forth humming-birds like sparks of fire? Plunge, after me, into the sea of rose-oil, and hasten to the shore, ere the bright-rising splendour of the earth-bird shall blind us."

And I plunged after him, and we swam; and my tears of joy glided, glittering after me, in the rose-oil. As we ascended the bank, the rainbow stood there, like a round sun, covering half of the heavens. Radiance on radiance, encircled the youth. But he took my hand, and I awoke. Then took he my hand.

GROWLS BY AN ANGLO-INDIAN DINER-OUT.

I have dined in all the principal stations in India, in Ceylon and the Mauritius, and know something regarding that most delightful of meals, a good dinner. I am naturally averse to solitude, and very much disposed to eat my dinner at another man's expense rather than at my own. I am therefore a regular diner-out by profession, and willing to attend all parties at which the dinner may be good and the company pleasant. But be it known to all whom it may concern, that I hate a large dinner: I detest a long table: I abominate a roast saddle of mutton with fat upon it six inches in depth, at one end of the mahogany and a boiled Turkey, not stuffed with *truffles*, and blown out by artificial means to the size of an ostrich at the other end. I like small parties, a round table, one joint and a few made-dishes. My desires are very moderate, and any enquiries regarding my respectability had better be made of the Editor of *Ledlie's Miscellany* who knows me and the sort of dinners which I fancy. I can drink Champagne with those who pay for it, but I prefer sparkling Moselle. In winter, my favorite is Burgundy after, and white Hermitage, during dinner.

But I hate large dinners, and as I expect to be entertained by the people of Agra during a contemplated visit there, I think it right to inform the residents of that station of my likes and dislikes in order that I may escape a similar disaster to that which happened to me on a late occasion, when I was victimized at one of the chief stations in Upper India, in which the introduction of the "burra khana" system is a cruel absurdity.

On a late occasion then, I received the following simple and unpretending note from my valued friend Mrs. Jones, wife of old Jones the Collector of ———.

My dear Mr. Rochfort. Will you be good enough to join our family party at dinner on Wednesday evening next at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 o'clock. We shall only have a few friends, as I know you dislike large parties, and you will meet that truly Christian and accomplished man the Bishop of the Andaman Isles, who is making a tour through Upper India for the purpose of collecting subscriptions to enable him to erect a splendid Cathedral in his diocese. Believe me, my dear Mr. Rochfort,

Very truly, yours,

EMMA JONES.

Saturday afternoon

Now I didn't care particularly to see the Bishop of the Andaman Isles, nor did I wonder at his Lordship's being in Upper India instead of his own diocese. The Bishop was probably sick and touring for his health; and I also was aware that Bishops from all parts of the world are occasionally found in any other place but that to which they are supposed to have gone. But let this pass. I resolved to be present on the occasion and to enjoy a good dinner with Mrs. Jones. She is a very pleasant creature and pretty to boot. Jones is rather a bore and very formal. I knew Mrs. Jones was fond of display, but in the present instance, the extreme simplicity of her note deceived me. I was lulled into confidence and in spite of my weasel-like nature was caught fast asleep. The man who does one foolish thing will do another. Thus instead of taking my usual precaution of going to the house half an hour after the prescribed dinner hour, I went punctually to the time specified in the note of La Belle Jones. I didn't wish to keep the Bishop of the Andaman Isles waiting, more so perhaps, because I know that Anglo Indian ladies reverence their Bishop, and I naturally supposed that they would extend this reverence to any Bishop who wore a silk apron and lawn sleeves. So I went at half past 7 p. m., sharp, but on entering Jones's drawing room, which has brilliantly lighted up, a sudden suspicion fell upon me that I had been deceived, and those feelings of indigestion which a large dinner party invariably suggest took possession of my soul. The sofas were carefully uncovered and formally arranged to receive ladies; and the fancy chairs made on the most impossible principle for carrying out the idea that chairs are made to be sat upon, frowned upon me with a warning look from every rail in their tall backs. I was alone in the room. Reason advised instant flight and sudden indisposition. But it is in the nature of growlers to be weak, so I lingered a while, and whilst in the act of making up my mind, my charming hostess sailed into the room, looking so tant and trim that I hadn't the heart to go. If any thing can soften a growler quicker than another, it undoubtedly is a pretty woman. Fool that I was; though well aware that a woman's face is one of the four stumbling blocks in life which a man should avoid, I remained, and tried to feel happy, whilst basking in the light of my companion's eyes, and the certainty that Jones would be sure to have his dinner well cooked and the wine cold. I reasoned thus philosophically in my struggles with conscience, saying to myself

You still retain the profit, and be sure
Long as it lasts, this anguish shall endure.

The room began to fill fast. I counted 20 fresh people before it was $\frac{1}{2}$ to 8. By that hour at least thirty people were assembled, and my fate was sealed. Every body having aimed to do honor to one individual, and that eminent person not having as yet made his appearance, I began to think that the Lord Bishop of the Andaman Isles would not be forthcoming, when I was agreeably deceived by his Lordship's entrance, accompanied by the pilot fish his chaplain. I remarked at once that both his Lordship and the pilot fish had not the slightest acquaintance with any person in the room, though it appeared that he had formerly been a chaplain in the Company's Service, from which he was promoted to his present high office. It was a curious party altogether.

I knew most of the people more or less, but there were not more than four in the room with whom I should have cared to sit an hour, and as to dining with them, I should almost preferred to have eaten in company with the man who on a recent occasion eat the leg of mutton for a wager. At length, about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, we sidled into the dinner room after the approved fashion of Indian society, according to rank. I being a bachelor of no rank took in myself, rather pleased than otherwise at being able to indulge apart the harrowing thoughts of a four-hour session with the magnates of the land. Thirty of us sat down at a long table, "cramped close as mackerel" and half blinded by the glaring lamps. The table was covered with numberless dishes, whose odour and steam brought on an immediate head-ache. At least thirty-five dusky inhabitants of Hind stood behind our backs, whose clean exterior habits seemed put on in mockery of those dirtier habits in the followers of the prophet which are averse to daily purification. The punkahs above us waved funereally, laden with a poisonous and heated air. During a dead silence, half the guests sitting down and half standing up, the chaplain of the Lord Bishop said grace. I wondered whether the chaplain would be bold enough to return thanks after dinner,—grace for the miseries which I felt were to be endured for at least two hours and a half. At Anglo Indian dinner parties the soup is invariably the same, that which is extracted from the bone of the suffering animal, whose existence is devoted to agricultural purposes. To be sure, I have seen a white soup, a smiling but villainous compound, a soup with a painted face which attempts to deceive you by tasting of almonds. Fish too of course there was. Hermetically sealed salmon, which as a young lady with whom I am not personally acquainted, but the flower of whose existence was rear-

ed and bloomed solely in this country, remarked, she had been given to understand, was in company with sundry hermetically sealed provisions and vegetables, a constant dish at the table of Her gracious Majesty Queen Victoria. I do not envy the feelings of those who love the white curd of the freshly-caught salmon from the Severn or Scotch rivers, nor do I wish to listen to the remarks which the market-gardener of England might be disposed to make, if informed of any young lady's—still less of the sovereign's preference for hermetically sealed fish or vegetables. They are more easily to be conceived than imagined, I must go on to tell you about the dinner which in spite of my hopes to the contrary, was badly dressed, in consequence of the absence of Jones' cook on leave, and the wine was hot, aye hotter than soda water on board the Peninsula and Oriental Steamers when the ice falls short, in the neighbourhood of Aden. The dinner in fact was as badly dressed as most of the guests, and the wine in point of warmth, contrasted to advantage with the coldness of the people who drank it. But what can people expect who entertain thirty persons in the hot weather. What is simply absurd and reprehensible in the cold, becomes positively infamous conduct in the hot season. I caught Jones's eye as he tasted the first glass of Champagne. I fixed him and he trembled beneath my gaze. He knew that I abhorred large dinner parties and had suffered his wife to ask me, to entrap me by artful simplicity into my present melancholy situation. That man felt that he had done wrong, when I maliciously directed his eyes towards his wife, whom the Lord Bishop of the Andaman Isles had that moment induced to subscribe five hundred rupees towards his new cathedral.

I have already mentioned my detestation of a saddle of mutton with fat upon it six inches in depth. It was there! I also saw a turkey poult looking like the son of an ostrich. I had on a former occasion put Jones up to the necessity of making his servants hand round the side dishes, but I shuddered as each was brought to me, for I knew their prevailing ingredient was tomata, and they were all cold, after that the insolent khansaman had brought me a sweet bread, literally overwhelmed with tomata sauce, remembrance I am happy to say, left me. I remained of course, but in a hopeless state. There were jellies and creams, tarts and plum-puddings, a piece of which shot from a pellet bow would break a man's leg at sixty yards, but they passed me and that is all. There was no conversation. People spoke in whispers to their next

neighbours as is the custom at Indian large parties, the highest officer in rank engrossed the principal talk such as it was. On this occasion the Lord Bishop of the Andaman Isles by the help of the pilot fish and one or two others contrived to get a hearing on the matter of his cathedral, for the Andaman Isles converts. The people were quiet, but I detected a lurking devil within them. I don't think the Bishop got much that night.*

After nearly three hours of intense suffering, in which the growler and all parties shared, the ladies moved away, and the wall lamps in compliment began to flicker and crackle, as only Indian lamps can do. The sound is peculiar, I have never heard it in any other country. It resembles the sound which frogs make when pursuing their ordinary avocations.

The ladies having gone, the gentlemen began to talk shop, the clergy collected round the Bishop and an animated discussion arose on the value of foreign Bishoprics generally, and the probability of parliament doing something before long on the regulation of church promotion and salaries. The civilians set to work at picking holes in regulations, at demolishing Bonus Funds, and in dogmatically asserting that the revenue system was the best in the known world. The military men talked about station parades and young Promotion. I asked one man what he thought of the commission for reporting on the propriety of establishing Military prisons, and he referred me to old Jones as Magistrate and Collector "who *ought* to know all about that sort of thing. He was deuced tired and wanted a cheroot." So did I, but you can't smoke a cheroot at Jones's.

I never heard England mentioned; there was not an allusion to Europe made during the whole evening. Any improvement in art, any discovery in science, might as well have been preached to the inhabitants of the Andaman Isles as to those assembled here.

At last we rejoined the ladies. They were sitting together in a circle, doing nothing of course, doing nothing from habit, but pulling their neighbours to pieces, not with any real wish to injure or speak ill of them, but simply from habit; from idleness, if you like.

Women are soft, mild, pitiable, flexible but mighty uncharitable, dont you think so?

I was not in bright spirits and rather too willing to rail at this world and its contents, so I sat me down, after the fashion of the place, that is I rather fell upon than took a seat near a lady whom I chiefly affected in that part of the world,

because she had a good deal to say for herself, a very pretty face, a well turned hand and arm, and shall I confess it, sometimes a deliciously malicious tongue. I went to her, out of pity, for I knew that she must feel very miserable in such a formal and chilly assembly—solely for pity's sake I assure you.

If I did not pity her, I am a villain,

If I do not love I am a Jew.

Platonically though. We railed together at large dinners, at every body in the room, the Bishop and our host and hostess excepted. I am not so sure though that Jones entirely escaped. During this pleasantry tea and coffee were served, and I heard feeble attempts at singing going on, but as the piano had been out of tune for six months, this was anything but successful. The greater part of the gentlemen were talking apart and standing up. The greater part of the ladies were sitting down, talking to each other or to some elderly gentlemen whose official position gave them a right to be talkative. The younger people were collected by the piano, where the sounds, to which I have alluded, occasionally proceeded from the throat indeed of a very pretty girl, (I don't think I mentioned that, but she was so), I don't blame her for not singing well—how could she. The dinner had chilled her spirits and the heat of the room had made her languid. I don't suppose the Bulbul could sing at all, if he was sent to England. Our nightingales love not such a hot summer night as the month of June in India can give. The singing is given up; the songstress and the others form a small coterie, from which I positively declare I heard a joyful ringing laugh, clear as a silver bell. I thought I knew *that* laugh. I got sentimental—

I stood enrapt, the half known voice to hear,—

I never had heard such a laugh in India, whatever had happened elsewhere, but it died away! The scene was too dreary for a repetition of it; the formality too chilling. The room may have contained merry people once, but now being the receptacle for thirty persons—for comprising a burra khana, something seemed to ail it, and it was curst. All the guests, would I dare say, have been merry and happy elsewhere, at a party of six or eight at a round table, but then they were at a large dinner party, and life seemed departing from them; coldness, stiffness and formality reigned supreme, both before and after dinner. Any amusement at a burra khana is impossible, and would be indecent in the presence of a Bishop or other magnate.

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After four mortally long hours the lady of highest rank leaves us, and in a few minutes the guests have all departed. I also took my departure, promising to call upon my sprightly friend in the morning and take her advice regarding the publication of a paper in *Ledlie*, bearing on our misfortunes, excellent wench! perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee! But I am not eligible and there's an end on't.

I hurl my hat on my head, make friends with Jones' khansaman regarding *that* sweet bread, procure a glass of beer, throw myself into a buggy and vow never to go to any party without first ascertaining whether the Bishop of the Andaman Isles or other great person is to be of the company.

I am heard repeating the following verses to myself, from the pen of that worthy soul Dr. Sayers.

Dinners of form I vote a bore,
Where folks who never met before,
And care not if they ne'er meet more,
Are brought together;
Cramm'd close as mackerel in their places,
They eat with Chesterfieldian graces,
Drink healths and talk with sapient faces
About the weather.

Thrice blest who at an inn unbends,
With half a dozen of his friends,
And while the curling smoke ascends
In volumes sable,
Mirth and good humour round him sees,
Chats, lolling backward at his ease,
Or cocks his crossed legs, if he please,
Upon the table.

THE FUTTEH-GURH ORPHAN ASYLUM.

The following account of this admirable and praiseworthy institution, has been condensed from its published reports; in the hope, that it may prove interesting, to those who may regard it as giving promise of becoming a nucleus of native Christianity in these Provinces, when the minds of the heathen around us, are opened to the reception of the truths of our religion.

It was one of the calamitous effects of the Famine of 1837-38, that hundreds of poor children, deprived of parents, were left alone, amid the prevailing distress, without a friend on earth to care for them, or feel interested in their behalf.

Through the liberality of a Christian public, and the exertions of a generous and humane officer, whose name is not unfamiliar to those who, like himself, are engaged in the noble work of alleviating the sufferings of their humble fellow creatures, and raising them from their degraded condition, a considerable number of these helpless orphans were rescued from want, and placed by themselves in a separate house, where they received all the nurture and attention, which the most affectionate solicitude could suggest.

It was not in Futtehghurh alone, that these philanthropic efforts were made. Dr Madden at Futtehpore, and Mr. Clarke C. S., at Bareilly, were distinguished laborers in this field of benevolence; and their exertions were well supported by the public of India, to whose sympathy and charitable feelings, it is seldom that an appeal is vainly made.

The blessing of heaven has descended upon the good work begun by these gentlemen, and continued and perfected by those worthy emissaries who have quitted the attractions and stirring movements of the New World to devote their energies to the improvement of this "time-hushed plain."

We are now enabled to behold and admire the happy results of their united labors; and what do we see? A Colony of native youths of both sexes, reared in the knowledge of the true God, and carrying out the precepts of Christ amid the regions where their fathers were enthralled by a degrading system and subject to the influence of a corrupt priesthood. We see some of them peaceably engaged in the pursuits of agriculture and of commerce,—we see others, employed as artisans, and their wives producing the finest lace and net-work, by the labor of hands which would otherwise have known no occupation, save that of grinding corn, from morning to night:—some are teachers;—some are acting as pio-

neers, in introducing their benighted countrymen to higher and purer views of life ; and it is indeed an object of sincere thankfulness, to see an orphan Hindoo youth, who had been left to perish in a season of calamity rescued from death, nurtured in the divine morality of our faith, and now, devoting his own energies to the duty of declaring to his countrymen the advantages of those social and religious institutions of which he has himself reaped the benefit.

There are several who can hold converse with the European, in his own tongue ; and one has crossed the wide Atlantic, to visit the land of the good Missionaries, who have under God's blessing, been the instruments of making him what he is.

How different is their present condition to what it might have been ! It is painful even to dwell on the possible contrast ! Shunned and despised as degraded and outcast, they must have sought fellowship with the lowest of the low, or perhaps endured all the miseries of slavery :—ignorant and besotted, and not knowing the love of parents, or the regard of friends, their souls grovelling from one phase of vice to another still more wretched, theirs must indeed have been a cheerless and weary existence.

The origin of the Asylum may be dated from the close of 1838. In the month of October of that year, the institution at Futtehpore, formed and superintended by Dr. Madden, was broken up, in consequence of the death of his lady. Some of the orphans were sent to the Church Missionaries at Benares, and 48 were made over to the Revd. Mr. Wilson, who brought them on to Futtehgurh where the number was increased to 95.

Mr. Wilson was an American Missionary, of the Presbyterian Church, although he had been educated for the medical profession, and received a diploma. He was accompanied by a converted Hindoo, named Gopeenath Nundy, a native of Calcutta, who had been for years in the employ of Dr. Madden, as teacher. The Baboo has since received ordination, and his services are now chiefly employed by the Mission in preaching the gospel and attending to the interests of a little school at the station : though the Missionaries bear testimony in their reports, to his usefulness and zeal, within the walls of the Asylum, in guiding and managing its affairs, under superior instructions.

Mr. Wilson was shortly after joined by Mr. Scott, and the institution remained several years under the joint care of these reverend gentlemen. In 1845, the continued ill-health of

his wife, compelled Mr. Wilson to return to America; and in 1850, Mr. Scott's presence was required in Agra. The Asylum is now under the charge of the Revd. Mr. Walsh.

A regular monthly subscription was at once opened at Futtehghurh, for the support of the infant institution; and, with the help of donations from the neighbouring districts, it started into existence with the fairest prospects of success. During the period of eight years for which the accounts have been published, we find, that the receipts on account of subscriptions and donations, were pretty nearly equal; for the average of the one is 1900 Rs., and of the other 2000 Rs. per annum; or in other words, a sum of 325 Rs. per month, exclusive of the products of the industry of the orphans.

The first care being to provide sufficient accommodation for their charge, the Missionaries applied for and obtained from Government, the grant of a tract of land containing an area of 60 acres; used formerly as a Race course. The lease is for 50 years, at a nominal rent of 60 Rs. per annum, renewable after that period, on the same terms. The ground is in a retired part of the station, and a better spot could not have been selected. Here several buildings were erected in 1841, at a cost of Rs. 4642, the principal of which are the following.

A dwelling house of 10 rooms with a long verandah, bathing-room, godown &c., &c., for the girls. A play-ground of more than an acre, surrounded by a high wall. No male servant permitted to enter the enclosure.

A comfortable pukka building of two large rooms with verandahs; to serve as a school house and chapel, for the girls.

In a separate compound, to prevent contagion, is a girls' hospital, of two rooms with two verandahs.

In another enclosure, is a dwelling house and dormitory for the boys, of four large rooms, with verandahs, bathing rooms &c., attached.

The boy's school house, a separate bungalow of two rooms with pukka floors and having verandahs on four sides.

The boy's hospital which has a separate compound.

A granary—a large two storied building for the carpet manufactory &c., &c.,

But of all the buildings with which the Missionaries have studded, what was not long ago a piece of waste land, by far the most important and of the highest permanent interest is the *Christian Village*, with regard to which the following extract from the Fourth Report of the Institution will doubtless be read with much satisfaction:—

"We have been permitted satisfactorily to carry into effect that part of our scheme, which contemplated the colonization of those of the orphans who have completed their minority and rendered themselves capable of self-support. These have been married at their own request and to each couple a house and comfortable outfit have been given, and they have commenced the world for themselves under pleasing and promising circumstances. The men are employed on a salary in the carpet factory as weavers, and teachers of the younger boys; whilst their wives are employed either in spinning wool for the carpet factory, or in fancy-work which is sold for their benefit; by which means they earn a comfortable maintenance."

The object being to render the institution a self-supporting one, the Missionaries with happy forethought introduced into it the business of manufacturing carpets such as are made at Mirzapore, and which are held in great esteem. They had at first to employ some artizans from that place to give the boys instruction, but to such a degree of proficiency did these attain in a comparatively short space of time, that the instructors were soon dispensed with.

At the beginning, this did not promise to be a profitable undertaking, since we find the Superintendents writing in the following terms in their Second Report. "If the question be asked as it often has been by those visiting the institution—What are the profits arising from the carpet factory? we answer, *nothing at all*:—on the contrary this has been a heavy tax upon the funds of the institution. It must be remembered that the carpet shop is a *school* for the purpose of teaching the children an art by which they may provide for themselves in future life, rather than a place for the execution of work by which to make gain. The expence of procuring looms, tools, and materials for the carpets added to the hire of men to instruct the boys has more than equalled the sum realized in the sale of carpet." But the judicious selection of this branch of trade very soon became manifest when the early difficulties were surmounted, by the large commissions that poured in from all quarters and we learn from the Third and following Reports that the resources of this department were not equal to the demand! This satisfactory state of things continued until nearly one-half of India was supplied with carpets.

The following Memo: of the sums realized on this account, gives the result of the experiment in a financial point of view,

to say nothing of the important advantage of teaching the orphans a useful trade.

1839	—	340.	Rs.
1840	—	1813.	"
1841	—	1066.	"
1842	—	1761.	"
1843	—	2455.	"
1844	—	3248.	"
1845	—	2452.	"
1846	—	1618.	"
<hr/>			
		14,756.	"

But all this must not be looked upon as clear gain, for the expences have yet to be deducted, and those expences were very heavy, principally in consequence of the unavoidable waste of materials in teaching the younger children. We shall then find, that the actual profit derived to the institution for the 8 years above specified, does not average more than 366 Rs. per annum, or 20 per cent only on the total income for the year. Yet when it is considered, that the institution had no means of support beyond the regular subscriptions, the sum of 30 Rs. per mensem by the product of their own labor, was not to be despised, small though it be.

To the carpet manufactory was added the tent-making business in 1844, chiefly to secure employment and maintenance for the rising colony of married orphans; and in the following year, it was resolved to open a speculation in saltpetre.

While the tent department has flourished beyond expectation, the hazardous venture in the latter commodity has proved a total failure, inflicting a loss on the institution to the extent of 2,500 Rs. The immediate cause of this untoward result, is thus explained in the report of 1847. "At the time our saltpetre reached the market the price of the article, owing to the scarcity of ships in port, was very low, and had to be sold at a considerable sacrifice."

It may be interesting to add, that from 1844 to the close of 1846, the latest periods to which the accounts have been published,—tents to the amount in value of 60,672 Rs. were sent out from the Asylum, to different parts of India!

There is yet another source of income, the mention of which will close this part of the subject viz., the fabrication of Fancy articles by the orphans girls, the annual sale of which has averaged 600 Rs. and this gives a return of 50 Rs. per

mensem from 1839 to 1846. This fact, satisfactorily demonstrates, how usefully the time of the girls must have been employed, under the fostering care of the wives of the Missionaries, and what an excellent foundation of industrial habits has been laid, for their benefit in after life.

While all due attention was thus paid to the necessity of providing for the temporal comforts of the orphans under their charge, at the same time, the paramount interests of education and religion, were by no means neglected by the Missionaries. Particular places and particular hours, were set apart for study; and we are informed, that in addition to the vernaculars, the most promising youths received instruction in arithmetic, penmanship—composition—history, and the elementary principles of theology &c. &c.

As regards the services of religion, it is sufficient to state, that the Mission Church was organized in October 1841, and in 1847 we find, that it numbered 38 communicants, of whom 28 were natives.* This is a highly gratifying evidence of the success that has followed the Missionary efforts in laying the wholesome foundation of Christianity in the minds of their scholars.

“The Church is under the joint pastoral care of the Missionaries. Divine service in the native language, is conducted in the chapel twice every Sunday. One of these is exclusively for the native Christians, who all are required to attend. The other is for our servants, and those who labor on the premises, but is also attended by the men of the Christian village, and the larger boys of the institution.

“A service is also conducted on the Mission premises near the city, every Sunday.”

For the greater convenience of the occupants of the Christian village which in February 1848, contained 17 families or 52 souls including children, a small chapel was erected in the village during the year 1847, where public worship is regularly conducted every Tuesday evening; and on Friday evenings a Bible class is held exclusively for the wives of the villagers. It is an interesting fact connected with this little village chapel, that each of the villagers subscribed a month's wages towards its erection, and almost all the people in the compound both Hindoos and Mussulman, gave something.

Almost contemporaneous with the Asylum itself, is a large school established by the indefatigable Missionaries, in the city of Furruckabad, 3 miles from Cantonments, on which much care and pains have been bestowed. The following

* In 1851 the number of communicants was 90 of whom 69 were natives.

extracts relating to it from the report published in 1848 will not be found destitute of interest, more especially to those, who have at heart the moral regeneration of India.

"For some years our school varied in daily attendance from 50 to 70, but when the Government institution was discontinued at the close of 1844, our's became considerably enlarged, and ever since has had an average of more than 100. The roll, which is corrected monthly, when all absentees are struck off, at present contains 133. The attendance of many of the boys was for a long time very irregular, but a plan has lately been adopted, which has thus far worked well, of bringing the parent or guardian into such a contract, that he binds himself to send his son or ward regularly to school, if small for 4 years; and if a large boy, for 2 years; so that by this measure, we obtain a stability to the institution, and hope in the end to see more fruit from our labors.

"The course of study, besides an acquaintance with their own dialects, Sanscrit, Persian &c., is designed to embrace such a study of the English language and sciences, as will fit them for Government offices, and teachers, throughout the country, and lay the foundation of that knowledge, which, by God's assistance, will qualify them in time to become preachers of Christianity."

As it is not the object of the writer, to furnish a history of the American Mission at this place, he has been compelled to pass over without notice, several interesting facts, which are found scattered through the pages of the unpretending little pamphlets which were formerly published annually, for the information of the friends of the institution. He has confined himself simply to a brief, and he fears imperfect, sketch of the Orphan Asylum itself. It appears, that the sum of 2,500 Rs. per annum is now contributed by the American Presbyterian Board of Missions, towards the support of the establishment. This is not however designed to cover *all* the expences, but rather to give permanency and stability to the institution. The good Missionaries are making every efforts to render it independent of local or other assistance, but this object has not yet been attained.

J. B.

LORD HARDINGE'S ADMINISTRATION.

The Governor Generalship of British India is one of the highest offices which can be held by the subject of any state of modern Europe. To rule with all but absolute power over millions of men differing from their conquerors in creed, habits, feelings and social organization, to guide the legislature of an Empire exceeding, in extent, the largest kingdoms of the civilized world, to declare war or conclude peace with powers and potentates of no mean states, to depose or restore sovereigns of ancient lineage, to wield an armed force exceeding in strength and not inferior in discipline to the Military powers kept up by some of the most potent states of continental Europe, to manage a revenue of which many a crowned head would be proud, to dispense patronage such as few persons possess, to graft the civilization of the present day on the habits and usages of centuries long past—demands a combination of qualities which can be attained by few, and will be in vain sought for among the ordinary votaries of power and place. To discharge aright the duties of an office so high in its nature, and so fraught with weighty responsibilities demands a combination of rare qualities rarely concentrated in a single individual, and it may well be asked “who is sufficient for these things.” Yet great and weighty as the calling is—high and responsible as are the duties attached to it, there are statesmen whose firmness of purpose, large and expanded views, sound judgment, unshaken honesty and feelings of justice have enabled them to use the mighty power placed in their hands, to the benefit of the millions for whom they have acted as trustees and guardians while under the working of a weak or commonplace man the mighty engine has proved a source of many evils, and entailed lasting difficulties on future conductors, and lasting burdens on the great body of the people.

It is but poor training for a statesman destined to hold the reins of one of the greatest empires on the face of the earth to have crept thro' inferior offices in the Home Government, to have exhibited a respectable proficiency in mastering the details and the routine of official duties, or perhaps to have held a *flor* very leading post in the cabinet. To be a useful supporter of a party in the houses of Parliament, requires a certain amount of knowledge both official and general, but large views on great questions need never be started or advocated, by the

men who are fully masters of the details on which much of the success of a Government depends, and in which if its supporters and officials are deficient, more discredit is thrown on an administration, than by omitting to bring forward great measures or by establishing a line of policy consistent in its bearings, and tending to consolidate the institutions of the country by fitting them to the Spirit of the age in which our lot has been cast ; and yet it is generally from the partizan class of politicians that India and the other great possessions of the Crown, are supplied with Governors and high functionaries. Does a very influential member of a cabinet or a holder of office, become inconvenient to the Premier ? Is he too fast, too slow, too apt to run restive ? or does he jeopardize his party by imprudent speeches in the house or at political gatherings ? If it is inconvenient to dismiss him at once and hand him and his friends over either to the opposition Bench, or to a neutral party, (more dangerous to a weak Government than opposition free, open, and above board,)—India or one of the greater Colonial Governments becomes a city of refuge in which he can be conveniently and safely stowed away, without the difficulties and hazards which invariably attend a breach in a party which rules the nation. He may perhaps hardly know the exact latitude and longitude of his future dominions,—be wholly or nearly unacquainted with the history, habits, manners, interests, or peculiar institutions of the people he is destined to govern ; and should they speak a tongue he is ungifted with, (as is most probably the case,) it must certainly be admitted he is admirably qualified for the high task assigned. But patronage is the special privilege of all rulers, and invariably the first exercise of all Governmental powers is to select a staff both Civil, Military (and if possible Judicial also) from relatives and dependents, who, in a great majority of cases, are just as well informed of all that pertains to the country and the people they are to aid in ruling, as is the high functionary who is delegated to represent his sovereign and maintain the character and honor of the mother country among her distant children. It does not require a large amount of sagacity, to determine what must be the results of such a system. Either the ruler carries out with slavish submission the too often ill-conceived or prejudiced instructions of the home authorities, without reference to the actual state of affairs in the land he is living in, or he falls into the hands of local officials whose particular views for good or for evil he adopts more from the dependence which he feels on their local knowledge than from any actual con-

viction of right and justice in the line of policy he then pledges himself to support. A glance over the wide spread colonial possessions of the British crown, and a brief inquiry into the causes of the discontent which prevails over one and all, will, we feel convinced, tend to verify the truth of the picture we have drawn; even India has on various occasions been doomed to suffer from the morbid influences which have made discontent and misrule an endemic disease of the British colonies. Indian Governments and especially the chief rulership, is the grand prize in the colonial lottery wheel. This country has beyond question drawn a few fortunate numbers, and it is to her occasional luck we owe our magnificent empire in Asia. Fortune has not always blindly favored the land of the sun however, for on several occasions and more especially in modern days, prizes of small value have turned up, and if the last drawing has been a fortunate one, let us hope that as all lotteries are now contrary to law, a more sure standard of worth will be looked for, than aught that depends on the chances and changes of the political wheel as it has of late been turned in our native land. The late Government selected neither a small partizan nor troublesome colleague. They acted in a spirit which we sincerely hope may actuate all future Governments, when they are called on to select the man, who shall for a period of years sway the destinies of the greatest foreign empire, now entrusted by Providence to the hands of a civilized nation in modern days, not even excepting the old colonial empire of Spain. Very different however was the selection made by them in the, in many respects, enlightened Government of Sir Robert Peel, who in getting rid of a crochety colleague on one occasion, and one too slow for the railroad speed at which the lamented statesman was inclined to travel over the political highway, on another, saddled India with a couple of Governor Generals, who, it was erroneously thought, had an easy task, the prospect of a long peace, a full chest and internal improvement before them, but were nevertheless doomed to grapple with great questions and settle difficulties more perplexing than what had fallen to the lot of their predecessors for at least a quarter of a century. It is not our intention to enter at present into the merits or demerits of Lord Ellenborough's brief career as the ruler of these realms—it is of the administration of his successor we now propose to treat; and at the present moment when he reappears before the public by an Event which, though only the looked for flux of the mighty wave of time, yet when it has rolled over us indeed, it seems to have stolen on us so silently and so softly.

ashardly to have given warning of its approach, when behold in its reflux the ruin it has left behind! no one is so high as not to be moved: no one so humble as not to feel concern and to lament a loss which is not that of an individual but of a nation, and not merely of a nation but that of the whole world. Lord Hardinge was during the great struggle in the Peninsula universally admitted to have proved himself a brave, active and fortunate soldier. "When wild war's deadly blast had blown" he was not, like too many others who had shared in the "bloody strife" obliged to retire into private life or driven to spending his days, at watering places, travelling in search of cheap and genteel retreats on the continent, living in the skirt of Loudon high life, or leading the ton of a provincial circle in which a decorated Colonel or Major General who had been in Wellington's army was, in our hot youth, a sure one to be looked up to, whose presence gave eclat to dinner parties—and whose stars and buttons shone with peculiar lustre in processions, ball-rooms, and civic repasts.

Through his matrimonial alliances with the family of the then most powerful minister of the British Crown, Sir Henry Hardinge became as fortunate in politics as he had been in war. A seat in Parliament and a place in the ministry soon became open to him, and gave scope to the employment of his talents, and a turn to his views, which but for the influence he possessed in high quarters might have been expended in conducting the details of Staff duty in a West India Island or Mediterranean Station, to the ultimate Government of which a longing look might have been cast, without any very sanguine dream of eventual realization. Lord Hardinge was possessed of good business habits and of more than average powers of application, and of a reach of mind perfectly capable of carrying out with exactness and diligence the views of higher minds, and with such qualifications he could not fail to become a useful member of any Government; but more especially at a period when high talent was not the characteristic of the British Cabinet. His mind was not formed for greatness or to grapple with large questions of any kind or description. Of this he seemed sensible, for though a fair speaker he seldom ventured into the arena of general politics, but confined himself to questions relative to the details of office and having a ready, versatile supply of information on such topics, which he invariably delivered in clear language and with considerable fluency, he was always listened to with respect, and acquired a fair share of confidence from all parties in the House of Commons and with the country—qualifications which

greatly inance the official talents of any one who holds a place under the Crown. During the long rule of the Tories he passed through several of the non Cabinet seats in the Government, with no small share of credit for moderation and fairness, at a time when Tory Ministers were far from being popular. When Sir Robert Peel re-constructed the Conservative party in 1841, Lord Hardinge was placed in the War Office with a seat in the Cabinet and this we verily believe was the summit of his ambition, and even then he had attained a height which must have almost astonished himself. England owes much to Sir Robert Peel and has testified her gratitude by a hundred monuments—the contributions alike of the rich and the poor—but alas, India has no part of the debt to pay. The force of circumstances obliged him to see the impracticability of governing the country on the narrow views and exploded maxims of the faction which called him its leader, and he chose rather to destroy his party than to risk the peace and happiness of the country, and whether his political morality was true or false he struck a mortal blow at Toryism, and more completely undermined the foundations on which its influence rested, than had been done either by Whigs or Radicals. It cannot be denied that expediency, not a sense of justice, was the guiding rule of the great Minister's political life. He was for years the eloquent, dexterous and successful opponent of the Catholic claims, yet with equal eloquence and success he became their advocate and for ever effaced their ill favoured features from the Statute Book of the British Empire. Expediency in like manner transformed him into a commercial reformer, and eventually led him to wipe out the bread tax from among the laws of our country. Expediency, not a sense of fitness, made him nominate both Lord Ellenborough and Sir Henry Hardinge to the Government of India. The first, a man of no ordinary amount of talent but with a morbid thirst for authority and inflated with vanity, which rendered him an unsafe member of a Government which had started on principles its leader was doomed to destroy. The second, a useful man in office and in Parliament, but retaining too large a share of the old Tory leaven to suit him for working smoothly and quietly, when yoked with the go-a-head team then running in the altogether misnamed Conservative coach. So when the Lords of Leaden-Hall Street cashiered, the first Peel to their great delight disposed of another of his slow young steeds by sending him to the Indian market. Up to the hour when Sir Henry Hardinge was selected to govern India no one ever heard of his peculiar qualifications

for the high Office, but no sooner was the rumour spread abroad that he was destined to rule over millions of men, of whose religion, habits, manners and constitutions he knew no more than is usually known by tolerably well informed Members of Parliament or Ministers, than all at once the public, the Press, and the Court of Directors discovered in him the very beau ideal of a Governor General. To preserve peace, to expand our resources, to extend the blessings of education, to open the door for the diffusion of Christianity among the benighted Children of the East was the mission assigned to the viceroy elect, and so fully and cordially did he pledge himself to all this undertaking over the festive board of his Honorable Masters, that he seemed to have actually satisfied himself that "his ways were to be ways of pleasantness and all his paths, peace."

The Punjab was then in a state of the most frightful anarchy, the security of life and property was null and void. All that is dear to human beings was held at the will and pleasure of a ruthless soldiery who cast down and set up Kings and Counsellors according to the dictates of their grasping desires, or the thirst for blood and plunder urged them on to deeds of violence and revenge. With such an army on our North Western Frontier, and intermixed as our own possessions were with states over which the Sikh Government claimed fealty, the prospect of preserving peace for any length of time was a dream which no thinking man in India was deceived by, and Lord Ellenborough, at all events, knew to be delusive, and by his measures shewed how anxiously he longed for the hour when the pomp and circumstance of war might conduct him as conqueror to the gates of Lahore. Yet Sir H. Hardinge talked as confidently of lasting tranquillity, of financial reform, native education, internal improvements, and the railroads to boot, as if no foeman were at the gate, no tempest lowering in the distant horizon. The Gwalior campaign had just been brought to a successful close, and had made a little noise in the world, and it is not altogether improbable the future ruler of India may have imagined his mercurial relative had crushed and dispirited the Sikhs by the victory of Maharajpore and the submission of the most powerful of the Marahatta States: for English statesmen are not usually deeply versed in Indian politics or the character of native chiefs, and a Governor General more highly acquainted with the native character and the relations and power of Independent States than a ruler who after a residence of 18 months in the country, and course of travel extending from Calcutta to

Ferozepore expressed his surprise that our sepoys would not partake of the crumpies which fell from his table, or be treated to mince pies on Christmas-day, might have imagined that a blow inflicted on the Marahattas would effectually tame the pride of the Sikhs, and very probably fancied that he was proceeding to rule over an empire which was tranquil as a summer sea. The first act of his administration which attracted notice was his zeal for native education, then forming the grand staple of the time. It was a good card to play and he tried to make the most of it. His famous minute only wanted the possibility of its being made practicable, to have been very creditable to the head from which it emanated, and no doubt many worthy people at home who take a great deal more interest in the education of dear black children than in the bringing up of the heathen progeny in a neighbouring lane or street, on hearing of his benevolent labours would probably imagine that the excellent Governor General was about to endow schools in every parish and that on the philanthropic Sir Henry's return to his native land every little Hindoo boy and girl would be taught to repeat the Creed and Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue.

Far, very far be it from us to undervalue the importance of native education. It is in truth the key stone of the arch on which India's regeneration must be raised, and to the organization of a wide, extensive and thoroughly practical educational scheme suited to the wants of the people, a wise Governor General would direct his earnest attention. But we cannot conceal from ourselves that the distant echoes of Exeter Hall plaudits seemed to pervade all the Hardinge sayings and doings on that important subject, and more especially when we consider how little was actually done and the ease with which the whole topic was permitted to retire to a sleep which knew no waking, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion, that there was fully as much value attached to the opinion of friends at home, as of a hearty desire to improve the condition of the "poor ignorant Hindoo." .

(To be continued.)

PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE NORTH WEST PROVINCES.—No. VI.

‘*Quæ malo quæ bona sunt species,*’

“I held” writes the last Superintendent of police for the North Western Provinces in his reports for the years 1827-1828. “the Office of Superintendent in the North Western Provinces for ten years and have the satisfaction of leaving the police in a very different state to that in which I found it; an improvement to be attributed to the active exertions of the Magistrates, supported and encouraged by the Government through my late office. I hope the present system will succeed as well, but I doubt it much, for many Superintendents, with each a system, are not so good as one.” Let us see what cause this gentleman had for self-congratulation.

The following returns of heinous crimes in the Western Provinces are for the years 1818 to 1820, and for those of 1827 and 1828, after ten years experience of one man’s system, instead of many Superintendents with each system. We place them side by side, in order that our readers may comprehend the result at a glance.

<i>Return of heinous crimes from 1818 to 1820.</i>		<i>From 1827 to 1828 inclusive.</i>	
	<i>Cases.</i>		<i>Cases.</i>
Decoity of all kinds,	159	Decoity with murder,	32
Depredations with murder.	312	————wounding,	27
Do with open violence but without personal injury,	60	Simple decoity,	34
Wilful murders,	469	Highway robbery and other de-patches with murder,	178
Culpable homicide, . .	237	Do. with wounding,	485
Affrays with loss of life,	188	Depredations without personal violence exceeding 50 Rupees in value,	3396
		Murder by Thugs, . . .	61
		Wilful murders, . . .	255
		Culpable homicide, . .	185
		<u>Affrays with loss of life,</u>	<u>118</u>

"*Palnam qui meruit ferat.*" It must be admitted that the last of the Superintendents, even if another year's sum of crime had been added to the list, would still have had some grounds for reporting well of himself.

But who were these Superintendents with each a system, whose appointment appears to have been so distasteful to the Superintendent when resigning his office, and to whose administration he can predict no favourable result? They were the newly appointed Commissioners of Revenue and Circuit, an office created by regulation I of 1829. We gather from the preamble of this regulation that "the system in operation for Superintending the Magistracy and for controlling and directing the executive revenue officers, who in several cases are also Magistrates, had been found to be defective." In truth the machinery at work was not only clumsy and unable to meet the demand upon it, but even if it had been of the most perfect kind, the work would still have fallen into arrears. The provincial courts of appeal and circuit, having to discharge the duties of both civil and criminal tribunals over too extended a jurisdiction, had failed (in the words of the regulation) "to afford that prompt administration of justice which it is the duty of government to secure for the people." The boards of revenue too were over-worked and required some assistance. "It was therefore deemed expedient to place the Magistracy and police, and the Collectors and other executive revenue officers under the Superintendence and control of Commissioners, of Revenue and Circuit, each vested with the charge of such a moderate tract of country as may enable them to be easy of access to the people, and frequently to visit the different parts of their respective jurisdictions." The Commissioners appointed by this regulation naturally superseded the necessity for a Superintendent of police, and so with a view to public economy the office was abolished, the Commissioners being vested with the same powers formerly possessed by the Superintendent of police. It became the duty of each Commissioner to keep himself thoroughly acquainted with the state of the police and the character of each officer within his jurisdiction. He was to be frequently in correspondence with the Government on all subjects connected with police and the prevalence of crime in each district subordinate to him. He could execute his own warrants and processes direct, or through the local courts as he thought most expedient, and he exercised concurrent jurisdiction with the Magistrates of the districts under his control, who were bound to carry out any sentence passed

by him. He committed to the Sessions Court direct, and the Magistrates if ordered, were obliged to superintend the prosecution of any case so committed. He was at liberty to assume charge of any particular thanas in a district, certifying to the Magistrate that he had done so, who was under the necessity of executing any orders of the Commissioner transmitted to him with reference to the management of any such thanas. But when the Superintendent of police acted in his capacity as Magistrate, he subjected himself to the authority of the Sessions Judge of the district in which he exercised any Magisterial function. He had also the power of giving final orders regarding the appointment; suspension or removal of any ministerial or police officer subordinate to any Magistrate or Joint Magistrate. He corresponded directly with the Secretary of Government on all matters connected with his office, and the correspondence on the part of the Magistrates subject to his authority was transmitted through him—at the same time the Sudder Nizamut Adawlut exercised over him a general authority, issuing rules for his guidance and instructions for the police.

Such was the power possessed by the Commissioners of revenue and circuit, and such they still continue to exercise. Act XXIV of 1837* enacted that it shall be lawful for the Governor of the Presidency of Fort William in Bengal to appoint a Superintendent of police for the territories under his Government or for any part thereof, and for the Lieutenant Governor of the North Western Provinces to appoint a Superintendent of police for those Provinces or for any part thereof. As the Lieutenant Governor has not availed himself of this liberty, the Commissioners of revenue exercise to this day the powers vested in them by clause VII. of Reg. I. of 1829, that is, they continue to perform the duties heretofore discharged by the Superintendents of police under the provisions of Reg. X. of 1808 and other regulations subsequently enacted, which duties we have just described.

There are at present six commissionerships in these provinces; there were formerly nine, when the office was created by Reg. I. of 1829. The divisions now are those of Delhie, Meerut, Rohilcund, Agra, Allahabad and Benares. These are sub-divided into thirty-one districts; each division being composed of five or six districts, the affairs of which are administered by a Magistrate and a numerous staff of Joint Magistrates, assistants, and deputy Magistrates; all being subordinate to the control of the Commissioner in the execution of their duties as police officers. These districts compre-

hend in the aggregate no less than 80,883 townships, with a population of Hindoos, Mahomedans and others, amounting to 23,199,668 souls.

The following return will show how this immense population is distributed over the several divisions.*

<i>Divisions.*</i>	<i>Townships.</i>	<i>Population.</i>
1 Delhie,	3,188	1,569,501
2 Meerut,	8,373	3,384,432
3 Rohilecund,	16,300	4,399,865
4 Agra,	7,437	3,505,740
5 Allahabad,	10,242	3,219,043
6 Benares,	35,343	7,121,087
TOTAL.	80,883	23,199,668

This population consists of Hindoos, Mahomedans and others not Hindoos in the following proportion :—

<i>Divisions.</i>	HINDOOS.		MAHOMEDANS AND OTHERS NOT HINDOOS.	
	<i>Agricultural.</i>	<i>Non-agricultural.</i>	<i>Agricultural.</i>	<i>Non-agricultural.</i>
1 Delhie, ..	692,615	397,734	197,954	281,198
2 Meerut, ..	1,399,859	1,206,780	330,269	447,524
3 Rohilecund, ..	2,325,473	907,010	519,825	647,557
4 Agra,	2,055,747	1,144,383	84,935	220,675
5 Allahabad, ..	1,940,617	990,423	114,940	173,063
6 Benares, ..	4,713,645	1,678,360	348,354	380,728
TOTAL.	13,127,956	6,324,690	1,596,277	2,150,745

These districts again are partitioned off into pergunnahs or limited jurisdictions presided over by Tehseeldars who collect the land revenue. These Officers are generally, under the operation of Reg. XI. of 1831, vested with police authority. The Tehseeldar who is thus vested, becomes the chief

* These tables were prepared in 1848 they are correct enough for the present purpose, though doubtless the number has increased—vide "Memoir on Statistics of the North West Provinces compiled by A Shakespeare, sq., C. S."

officer of police or Thanadar in the particular pergunnah in which he is revenue Collector. This pergunnah contains two, perhaps three, thanas, which are still more limited jurisdictions, not exceeding ten koss, or from 15 to 20 miles square. Over these thanas naib Thanadars are placed, who, are next in rank to the Thanadar or telseeldar. The establishment at each thana consists of a naib thanadar, mohurur or Clerk and his assistants, a jemadar or serjeant and a body of armed police-men. The number of these policemen averages from thirty to sixty; in no thanas are there less, in many there are more than this number. The number of thanas in a district depends upon its size. The district of Agra which contains 1296 townships and a population of 828,220 souls is divided into twelve country police offices, and one head office for the city and its environs. In addition to the armed force kept at each thana, every village has its own watchmen, some one, and others two, according to their size. These watchmen are armed with sword and spear, and are all under the control of the chief officer of police within their pergunnah. We described the duties of these village watchmen in our last paper, when reviewing the provisions of Reg. XX. of 1817, which established the present police system. Outposts also from each thana are formed, at which a jemadar and three or four policemen reside, and police guards are stationed along the most frequented roads at a distance of two miles at the farthest, who patrol the roads at night. At each of these chowkies, as they are called, one policeman from the thana, and two or three chowkydars are upon duty, from sunset until sunrise. If the chief police officer is attentive to his duty and himself patrols the roads, these guards are of service, but if that officer is indifferent or lax in discipline, the principal occupation of these policemen on detached duty is to kill time by eating and sleeping. Every district is also provided with a small body of horse for the purpose indeed of assisting in the collection of the revenue, but who are now employed in police duties, and carrying important messages. There are two of these horsemen at every thana, and one every ten miles on frequented roads. They ought to patrol the roads at night, but their horses are private property and not supplied by the state, which perhaps accounts for their not doing so. The principal city in a district at which the European officers reside, is governed, under the immediate control of the Magistrate, by a cotwal, who is assisted by numerous naib thanadars, and supported by an armed force. The city also furnishes its quota of watchmen to the general force, on the

scale of two watchmen to every fifty shops or occupied habitations.

Thus we find that the North West Provinces are fully provided with means to ensure the comfort and secure the protection of the inhabitants from lawlessness and rapine; if indeed the means were of a nature which could possibly attain the proposed end. First we have a Superintendent for every division, possessed of full authority to control all the police officers within his jurisdiction. Next we have the Magistrates of the several districts within each division, supported by a numerous staff of European assistants established at the headquarters of their districts, directing all the police officers throughout the tract of country under their charge. We see a Sudder police force under a cotwal, with an ample armed force to assist him in keeping the peace in the city and its neighbourhood, and with a large body of watchmen for the city itself, on the scale of two watchmen to every fifty houses, also armed with sword and spear. We next find each district divided into pergunnahs, and these again subdivided into thanas; each pergunnah governed by a chief officer who is the most important person in it both in the revenue and police departments. We have numerous thanas all under responsible officers, supported by an establishment of assistants and armed police-men, both horse and foot. Subordinate again to the officers in charge of the thanas, is a very large body of village watchmen, one and sometimes more for every township comprised within the thana circle, and we do not include in this number the watchmen in serais and the towns in which each thanah may be established. Lastly the head men of every village are bound to assist the police by imparting information, aiding them to apprehend offenders, and making their local knowledge useful. We have all the means for the prevention and detection of crime, yet what are the advantages which have hitherto resulted from the operation of these means? We may look in vain for them. Our police establishment is alike in bad repute with Europeans and natives. It is universally condemned. It presents a fair outside, but is rotten at the core. Great exertions on the part of the Magistrates and their subordinates may have rendered the police more vigilant on highways and frequented roads; robberies with violence and poison may have consequently become less frequent, but this is no permanent improvement. Let there be the least appearance of indifference on the part of the European officer in charge of any particular district, and crime will be as rife on its high roads as it was a

few years ago. There has been no improvement in the heart of the country, nor in cities; robberies occur nightly both in town and country which are never even reported, and in those which are reported, the arrest of the robbers is the exception, not the rule. The returns which we shall give will sufficiently show how far our police can lay claim to being either preventive or detective. As we have already said our readers may allow some partial improvement in preventing the crime of robbery on high roads, but there is none visible in the most important department of apprehending offenders or recovering stolen property. We shall probably be considered to take rather a gloomy view of our police efficiency; we only wish that the picture presented itself in more attractive colours. It is much more pleasant to describe the result of our rule in India in favorable terms, than to condemn it. On the present occasion the necessity of writing the truth, and nothing but the truth, regarding the police establishment is a more distasteful task, because we can trace, from first to last, in all by-gone legislative enactments bearing on the subject, the most honest intention to do the best that could be done to perfect the system. It is only of late years that any indifference to crime seems to have grown upon the Government, and this perhaps may be accounted for, by the perpetual campaigning which has so effectually put a stop to improvement in all departments of the public service. When the Birmah war is over, Oude annexed or its affairs administered by British officers, and the map of this part of India has become permanently *red*, we do trust the whole attention of Government will be earnestly devoted to the numerous public questions which require immediate consideration, not the least of which is the state of the police—until peace has been secured we are content to wait, but as the reforms required must be sweeping, it is as well that the subject should be fully discussed, and the best information procurable be obtained. We can only point out what in our mind is likely to improve the present system, and what part of it is peculiarly defective and, in these times and under the British Government, is radically wrong and improveable by no patchwork.

Return of offences committed in the North Western Provinces, exclusive of the Saugor and Nerbudda territories, from 1849 to 1851 inclusive :—

<i>Description of Crime.</i>	1849	1850	1851	Total,
Murder by Thugs, ..	1	0	0	1
Ditto on the river, ..	0	0	1	1
Other cases, ..	260	300	267	767
Wounding with intent to murder, .. }	55	40	35	130
Culpable homicide,	216	247	170	633
Decoitee with murder,	5	5	2	12
Ditto with wounding,	17	10	3	30
Ditto unattended with aggravating circumstances, .. }	19	15		37
Highway robbery with murder, .. }	12	8	4	24
Ditto with wounding,	70	52	43	165
Ditto unattended with aggravating circumstances, .. }	110	83	61	254
Burglary with murder, .. }	6	8	2	16
Ditto with wounding,	22	32	30	84
Unattended with aggravating circumstances, .. }	8256	8024	5795	22075
Theft with murder,	17	13	20	50
Ditto of children for the sake of their ornaments, .. }	21	25	23	69
Ditto with wounding,	68	64	63	195
Ditto by administering poisonous drugs, .. }	42	33	19	94
Other cases, ..	17472	15796	12944	46212
Cattle stealing with murder, .. }	1	2	6	9
Ditto with wounding,	14	9	10	33
Other cases, ..	4298	4653	3447	12398
Child stealing for the purpose of selling into slavery, .. }	24	22	14	60

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Ditto for other illegal purposes,	28	31	14	73
Knowingly receiving stolen property, .. .	437	489	337	1263
Affray with homicide,	68	63	59	208
Ditto with violent breach of the peace, }	137	108	91	336
TOTAL,	31,694	30,132	23,403	85,229

The reader must not be deceived by any apparent decrease in crime in the return for the year 1851. The table given is imperfect, for the statements from the Benares division had not been received when the writer of this paper was allowed access to the records, through the liberality of the Government of these provinces. It will be seen presently that there was as much crime, and in some cases more, than in the year 1850. The Benares division is the largest in the provinces, comprising six districts and 35,343 townships. In order to give the reader some idea of the prevalence of crime in this particular division, which for some years has been superintended by a most able Commissioner, we add a statement of the heinous offences committed in it during the year 1849 and 1850.

Years	Murders by thugs.	Other cases.	Wounding with intent to kill.	Culpable homicide.	Devotee with murder.	With wounding.	Unattended with aggravating circumstances.	River devils.	Highway robbery with murder.	With wounding.	Other cases.	Burglary with murder.	With wounding.	Other cases.	Theft with murder.	With murder of children.	With wounding.	By poison.	Other cases.	Cattle stealing with wounding.	Other cases.	Childstealing.	Receiving stolen property.	Affray with homicide.	With violent breach of the peace
1849	135	568	38	7	4	124	28	2	12626	3	312154131	2	906	16	81	1147									
1850	058	578	38	6	5	3	113	23	1	33031	2	31410	3905	11067	20	107	1424								

If we add the crime in the year 1850 in this division to the returns for 1851, we shall at once see that there is little cause for imagining that any improvement has taken place.

The murders would amount to	265.
Culpable homicide,	248.
Highway robbery with wounding,	56.
Other cases,	84.

The Burglaries and Thefts would present a similar character of permanency, the former indeed exceeding those of the previous year,

Burglaries unattended with aggravating circumstances,	8826.
Thefts with wounding,	77.
Cattle thefts,	4465.
Affrays with homicide,	73.
With violent breach of the peace,	115.

These figures, it must be confessed, are not favorable to a good opinion of the police force as regards its capacity to prevent crime, but an examination of the number of persons concerned in these crimes who were apprehended, or of the amount of plundered property recovered in comparison with that stolen, will be still less satisfactory. As long as the population of these provinces is armed, murders and manslaughter will continue to occupy a prominent space in our criminal statistics. Revenge and jealousy give rise to the greater number of murders—and as there is a woman and a sword in nearly every house in the country, the temptation to a jealous or angry man to use the one and punish the other is irresistible. The provocation is received and the blow instantly follows. A sword is seized from the nearest wall, and the sacrifice to the angry passion is completed in a few moments. No police can put down this sort of crime. If the population were disarmed, the same encouragement to commit murder would no longer exist. A man would require some little time to provide other instruments of slaughter than a sword or loaded lattee, and this allowance of time would lead a man to think of the after consequences. If he knew that the police was sure to detect his hand in the crime, to trace him to the shop from which he had purchased poison, and finally to apprehend and bring him to trial, or if he felt certain that the Nizamut Adawlut would punish him if convicted,* a man, pausing to weigh these matters, would probably not run the risk of revenging a wrong at so great danger to himself. But our police are miserable detectives. They seldom succeed in apprehending criminals, and the great number of those arrested is made up of the wrong parties. The temin-

* We admit indeed that such an expectation in the present day would be unreasonable.

dars of a village when called upon by the thanadars to point out the authors of any crime, will probably name two of the idlest reprobates in it, who give the most trouble, and are bad bargains who never, willingly at least, pay their rent. The thanadar is only too happy to get hold of some one, and evidence is easily procurable, for the oaths are not binding which are administered in the Company's Courts, and the lower class of villagers must do as they are told by the zemindars. It is in this way that many cases are trumped up, and innocent men arrested only to be released after some two months' confinement. With regard to property, though the police up to the present year have enjoyed a commission of 10 per cent. on all recovered goods or money, an instance of entire or even partial recovery is very rare. The full recovery of stolen property in any theft or burglary case is the event of a year in a district. The Magistrate gives such an event a distinguished place in his yearly report, an example which the Commissioner does not forget to follow when sending up his annual reports to the Government. This is not exaggerated; it is true, and it will be seen that it really is something to succeed in recovering plundered property, or bringing a case to a fortunate issue. If the police were worth anything, the Magistrates would have to offer some satisfactory excuse in cases of failure to do the one or the other. They would no longer think it necessary to notice with such complacency and self-satisfaction an instance in which all the stolen property had been recovered; and the offenders punished. But the following statement will exhibit the result of the police exertions to detect crime during the last two years. It should also be borne in mind that during the years 1849-50 and 51 the number of thefts, burglaries and cases of cattle stealing, exclusive of all attempts to commit either, amounted in the aggregate to eighty thousand, six hundred and eighty five; while of the number of cases for the same period in which the receivers of stolen property were punished did not exceed 1263.

The statement now given only refers to serious offences and attempts to commit them, and to no others, the petty offences have been carefully kept apart. We must also observe that the crimes in the Benares division for 1851 are not contained in it. The value of property is estimated in round numbers.

<i>Years.</i>	<i>No. of crimes.</i>	<i>Supposed persons concerned.</i>	<i>No. apprehended.</i>	<i>Value of property stolen.</i>	<i>amount recovered.</i>
1859	38,424	59,773	21,782	No. 707,322 Rs. 1,76,247	
1851	30,407	43,953	17,252	6,33,923	1,23,842

We believe these figures to be generally correct; they are quite so with respect to the number of crimes said to have been committed. The number of persons supposed to have been concerned in their commission is understated; it would probably considerably exceed the above computation of 1,03,726 persons. But it has been impossible to give the number correctly, for the statements received from the district officers are not uniformly made out. Several Magistrates have neglected to enter the supposed number of persons concerned in crimes, filling up the column in their statements reserved for this entry with figures intended to represent the number of cases in which no person was arrested. However the difference between the amount of property stolen and that recovered sufficiently shows how very far from efficient the police are in this very important branch of their duties. It must be admitted that there exists on the part of natives a desire to overstate the amount of their loss when robbed, but if their account is not to be accepted, that of the police is still less entitled to weight, for it is their interest to diminish the extent of a theft, and to make out as good a case for themselves as possible. Again if the amount of property, said to have been stolen, be exaggerated, that of property recovered is also overstated. We have frequently seen a cutcherry table covered with old and filthy rags, and have been astonished to hear the value which is set upon them. The same again with regard to the nominal value of necklaces, and women's jewels and finery. Whether the property stolen or recovered be over estimated, the fact of a very small portion being recovered remains equally clear.

It cannot be denied that the legislature itself is in some respects to blame for the failure of the police to arrest offender or recover property. In numberless cases they are prohibited from making an enquiry concerning a reported robbery. Their interference is barred by Reg. II. 1832, which requires that the party plundered should present a petition on stamped paper in thanah, praying for an investigation. It is a tacit admission on the part of the state that our courts are an intolerable nuisance to the people, and therefore it is better to allow them to be plundered, than worried to death by a double investigation in the thana and Magistrate's court. Enquiry

is therefore only permitted in more outrageous cases of robbery, when the Magistrate converts the party who ought to prosecute into a witness, or when the party robbed is himself willing to waste his substance and time in bringing the offenders to justice. A Government can hardly be called paternal which is apparently so indifferent, yet this is the result, after many years trial, of the operation of Reg. II. of 1832. We need not however dwell further on this part of our subject: the regulation has already been commented upon in our paper on the administration of criminal justice, and we believe that the day of its repeal is at hand. We have endeavoured to show that the police establishment is not in a satisfactory condition. It fails to secure the particular object for which society taxes itself in order to support a body of public watchmen, that is, it neither prevents or detects crime. In addition to this the force is notoriously corrupt. Were proofs of this wanting, the records of any Magistrate's Office would easily afford it. Act 32 of 1852 admits the fact; the force is so corrupt that the prosecution of all cases of extortion or malversation cannot be left in the hands of the party victimised. Private individuals shrink from prosecuting the police officer for extorting money for them. Such an act would only expose them to subsequent tyranny or exaction, if the prosecution broke down. Even if successful, such a prosecution would not be a happy one. "Dog will not eat dog" is an old saying, and a man instituting an enquiry against an officer of any particular thanah, would make the whole of the officers in it his enemies. Consequently an act is passed which dispenses with the necessity for a private prosecution, and the Magistrates can order a prosecution on the sanction of the Commissioner. It is useless to enter into the question of what makes the police corrupt. The custom of the country, limited pay and the knowledge that they are suspected in every case which they investigate, would at once be pleaded. These are causes which lie on the surface. It is enough that they are corrupt, inefficient, bad preventive and bad detective officers. How shall they be improved is the real question for consideration? We shall offer some few remarks on this matter in our next paper. The second division of our subject ends appropriately here.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

Rational fiction is commensurate with social experience. Even the institution of slavery, and slavery under its most repulsive aspects, has been pressed into the service of novel-writers. Mrs. Stowe's very clever work is not the first of its kind that we have seen. It is, however, out of all sight the best of them; and the opportuneness of its appearance has secured for its merits a degree of notice and appreciation which an American book has but rarely obtained, either at home or abroad. In America, the subject of slavery has long been usurped almost wholly by fanatics and incendiaries. To such an extent, indeed, has this been the case, that persons beyond the Atlantic whose philanthropy has had the misfortune to be tempered by prudence or practicalness, seem to have retired from the field, in sheer despair, till the storms of insensate passion, now raging, shall have blown over, and the turn come round again for reason to assert its prerogative. At this critical period the treatment of the topic of slavery has assumed a shape substantially new. The wrongs of the African race are put in requisition to supply the staple of a thoroughly national tale, a tale as engaging as it is genuine, and much too truthlike to be rejected. The humanity of Americans is flattered by its appealing to none but their highest and holiest feelings. Argument on abstract grounds is ignored outright; and it is high time that it should be. Every American capable of conversion to a right estimate of the nature of slavery, has probably been converted long ago. The nation's all-engrossing desire is now to be shown how emancipation is feasible. Our authoress may not have settled this point definitively. Still she has done much, in various ways, to stimulate to reflection on the means available for effecting the issue in view. She has handled her theme as becomes a woman: and in leaving to others everything outside the pale of sympathy, she has wisely restricted herself to the appropriate sphere of woman's influence. She will no doubt be heard all the more readily for not having said much which, with her knowledge, it must have been difficult for her to keep back.

As far as we can judge of our Indian public, so general is the wish to know something definite of the book in question,

that we have not hesitated in preparing an outline of it in preference to citing extracts and filling up the intervals with necessarily incomplete connectives. Our space is limited; and, as we have aimed, in our abridgement, to give the plot of the tale in tolerable completeness, we have abstained from quotation altogether. This course, in fact, affords us the only chance of making a few comments. In order to anticipate the observation that our abstract is rather of the driest, we thus explicitly premise our design. And this design, no one is better aware than ourselves, involves something like injustice towards the able authoress. Her leading purpose is to depict slavery in all its phases. Bondage, essentially the same at its best and at its worst, is, under a righteous master, a considerably different thing from bondage under an iron despot. Similarly, a slave brought up with the advantages of education and refined example, is a very different creature from a slave grovelling, through oppression, in ignorance and vice. These diversities are illustrated by Mrs. Stowe, with the most convincing air of reality; and no idea whatever can be formed of her powers of description, from the very bare bones into which we have anatomized her spirited production.

The tale opens, in the month of February, in the parlour of Mr. Arthur Shelby, a speculating Kentucky gentleman of desperate liabilities, whose notes of hand have come into the possession of a prosperous slave broker, Haley by name. Haley wishes to realize the value of these securities, in human live-stock. Mr. Shelby is a kind man, after a fashion; but Haley has him in his power, and is inexorable. The gentleman, though with much unfeigned reluctance, half closes with a proposal to sustain his credit by parting with a couple of his slaves. These slaves are, his best hand, Tom, and Harry, a boy of tender years. Tom, until he is got rid of, is the principal hero of the story; and his cabin furnishes the story with its title.

The boy Harry is the son of Eliza and George Harris, who, as permanent actors in the history, and, indeed, hardly subordinate to Uncle Tom, demand our particular attention. Eliza's mistress is Mrs. Shelby, a lady whose many excellencies are not even qualified by looking with favour upon slavery. Eliza, a beautiful quadroon, had lived with her mistress from girlhood. At Mrs. Shelby's instance, she had married George Harris, a valuable piece of property belonging to a neighbouring estate; and had borne him three children, of whom Harry alone remained. George, whose intelligent energy had led him to self-education, was hired out by his

master to work in a "bagging factory." Here he distinguished himself by inventing a machine for cleaning hemp, for which his possessor took out a patent. Piqued with a consciousness of his own inferiority, his miserable master withdrew him from the factory, and carried him home, with the intention of wreaking his pitiable spite on him at his leisure. The most degrading drudgery was allotted to him; and his proud spirit began to rebel, when, with other trials of patience, he had been threatened with cohabitation with a woman of his owner's choosing. Parenthetically, it may be observed that the marriage-bond, with reference to slaves, is not recognised as valid in the Southern States of America. And let no one cry out against this as inconsistency. What right, in the name of common sense, has a mere thing, a legitimate piece of goods, to enter into any species of compact, sacred or secular, above all, with another item of merchandise? Legal facts are, here and there, more curious than legal fictions.

George is first brought on the stage in an interview with his wife, at which, after briefly recounting his wrongs, he breaks to her his intention of running away to Canada, and of redeeming her thence, if possible. Eliza listens in amazement to his purpose, but tacitly approves it.

An episode now occurs, in which the reader is, taken into the cabin of Uncle Tom, where his helpmate, Aunt Chloe,* the most famous cook around, and sufficiently sensible of her skill, is conducting certain proceedings of a culinary nature. Before the fire Uncle Tom is taking a lesson in writing from Master George, a lad of thirteen, and the only heir of Mr. Shelby. Aunt Chloe, as she goes on cooking for her family, entertains Master George with a garrulous eulogy of her professional ability. At last the eatables are got ready and despatched, the room is set to rights, and preparations are made for a prayer-meeting. The worshippers drop in; and when their miscellaneous small-talk is expended, an ancient negress exhorts, and gives her rather peculiar notions of *glory*, which she thinks herself approaching. Master George, who stays, reads a chapter from the Revelations, and expounds. Uncle Tom, the religious patriarch of the male portion of the assembly, and an aggravated Yankee saint of the humbler sort, makes a prayer, and the meeting breaks up.

Meanwhile, matters of a very different order are going forward in Mr Shelby's parlour. Tom and the boy Harry

* In America, the words *uncle* and *aunt* correspond to our obsolescent *good-man* and *good-wife* or *goody*

exchange their present owner for the broker Haley. Mr. Shelby, however, urges Haley not to sell Tom without making sure of transferring him to a considerate proprietor.

Mr. and Mrs. Shelby, on retiring for the night, discuss at length the transaction just concluded. Mrs. Shelby intercedes, boldly and feelingly, for the two slaves, and volunteers the sacrifice of her only finery, her gold watch, on their behalf; but ineffectually. Eliza, who has previously had an inkling of what is about to befall her, stands at the door and hears the whole of the conversation. Her determination is the work of an instant. She writes a line for the eye of her mistress, packs up a few clothes and playthings for her child, takes him in her arms, goes to Uncle Tom's cabin to wish him and Chloe good-bye, and sets out, on foot, alone, and at the dead of night, for Canada, the American Alsatia of bondage. Her course lies through the State of Ohio, which, our readers may require to be apprised, is a free state.

Early next morning it transpires that Eliza is missing. Tom and Chloe of course listen to the news as if they did not know everything already. Haley soon makes his appearance, and is greatly annoyed on learning that his purchase has fallen a victim to maternal affection. He is also sadly nonplussed when he finds that Mr. Shelby keeps no dogs of the breed that would now come so handy. Mr. Shelby promises every assistance towards capturing the fugitive. Mrs. Shelby, and the servants, who immediately apprehend and conform to her present feelings, adroitly throw impediments in the way of the pursuit. Finally, Haley starts on the chase, with Sam and Andy, a couple of his host's servants. Haley, in spite of all his experience, allows himself to be taken five miles off the direct road, by Sam's bewildering geography. At evening twilight the party gallop up to a house near the Ohio ferry. Eliza has reached the same house less than an hour ago, and is now resting herself. The mother, at sight of her hunters, snatches up her boy, and rushes out of the back door for the ferry. The rest follow, but are soon stopped short. Eliza, to the astonishment of her spectators, ventures to cross the river on the piece-meal raft of floating ice with which it is choked. Miraculously enough, she reaches the other side of the stream and is helped up by a good-humoured ruffian, whose admiration of "grit" predominates over his sense of an American citizen's duty. Haley, on seeing the turn affairs have taken, goes back to the house where he has left his horse; and his assistants return, in a very merry mood, to their master.

Eliza's welcomer on the Ohio shore professes to serve her to the extent of his ability, by directing her to a house hard by, where, he intimates, she will be well cared for. The poor woman goes to the house, which is that of Senator Bird. The Senator has just come home on a flying visit, after having lately exerted every faculty, in his political capacity, to give increased stringency to the law making it penal to afford aid or harbour to runaway slaves. Mrs. Bird receives Eliza with great kindness; and the unpatriotic legislator, after cautiously disguising the mother and son, of his own free-will sets off with them, at midnight, and in his own carriage, with a view of ensuring them greater security from detection than they could hope for beneath his own roof. A wearisome journey over a wretched apology for a road brings them to the habitation of John Van Trompe, a reformed slave-holder, to whom the Senator makes over his charge and then goes his way.

The next place at which we hear of Eliza and her child, is a Quaker settlement in the state of Indiana. At the Quaker settlement they are joined by George, the husband and father, who is now first made aware of his wife's escape. George, in the character of a first-rate gentleman, has got thus far without any difficulty. Before leaving Kentucky he happened to fall in, at a tavern, with his old employer of the "bagging factory," Mr. Wilson, in whose presence, before recognition, he reads aloud, in the hearing of a roomfull of people, a public advertisement in which four hundred dollars are offered for himself, dead or alive. George then takes Mr. Wilson aside, makes himself known, and draws tears from the good man's eyes and a bundle of bank-notes from his pocket. The money he accepts, with the stipulation that it shall be considered as a loan and not as a gift. Mr. Wilson shakes him by the hand, wishes him God speed, and advises him to avoid hitting anybody, in case he has to use his pistols.

George, however, has scarcely had time to greet his family before he is told that his quarters are scented. Phineas Fletcher, a somewhat free-thinking representative of non-resistant principles, who had been moved by the charms of a pretty Quakeress to join the community of broad-brims, is deputed to escort the party to the next stage of their flight. While on the road, they are overtaken by their pursuers, whom they get the better of and send back in disgust.

And here it is necessary to go back a little, in order to account for the appearance of these slave-catchers. We left Haley, some time ago, at the house near the Ohio ferry. While there chewing the cud of disappointment at losing the

equivalent of five hundred dollars, a friend unexpectedly comes to the rescue. This friend is Tom Loker, his old companion in trade, but with whom he had been compelled to dissolve partnership. Loker had a most unthrifty way of breaking the heads of his chattels in general, and of ruining prospective bargains by flogging his female articles incurably fractious. Loker's present associate in business is one Marks, who gives proofs of possessing much less pluck than his vocation demands. Knowing his own weakness, on ordinary occasions, he, with laudable prudence, accordingly confines himself to the perjury line. Haley at once comes to terms with the new firm, who undertake the recovery of his stray. He advances fifty dollars in cash, which Loker and Marks are to have for their trouble, whether successful or not. The woman, if apprehended, they intend to sell at New Orleans. Haley is to have his boy on the cheap conditions just specified, in consideration of his putting them in the way of a profitable stroke of enterprise. Loker, Marks, a couple of constables, and a herd of low fellows wishing to see the sport, make up the company which Phineas and his band put to the rout. George fires his pistol at Loker and wounds him in the side, after which, as he still persists in advancing, Phineas tumbles him down a precipice some thirty feet, with the quiet admonition, in the second person singular of the Quaker dialect, that he is not wanted. The rest of the gang, seeing how matters stand, take to their heels, under pretence of going for a reinforcement, and leave Loker behind them. With a little effusion of blood the courage of this blusterer subsides into perfect passiveness, and he makes no objection to being taken into the waggon and carried on to the end of the journey. After three weeks' close confinement he goes forth a sound man, turns over a new leaf, and soon becomes as renowned a Ninrod of bears and raccoons as of old he had been of his own species.

Preparations for the final cast for bondage or liberty are now set on foot. At Tom Loker's voluntary suggestion, Eliza cuts off her hair and dresses herself like a man. Harry is transformed into a very pretty girl, and is renamed Harriet. George relies on his address to pass himself off for white. Mrs. Smyth, a lady who is about to return to Canada, assumes the temporary auntship of Harry. The whole proceed to the neighbouring town of Sandusky, on Lake Erie. George, while about to pay his passage on the steamer, hears himself spoken of by Marks, who is standing at his elbow. Something about a brand on his hand meets his ear at the very

moment the same branded hand is extended to take his tickets and change. He faces Marks, who does not know him. The last bell is tolled, his inquisitor steps ashore, the planks are drawn in, the voyage is ended, the fugitives touch the British shore, and are free.

We now go back to Uncle Tom, whom we have left a long way behind. Tom first hears from Eliza, when she sees him for a minute, on the night of her escape, that he too has been sold. Aunt Chloe recommends him to follow Eliza's example, but he refuses. Mr. Shelby, to avoid the distress of a formal leave-taking, extemporizes a tour of business, but not before showing visible signs of emotion when Tom alludes to the first time he took his master in his arms as an infant. Mrs. Shelby lectures Haley, and promises Tom that she will spare no exertions to restore him to his family. Master George gives vent to his warm boyish feelings, in the shape of his only dollar to Tom for a keepsake, and of a very distinct piece of his opinion about him, to Haley. The trader drives off with Tom, taking the superfluous precaution of having him fettered. In the same spirit of discretion he lodges him in jail while he attends an auction. At the auction he buys three more head of articulate cattle, and with these and Tom, as the nucleus of a gang, embarks on a steamer bound towards Louisiana.

Among Tom's fellow-passengers is Augustine St. Clare, a young gentleman on his way home, from the north, to New Orleans. In company with St. Clare are his wife, his maiden cousin Ophelia, from Vermont, and his only child, Evangeline or Eva, who is about six or seven years old. Evangeline falls overboard, Tom picks her up, and is purchased, at her importunity, by her father. On their reaching New Orleans, Tom is made coachman, but is shortly afterwards set apart for Eva's particular service. Tom forthwith obtains the entire confidence of his master, and, before long, supersedes, as steward, Adolph, a dashy spendthrift quadroon slave whom St. Clare had spoilt by his thoughtless indulgence. To give an idea of this worthy, it will be sufficient to mention that, on his master's return, he presents himself in a satin vest and white pantaloons, with the fashionable appendages of a gold watch-guard, an opera-glass, and a scented cambric handkerchief.

St. Clare is a person of very superior mould of mind, the very soul of sympathy and of real but procrastinating benevolence. In short, he is the most intellectual and interesting person in the entire narrative. Thwarted in his first love,

he married in the hope of banishing his reverse from recollection. Before removing to New Orleans, he had worked, with his brother, a man of very different stamp from himself, their joint plantation, on which seven hundred slaves were kept constantly employed. Not being able to endure the treatment to which he saw his dependents daily subjected, he left his brother, and came to reside at the old family mansion, where we now find him. His wife is the concentrated ideal of everything unlively in a woman without a heart; and the intense and absorbing sense which she entertains of her own selfish and visionary solitudes is little calculated to improve the careless and impractical yet genial temper of her husband.

Miss Ophelia, punctilious and determinate, both in creed and domestic economy, is presently installed mistress of the house. A very short term of experience results in a radical reform of kitchen and pantry, and in a material modification of her stereotyped ideas of slaves and slaveholders. Though prudently averse to argument, she finds it hard to keep out of it; and though Augustine miserably perplexes her rigid abolitionist doctrines, she declares that he sometimes talks almost like a "professor;" that, in her theological judgment, he is not "far from the kingdom"; and that, in his theoretical denunciations of slavery, he goes beyond anything she ever heard at the North. St. Clare, for the benefit of his cousin, gives her a little slave called Topsy, a girl of eight or nine, and a very demon in miniature. The pages devoted to Miss Ophelia's experiments in humanizing and educating the child, are instructive in the extreme, and evince the keenest powers of observation in the gifted authoress. Topsy is eventually made over, soul and body, to her Northern mistress, who, after the most disheartening defeats, ends in reclaiming her to piety and propriety.

An important era in Tom's life begins with the death of little Eva, than whom a more exquisite portraiture of sanctified innocence has rarely been conceived. Not long after this event, St. Clare receives a mortal stab, at a coffee-house, while engaged in separating a couple of gentlemen quarrelling in their cups. St. Clare, just before being thus prematurely cut off, had promised to liberate Tom, and, indeed, had resolved to free all his servants by will. Some of the forms of manumission had been gone through for Tom; but his owner did not live to complete the good work he had commenced. Consequently, our hero, together with the delicate Adolph and the rest of St. Clare's slaves, are sold, by auction, to the highest bidder, under orders from their unfeeling mistress.

Tom is knocked off to a planter named Simon Legree, a fiend from whose sickening and brutalized depravity, as sketched by the vivid pen of the writer, the mind instinctively recoils.

To cut prolixity short, Tom, who resists his master's will, after suffering various minor indignities, receives a beating from which, as was intended by his tyrant, he never recovers. Tom is on his death-bed, when George Shelby, now a full-grown man, arrives with the intention of redeeming him. But George comes too late, and only in time to close the eyes of his old servant, who like a proper Christian, as he is, forgives his persecutors and gives up the ghost in the most approved and satisfactory manner. Legree, it should be made known is impunable, as the testimony of slaves against white persons goes for nothing in the Southern States of America; a legal fact which may be classed in the same suggestive category with one already recorded. George buries the slave, dedicates himself, on his grave, to abolition, and turns his face towards Kentucky. The grief of Aunt Chloe, can easily be imagined. She has been toiling for years, expressly to contribute to her husband's ransom, and her toil and her hopes have been in vain. Mrs. Shelby, now that Mr. Shelby is dead, liberates her slaves, and retains them all as free domestics.

On his homeward journey, above mentioned, George Shelby makes the acquaintance, on board a steamer, of a Madame de Thoux, a West-Indian lady, who turns out to be a sister of George Harris, whom she is travelling in quest of. On the same boat are two persons in disguise, Cassy and Emmeline, who had run away from Legree. The former identifies herself as the mother of Eliza, George's wife. Madame de Thoux and Cassy, having obtained a clue to their relatives, proceed to Canada, taking Emmeline with them. The Harries are traced to Montreal, where George has for five years supported his family, now increased by a daughter, by working as a machinist. The long-separated friends unite again. With touching ingenuity, Cassy is made to forget, for the moment, the crushing miseries of years, and to catch up Emily junior in her arms, exclaiming that she is her mother.

Madame de Thoux had been married by her humane purchaser, who had recently died, leaving her an ample fortune. At the proposal of George, they all go to France, where they remain several years. Emmeline captivates the first mate of the vessel in which they sail, and is married to him on landing. George resides four years at a French University. Political troubles subsequently drive him back to Canada. The last we hear of him is that he has taken shipping, with

his wife, children, sister, and mother-in-law, for Liberia. His scheme is to create an African nationality.

Topsy, to round off the story handsomely, is taken to Vermont by Miss Ophelia. In due course she is baptized, and goes to Africa as a missionary. Madame de Thoux's son, whom we have not spoken of before, escapes from slavery, and purposes rejoining his mother.

Such is *Uncle Tom's Cabin* when reduced to a fleshless skeleton. The mere plot of an unread novel occasionally suffices to allay one's curiosity until the novel itself is forthcoming. It is from this consideration that the foregoing abstract has been drawn up. Defects the story has, both of construction and of conduct, particularly in the clumsy divergence and intersection of the two threads of the narrative. But, in the case of Mrs. Stowe, short-comings in art can easily be forgiven in favour of the unimpeachable excellence of her motives. It seems almost unbecoming to arraign even her overstatements and her overstrained conclusions. Still less are we disposed to complain of her somewhat exclusive nationality and of her solecisms of diction. We do not here refer to the jargon of her characters, whom one could hardly recognise, if they were made to talk good English. It is the authoress, when speaking for herself, that we mean; and, sooth to say, she does not often remind us of our classical models. And yet, notwithstanding its oddness, we like her style, in spite of ourselves. It breathes, in every line, of deep-seated earnestness and of unflinching devotion to human rights. It is just such a style as might be expected from a whole-souled American, unsworn to purism, and not to be balked by trifles;—a style without diplomacy or dissimulation,—a style instinct, at once, with Anglo-Saxon honesty and with Anglo-American impetuosity. So long, in general, as an American keeps to the stilts of our mother tongue, there is little danger of his tripping, or of his falling below the awkwardness of a stiff conventional hobble. It is only when he ventures to descend to the familiar and the colloquial, that he runs the risk of stumbling and cracking his own skull and Lindley Murray's simultaneously. Our fair authoress may, unconsciously, have done and suffered violence in this way. But who would not help the good lady to a bandage much sooner than laugh at her broken head?

As far as regards those qualities which stamp the details of a literary composition with a value, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is entitled to an honorable rank. Freshness and novelty mark it throughout. Its characters are sharply and fully defined

and, in no case, disappoint, when unfolded, the impression of individuality which was suggested on first acquaintance with them. The stirring pathos in which the book abounds is only equalled by its hearty humour of that grotesquely unique description which prevails among the Yankees. Its quaintness is equally peculiar with its pleasantry; and its pungent sarcasms, when apposite, have all the weight of well-constructed arguments. Mrs. Stowe is obviously a woman of unusually keen perception, and is by no means deficient in ability to discern and reproduce the beautiful. When occasion comes unforced, she may safely be trusted to a flight of sentiment which, one at first supposes, must inevitably finish in an anti-climax. In some few instances, her coruscations of fancy are such as would not dishonour a high order of poetry.

The scheme adopted by Mrs. Stowe, in her story, is a wide one, and includes, as connected with slavery, the exhibition of almost every class and grade of American society. To any one that has travelled in the United States, her sketches will approve themselves as strikingly characteristic and complete. A reader thus prepared to recognise her merits, will confess that, in her specific province of local literature, she has never been excelled. With a ruthless hand she lays bare the very nerves and fibres of transatlantic peculiarities and prepossessions. She brings us, as it were, face to face with living men and women; and she makes them chat on so naturally that as we raise our eyes from the book, we half believe we shall hear them go on with her story. Negroes of all shades and conditions, slave-owners, slave-drivers, slave-dealers, slave-fatteners, and slave-auctions rise, as we read, to our optics and olfactories, like so many visible and odorous substantialities. The brutal curses of some and the methodist hymns of others mingle and assail our ears as sounds that should wake an echo. Northern puritans, nice of nose and delicate of touch, tune out to us their crude, narrow, *laissez faire* theories of abolition; while Southern epicures jeer, in our ears, at the thought of their being able to stem or turn the tide of popular prejudice. Quakers, whose charity treats their formulas of patriotic duty as a dead letter, drive off with cart-loads of trembling fugitives; and the cracking of whips and the rumbling of wheels sound in our ears as something actually audible. Stalwart, "slab sided" Kentuckians, shambling through life amidst an incessant ptialism of *ambie*, * challenge us to "chaw," snap their fingers in our faces till we wink, and "reckon" that "cursed be Canaan" is a slab-

*An American euphemism for tobacco-juice.

by defence of modern slavery. All honour to the woman that can thus authenticate invention and materialize the ideal.

In all likelihood without knowing it, Mrs. Stowe has admirably exemplified, both in herself and in the actors of her drama, a notable feature of the American temperament. No one that has studied the people of the United States with care, can have failed to remark their tendency to extravagance, and the manner in which their indomitable energy conspires to foster and develop this tendency. A vulgar American is seldom satisfied with judicious moderation. Whatever is not either marvellous or magnified, has few attractions for him. His taste lies in superlatives and paradoxes; and he shows his taste, every day of his life, in his language and in his actions. The faculty of speech, if exercised under the control of the Grammar, he literally rates as eloquence; and he is almost certain to call a coherent declamation of half an hour by the pompous title of oration. The gradual shading off that connects antagonisms is to him a disingenuous and unintelligible compromise. The word indifference is not to be found in his vocabulary; and the antiquated figment of a golden mean is a thing which he consigns to dreamers that have not yet made up their minds. Accordingly, he is apt to be either a prodigal or a niggard; an unsphered scraph, much too ethereal for the things of earth, or a graceless reprobate, forestalling a jubilee of perdition. It is no wonder, therefore that Mrs. Stowe now and then takes us into pandemonium, and anon introduces us to the purity of Eden and to resignation that throws the primitive apostles quite into the shade. The atrocities of Legree are, we hope, an exaggeration that rarely has a real counterpart; and we are still more persuaded that *Uncle Tom's* saintliness is an impossibility. Again, our authoress converts her sinners altogether too abruptly, as if American enterprise had hit upon a North-West passage from reprobation to redemption. But the American propensity to the extremes of practice and opinion awaits only the correction of time. In the New World, the elements of consolidation are as yet in a state of active ferment and commotion; and the constant accretion of foreign and heterogeneous materials, as it will contribute to modify the final result, so does it serve not a little, in the meantime, to retard its consummation. Their vigorous and tumultuous gravitation will account for not a few of the present peculiarities of the American people.

To achieve her purpose of exciting a greater horror of slavery, Mrs. Stowe ingeniously accumulates about it every im-

agivable circumstance of wretchedness. But for this she is rather to be commended than censured. Wherever, as in America, power virtually irresponsible is lodged in the hands of the slave-owner, there is no excess of misery which does not inhere in its germ, and which may not be its legitimate result. It is not the abuse of slavery that is to be condemned, but its use. The principle itself is wrong; and a hollow trunk, hectic verdure, and specious fruitage are all that can be looked for from a diseased tap-root. Mrs. Stowe would see slavery extirpated; but she would use no means to this end by which the welfare of her country might be put in peril. She believes that a more correct tone of feeling is desirable among her countrymen, and she has come forward to aid in establishing it. Like a woman, she dwells with particular emphasis on the domestic outrages entailed by the system of slave-holding. She calls us behind the scenes, and there reveals the thousand ramifications of bondage in its relation to social life. She then asks whether these things should be; and the voice of a common humanity replies in the negative. Emancipation is not far off. Perhaps it will be ready before its recipients. But Africans, as we now find them, and as we shall be likely to find them for ages to come, are even in democratic America, manifestly not a people to live in masses, on equal terms with the descendants of Anglo-Saxons. No less than the Anglo-Saxon himself, is his off-spring too prone to scorn all races but his own. Who that has seen Englishmen in India, can doubt this assertion for a moment? To this fact, with reference to the American, should be added the unavoidable association, in his mind, of a dark skin with degradation and servitude. Who indeed, if in the American's place, could possibly disencumber himself of this injurious bias? Some account should also be taken of the physiological phenomenon in virtue of which the negro ranks among men where the camel and the goat rank among brutes. Whoever has travelled, by an American railway, with the second-class carriage between himself and the engine, will understand what we mean. And whoever knows, from personal experience, what it is to be shut up, in a close room, at a negro methodist prayer meeting, when animal spirits, if no other, are in active operation, must be convinced, past all the subtleties of logic to the contrary, that the near neighbourhood of the children of Ham is any thing but savoury. The negroes whom Mrs. Stowe has had to do with, must have been anomalously indolent specimens. Or does her American delicacy forbid her alluding to the strong point on which we have been insisting?

At any rate, we are of the same opinion as to the expediency of segregating black from white. Her plan is to free the slave, educate him, and then send him to Africa. The only original element of her system of colonization is the preliminary education which she proposes. But why not leave all education, beyond the mere rudiments of knowledge, to the missionaries of Liberia? An inseparable concomitant of educating the negro in America would be to impress him with the conviction that, on tenable grounds, or on untenable, he is reputed an inferior being. His assumption that the grounds of this estimate are tenable would scarcely avail as an incentive to animate his ambition to rise. On the other hand, his assumption that the grounds of the estimate are untenable would lead him to regard his benefactors with suspicion, and might effectually impede the acquisition of that temper and that intelligence which would be so advantageous to him as a future citizen of Africa. Again we say, let the enlightenment of American freedmen be entrusted to the apostles of Liberia. The genius of Christianity, which knows neither caste nor country, may confidently be matched, in promoting civilization, against the exclusive spirit of Anglo-Saxonism.

THE CIVIL BONUS FUND.

(To the Editor of *Ledlie's Miscellany*.)

SIR,—Having seen an article in your last number on the Civil Service Bonus Fund I cannot allow it to pass without replying to it, and I think I shall be able to show that the objections which have been therein advanced are founded on erroneous impressions.

The two points which you have assumed are that all the annuities (now I believe 10 per annum) will be taken up without a Bonus, and that a Bonus will not accelerate promotion.

Both these assumptions I totally deny, and I believe I can prove from past experience, (by which alone we can anticipate the future,) that they are not justified: at the same time I freely admit, if they can be shown to be correct, that a Bonus Fund will be an act of useless folly.

From the institution of the annuity Fund, the only years in which the full yearly number of annuities have been taken, are those noted in the margin, and in all of these a Bonus has been given. The 2 first years were those in which Civilians were allowed to retire on $\frac{1}{4}$ th value of the pension, with refunds beyond that value, and in the 3 last a Bonus under rule 36 of 1842 was given.

Between 1846 and 1850, there were 9 annuities taken by civilians in the North Western Provinces and one of these (C. Parks') gave no promotion as his appointment was abolished.

In 1851-52 no less than 14 Civilians retired in consequence of the Bonus, offered to them by the scheme which was adopted last year in the North Western Provinces.

By your own admission, the average term of period of those who have retired hitherto has reached $30\frac{1}{2}$ years. By the adoption of a scheme somewhat similar to that which I have proposed, (for I am not vain enough to suppose that a Committee might not materially improve it,) I feel persuaded that the average period of service of those who will retire would be reduced to 28 years or less.

	No. of Annuities
1836-37	27
1837-38	17
1842-43	10
1843-44	9
1844-45	9
	16
	2
	0
	4

I have ascertained that for the years preceding 1852, the ordinary period of attaining the several grades in the service was that noted in the margin.

Year.	years	years	years	year.
From 1835 to 1839,	5	8	11	15 & 16
From 1840 to 1845,	5 & 6	8 & 9	14	17 & 9
From 1846 to 1851,	7	9 & 10	17	20 & 23

	Per Cent tion for	of 6 in rease prom.			Diff.
Assist.					
1st.,	Nil	0	0	0	
2nd.,	240	0	240	0	
3rd.,	240	0	240	0	
4th.,	240	0	240	0	
2d Joint,					
5th.,	420	1620	2040	3,600	
6th.,	420	0	420	3,600	
7th.,	420	0	420	0	
1st Joint,					
8th.,	600	1620	2220	3,600	
9th.,	600	0	600	3,600	
10th.,	600	0	600	0	
11th.,	600	0	600	0	
Collector,					
12th.,	1850	6750	8,100	14,700	
13th.,	1250	0	1,350	14,700	
14th.,	1350	0	1,350	0	
15th.,	1350	0	1,350	0	
16th.,	1350	0	1,350	0	
17th.,	1350	0	1,350	0	
18th.,	1350	0	1,350	0	
19th.,	1350	0	1,850	0	
Judge,					
20th.,	1500	1350	2,850	3,000	0
21st.,	1500	0	1,500	3,000	0
22nd.,	1500	0	1,500	0	0
23rd.,	1500	0	1,500	0	0
24th.,	1500	0	1,500	0	gain
25th.,	1500	0	1,500	30,000	44,280
24,180	11,40	35,520	79,800	44,280	

In 1852, in consequence of the Bonus Fund, I maintain that all the Juniors in the Service obtained a list of 2 years advance in promotion, in the following manner. There were 9 men promoted to judgeships whose period of service varied between 24 & 22 years: 10 to Collectorships of from 16 to 13 years standing: 8 to 1st Joint Magistrates off from 10½ to 8 years and 8 to 2nd. Joint Magistrates of from 7 to 5 years. In this list all those have been excluded who succeeded to vacancies on return from Furlough. It comprises only those bonâ fide promotions in the ordinary run of seniority.

Now I have no doubt that the Bonuses proposed by me would insure at least 5 annuities being taken every year in the North Western Provinces, and after 2 years, I calculate, promotion would be thus so accelerated that every man would be with certainty appointed 2nd Joint Magistrate in

5 years; 1st Joint in 8; Collector in 12; Judge in 20 years, and the adjoining Table will show what the advantage to be derived will be, even on a calculation that promotion is advanced a couple of

Vide Preceding.

years only.

I have not thought it necessary to add interest, as you have done, because I have proposed that the subscriptions shall be levied by a small per centage on the salaries: this would not oblige a single individual to borrow money to pay his quota which would not be greatly felt, and probably if not given for this purpose would never be saved by the contributor; but at all events if interest is to be calculated it must be reckoned on both sides of the account.

I cannot agree with you that it is "unfortunate that agitation is still kept up" for I do not think it will be "fruitless," but on the contrary prove very advantageous, and as to any one "expressing a determination to retire during this or any other season," long experience has taught us that such "expressions" are very vague and very rarely carried into effect.

I am decidedly of opinion, and I believe the service at large think, that another scheme such as that which was carried out last year would not be beneficial to the service, and nothing but a permanent plan is desirable, that is to say, so far permanent as to be continued as long as it succeeds, and if it does succeed there can be no fear of its permanency. Till we see how it works, of course it cannot be otherwise than experimental.

There are three difficulties which you have pointed out against the establishment of a permanent Fund. 1st. That of admitting members transferred from the Punjaub. 2nd. The probability of diminution of subscribers by the non-assent of young men subsequently joining the service. 3rd. The recusancy of those returning from Furlough to enrol themselves as subscribers.

As to the first I have no doubt the Committee would frame rules to admit Civilians coming in from the Punjaub by paying a fine. As regards the second, if the scheme succeeds, few young men would hesitate to join a plan which their seniors had successively matured, and with reference to the 3rd obstacle no man returning from Furlough could object to subscribe on the terms to which he had previously given his assent.

You state, as I have before noted, that hitherto the average period of service of retiring annuitants has been 30½ years. If this period is not reduced and promotion thereby accelerat-

ed, the service at large would not have to pay *anything*, as according to my scheme no person who had been so long in the service would receive anything from the Fund; consequently no general cess would be required, and the 6 months' difference of net salary from those promoted, by such a step, would be retained in hand to pay for a Bonus to a man who retired earlier.

I think I can now shew that what you consider essential for the establishment of a permanent Fund will be attained,

1st.—Assured profit to the majority of Subscribers.

2nd.—Equality of assessment.

3rd.—A profit that may be deemed adequate with reference to other easily available modes of investment.

The assured profit is shewn, in the foregoing Table (p. 58), of increased pecuniary advantages gained, in addition to the final prospective Bonus.

The per centage according to salaries, which my scheme proposes, with the surrender of 6 months' difference of salary from those promoted, will be, I consider, a fair equality of assessment, and as regards the 3d essential, I am quite certain that although there may be other easily available modes of investment, 19 out of 20 would not take advantage of them, and consequently their subscriptions would be lost and not saved.

If you can persuade every member of the service to invest the sums, from the commencement of his career, which I have proposed should be given as subscription to the Bonus Fund in a profitable manner, I grant you that we shall require no Bonus; for those who commence so prudently as to save from the beginning of their service will have laid by treble what I propose, and be able to retire after 25 years. But experience shews us that such is not, and I fear will never, be the case. How many men after 35 and 40 years' service have been glad to retire without a sixpence beyond their annuity, and it is only lately that we have seen that a Civilian after a very lengthened service, was unable to raise the small amount necessary to obtain the privilege of drawing his annuity quarterly and to the date of his demise.

I have in my scheme proposed a general cess of 1 per cent for each step, but I have very little doubt that this may be reduced to 12 annas when once the Bonus Fund is in full force. Every death step will cause a clear profit to the Fund of the 6 months' difference of salary of those promoted. The same profit will take place in every case of retirement of a Civilian above 30 years standing, while those who take their

annuities between 26 and 30 years' service will only receive the lower scale of Bonus, varying from 20,000 to 5,000 Rs. Neither have I calculated any fine on the next grade of promotion should the retiring annuitant have held an appointment above that of judge, nor the subscriptions of those between 25 and 29 years standing, which will add materially to the subscriptions to the Fund. Men returning from Furlough and filling up a vacancy, will undoubtedly cause some difference, as in that case the 6 months difference of salary will be taken from one individual only, and we must perhaps calculate on some men refusing to join the scheme and obtaining promotion without paying personally anything, but I confidently expect that if the greater number of the service approve of and start such a scheme, a proper *esprit de corps* as well as the annoyance of being debarred from eventually receiving any Bonus, will induce nearly all to give in their adherence to the measure.

Certain I am, that if no permanent scheme is adopted, the Juniors must await patiently a similar period for promotion which existed in 1851 or even longer, whereas by at once establishing a Bonus Fund they will find an immediate acceleration of promotion, and in 5 or 6 years I firmly believe that the several higher grades would generally be attained in the same time that they were in 1835-1836.

Yours faithfully,

FITZ FUSBOS.

23rd December.

Fitz Fusbos has favored us with his letter which our present number is in the Press, and is not available to claim of time and space were not adequate to the indictment of a refutation of the opinions which he has advanced, we should be constrained to defer its insertion till our next issue.

If there be those who consider the importance of the subject requires that the arguments of *Fitz Fusbos* should be taken up in detail, in the order of their occurrence, we beg they will remember that a hasty perusal of the letter and a desultory reply is all that we can at present afford, and with this brief preface, passing over the opening paragraphs of the letter, we arrive at the result which *Fitz Fusbos* anticipates his scheme would effect, namely, "that every man would be "with certainty appointed 2nd Joint Magistrate in 5 years,

"1st Joint in 8, Collector in 12, Judge in 20 years." We refer to the table of the average length of service in each grade, for the period intervening between the years 1834 and 1852, which we will assume to be correct, and we observe that the scheme is calculated to restore the rate of promotion which obtained previously to the year 1840, with exception to requiring 12 instead of 11 years service for a Collectorship, and 20 instead of 15 or 16 for a judgeship.

When our object is either to remove or to mitigate an evil, our enquiries should first be directed to its cause. If we can discover and remove the cause, we may generally consider our object gained. In some instances however we may find that the existing evil has survived its exciting cause, after the latter has altogether ceased to operate, as fever for a time may cling to a district though the marsh which has caused it has been drained; and then the question for decision would be whether it were more advisable to hasten the natural course of events, or whether the cost or labor required to accelerate the sure and certain operation of time, might not otherwise be more advantageously employed.

The table above referred to suffices to prove that the evil—slowness of promotion—under which the service has suffered and from which it has only partially recovered, has existed for several years; and *Fitz Fusbos* and his friends have gallantly taken the field to remedy it at all risks, without troubling themselves to ascertain in the first instance the *cause* of the evil, and in the second, the *cost* of the remedy.

To show the *cost* of the remedy—the great disproportion between the value of the sacrifices to be made and the benefits to be derived—was one of the primary objects of the paper which has elicited the letter under review, and having as we vainly hoped, disposed of that question, we thought we might dispense with a consideration of the *causes* which had retarded promotion. These we will now briefly enumerate. In the beginning of the year 1841, Owen was Special Commissioner; A. Plowden, Parks, Todd and G. Smith were Collectors of Customs of Agra, Allahabad, Mirzapoor and Delhi, and W. Money was Deputy Collector of Customs of Suharunpoor; Prowett, M. Smith, Kinloch, Craigie, Brewster, Maberly, Lloyd were Special Deputy Collectors; and Rose, Morgan, E. Thornton, M. Gubbins, R. Money, C. Raikes, Edmonstone, Chester, Head, Wyllly, Wynyard, W. Muir, G. Barnes and J. Barnes were Settlement Officers. The five Customs appointments have been resolved into one Commissionership, and of all the other appointments not one is now

in existence. Parks, Todd and Maberly retired or died without causing promotion, and all the others obstructed promotion, in a manner unprecedented, by their absorption into the regular line of the service, whilst their cotemporaries or juniors gained not a step by the vacancies that occurred. We have omitted the long list of additional judgeships, which should be placed in the same category, and of which Bareilly alone remains. We will not insult the sense of our readers by attempting to explain how promotion was retarded by the abolition of those appointments, for who but he who would demand proofs of his personal identity, or of a mathematical axiom, could require it of so evident a consequence. The shackled promotion of the service was slowly and wearily making its way through the obstacles which at first had effectually barred and subsequently impeded its progress, when Lord Ellenborough, like an incubus, prostrated the energy that was faintly reviving. On a fitter occasion we may afford an explanation of his dislike to the Civil Service, but let it now suffice that the fact is admitted. There is an inseparable connection between vanity and meanness, and with a meanness as contemptible as his vanity was pitiful, he prostituted to the gratification of his womanish spite against the service, the high powers with which he had been intrusted. The charters preclude the nomination of any but covenanted civilians to appointments in the regular line of the service, in the Regulation Provinces; but all political appointments, and those in provinces to which the regulations have not been extended, may be conferred indifferently on military men and civilians. After the annexation of the Punjab, when Lord Dalhousie was anxious to reward as many as possible of those distinguished officers to whose swords the country was indebted for its safety, and when the numerous appointments which the settlement of the territory rendered necessary seemed to open to his patronage a field almost unbounded, the anxiously expected Gazette appeared. To a unit the appointments were equally divided between Military men and Civilians. Such has ever been the wish of the Court of Directors, and the practice of our Governors Generals, with exception to him of Somnath. No less than thirty appointments to which either Civil or Military men might have been appointed, became vacant during his tenure of office, and to every one of them without an exception, he nominated from the army. Such were the appointments of Brian Hodgson at Khatmandoo, George Clerk at Umbalah, Fraser in Bundelcund—of the Officers in the Saugor and Nerbudda territories—vacated chiefly by Civilians,

and by the appointment of Civilians to one half of them he might have infused new life into the service, and imparted a briskness to the promotion which sank into hopeless stagnation under his baneful sway. Well may the service hope never, nor need it fear to see his like again, nor is it within the range of probability that the middle ranks of the service will again be swamped by the influx of supernumeraries to supply the places of a large portion of their body, detached but for the performance of temporary and special duties.

We have now shown the causes which have hitherto impeded promotion. It is evident that they no longer exist, and that they soon must cease to operate on the service. In the army it is well known and understood that the most unlucky regiments are the most lucky. This is no paradox. Have you a son or young brother in the shape of an Infantry griff, see him posted to the regiment which boasts the greatest number of Brevet Captains, and you may rely on the eventual rapidity of his promotion. This is a fact established and undoubted, and as applicable to the Civil Service as it is to a regiment. *Fitz Fusbos* then would saddle the service with a permanent charge to remedy an evil of which the causes have already been removed, and which, independently of any extraneous aid, is rapidly disappearing. We did not speculate on the spur which must shortly be given to promotion by the annexation of the Oudh Territory; and as *Fitz Fusbos* declares; "I am decidedly of opinion, and I believe the service at large think, that another scheme such as that which was carried out last year would not be beneficial to the service and nothing but a permanent plan is desirable," we may conclude that the temporary schemes have been finally shelved, and confine our brief remarks to the sole point in regard to permanent scheme that remains to be considered, namely the cost of the remedy.

In excluding from his table the calculation of interest which was exhibited in our article on the Bonus Fund, *Fitz Fusbos* has departed from the rule which is observed in the calculations of the annuity and Civil Funds, and, without exception, in all estimates of a similar description, and we will not therefore demand time to enquire whether he alone is right and the remainder of the world wrong, but do and will maintain that the calculation of interest was requisite and correct. Having swept away this objection, we arrive at the last obstacle to be removed, the assertion of *Fitz Fusbos* that we have omitted to make allowance for the increased salary obtained by accelerated promotion through the operation of a Fund.

We advocated the temporary scheme of 1852, of which the beneficial effects were palpable, but we affirmed that "it was established under a concurrence of favorable circumstances as unprecedented as they were unlikely to recur," and we must of necessity admit that under similar circumstances a similar temporary scheme must produce like results; but the question of the establishment of a *temporary* scheme has been definitively abandoned, and in estimating the cost and profits of a *permanent* scheme, it is not the possible immediate, but the probable ultimate results that are to be considered. The Court of Directors propose to absorb the 26 outstanding annuities, and for the future to grant 10 annuities yearly instead of 9 as heretofore. The total number of Civilians being 500, if one twenty-fifth were to retire yearly, the yearly number of retirements would be 20. Can it be supposed, after making every allowance for deaths, that the average number of yearly applicants for annuities will fall below 10? Of the 500 Civilians, about 200 are attached to the N. W. P., and to the Punjab, and the share of annuities proportioned to that number would be only 4, admitting of the yearly retirement of only one Civilian in fifty.

We have already shown that the causes which impeded promotion have been removed, and that the prospects of the service are brighter than they have been at any period within the last twelve years, and we must confess our inability to invent any arguments in favor of a probability that the average yearly number of applications for annuities from the N. W. P., and the Punjab, independently of any Bonus, will henceforward be less than four. The five retirements for which *Fitz Fusbos* would yearly pay five Bonuses must be effected on the Bengal share of the annuity, and the three hundred unfortunate Bengalees must rest content with the retirement yearly of one solitary individual from their number. But the probability of the unfortunate Bengalees remaining satisfied with less than their fair share of 6 annuities is so extremely small, that the chance of the five bonuses of *Fitz Fusbos* being paid for without any equivalent is reduced almost to a certainty, and thus we are brought back to the point at which we arrived in our article, that the ultimate and only appreciable return derivable from the contributions of such deluded junior Civilians as might be induced to subscribe on the proposed terms to a permanent Bonus Fund, is the estimated difference between the accumulated amount of their subscriptions, and the amount of Bonus to be received by

them, and that difference we proved would exhibit only a dead and heavy loss. The total number of available annuities being scarce equal, if not, as most probably they hereafter will be, unequal to the demand, the hope of accelerating promotion by the payment of a premium for that which is unobtainable, is resolved into an absurdity.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

(Translated from the* French of

EMILE MONTEGUT.

For *Ledlie's Miscellany*.)

Thomas Carlyle is of all authors the one who is most interested in his own age; all his thoughts, all his writings are directed to the present period. The spectacle of contemporary events, revolutionary outbreaks, European anarchy, the French revolution and her two young daughters, the revolutions of July 1830 and of February 1848, political action and re-action, chartism, radicalism, the scarcely articulate enunciation of modern doctrines, the hacknied and monotonous psalmodies of ancient doctrines, these are his subjects of inspiration, the principal element in his writings, the *raw material*, as the English say. His sources of inspiration are not more distant than these, the metal he works with is not more beautiful or refined than this. With pure science, with the practical bearing of art on art, he never meddles; he cares to inform himself of the past itself, the historical part, only so far as the past contains lessons for the present, or as it is still the present under an ancient form. The war of the two roses, is without doubt highly dramatic, he would say, when the old norman blood flowed in waves; but the French revolution is still more dramatic; it is a drama in which we are at once the actors and the spectators. The invasions of Danish pirates and the exploits of ancient Saxon kings have still an interest for us; but the pirates and modern hordes—chartists, revolutionists, hungry Irish, distressed English tailors, farmers ruined or fast becoming so—these are a subject of far greater interest, the more so in that we have, to repress these modern invaders, neither king Alfred nor king Edward. Ancient philosophies and doctrines are good subjects for study, were it only for us to learn that of old there were men who had strong beliefs, and who lived up to those beliefs; but it would be far better for us to live ourselves, and to have, for ourselves, beliefs, like them. Beyond this, what good can the study of things long since dead, and dangers long ago passed away do for us? Dangers have always surrounded human

life, always also have beliefs sustained human life against dangers ; this is what all history, all philosophy and even all religion informs us.

The war of the roses was terrible ; but the menaces of chartism, if you do not take care, will not prove less so. The beliefs of the middle ages or of our fathers of the 17th century were glorious certainly, but they are worthy of a better recompense than the historical eulogies of which posterity has been so lavish : they are worthy of being carried on and perpetuated. All science then which has no immediate bearing on the present time is like a medicine which has fallen into disuse, and is only applicable to long-vanished maladies, or a hypothetical medicine, which is only suitable for possible maladies or imaginary cases. All literature, all art, every system which is not an act, which is not current in the life of the present generation, is purely chimeric and useless. It is a barren dilettantism, partaking of the nature of the theological schools, though it sometimes happens to declaim against scholasticism. It is a scholasticism which has not the courage, like the old, to condemn and burn heretics, philosophers, protestants, but which, slothful and frivolous in its collegiate corner, incapable of saying one sincere word and fearful of compromising itself, finds sneering and railing its only resource. In an age where an aristocracy no longer exists to take care of the poor, and where the priests entrusted with the cure of souls are hardly listened to, one thing alone remains ; the press with its incessant clamor ; it alone can obtain a hearing, and the profession of a writer is the most miserable of professions, if it only serves him to increase the evil under which we suffer, or if, deserting with delicate taste the spectacle of these troubles, the writer betakes himself to following an egoistic idea, and indulging himself in the frivolous pleasure of painting the troubles and dangers of the men of former times.

Such is the light in which Thomas Carlyle understands the duties of the writer in all ages, and more especially in our own. In the startling apostrophes, in the anathemas he does not hesitate to direct towards his age, it is easy to observe a tenderness and a sympathy with his fellows, greater, I think, than in any other contemporary thinker. The ordinary prepossessions of the writer, reserve, reticence—he knows nothing of ; he goes straight at his object, without troubling himself to think of men or things, like the cannon-ball which opens its deadly path and knows not if its victim is to be one of the chief officers, or one of the meanest soldiers of the army.

Who is this man? said Marie Stuart, one day when John Knox had come to remonstrate, who is this man that ventures to chide the kings of the realm? A subject of that realm, lady, answered the bold sectarian. This good answer Carlyle has repeated, under different forms, whenever he has delivered any of his eloquent charges; it is so to speak on this answer that he supports himself in justifying his denunciations of contemporary measures. To any one who should ask, who are you then, who thus attack your age? he would answer as he has answered often;—A man living in this age, who suffers from it, who fears misfortunes living in it, and who, in attacking it, is defending himself personally and is fighting for his life, that life which all of you, voluntarily or involuntarily, burden, defile and constrain by your sneers, your scepticism, your sensuality and your impieties. I do not speak in the name of whigs and tories, radicals or priests, I speak in my own name; I speak, not as the slave of a party, but as a man. No one has watched the tendencies of his age, as he has done, no one has thus followed his contemporaries, step by step, to point them out. Take care, there is a ditch, here the trunk of a tree, below a marsh, yonder a dangerous by-path! This occupation of guardian of the light-house that lends its aid to foundering ships, of watchman of the night, sounding the hours and recalling to the consciences of men at once the eternity that remains unmoved and the time that hurries away, no one has undertaken with so much zeal, so much ardor, such love for his fellows, such patriotism as Carlyle. English and protestant to his last and subtlest fibres, the image of his country in distress and quickly to founder if aid be not administered, the image of human life running the risk of becoming materialized and wholly perverted, fills him with trouble, with indignation and eloquence. And indeed if he has happened, as he probably has, to examine himself, he would admit that he has had his reward: for in attentively studying his writings, I have often questioned whether he had more natural talent than such or such another ingenious, spiritual or sceptical writer, amongst his own countryman or with us: perhaps he had not originally, but his zeal for his fellows, his love of his country have given him a power which all the subtle artifices of study never could have given: and have spread over his pages a warmth, a life, a spirit which rhetorical combinations or dialectic skill could never have been able to communicate. It is not the first time conscience has wrought such miracles. Carlyle has looked upon his occupation of writer not as that

of an artist, but as that of a soldier ; and in this way he has become an artist and one too of the most interesting description. Nothing is so hard to follow as a treatise on metaphysics, or so difficult to understand, in the eyes of the novice, as the plan of a battle. And yet, without doubt, nothing is so exciting as the execution of this battle-plan, this geometrical problem worked out in heroic action. And so, one would say after reading Carlyle, nothing is so amusing as philosophy acted out. Dull and dismal as philosophic systems may appear, when presented in their dry and abstract forms and separated from human life ; far otherwise is it when we come to follow them out, in their principles and consequences, through the knaveries of Cagliostro, the semi-heroic madness of the Jacobins, the struggling life of Samuel Johnson, the long methodical and sober years of Goethe, the stormy youth of Mirabeau, or the silent childhood of Cromwell.

Carlyle is thoroughly English and thoroughly protestant, which implies that he is very practical, very matter of fact, and altogether an iconoclast. Like his countrymen in general, in order to appreciate a thing he asks not, what is its appearance or form ? but, how much does it pay, and what is it worth ? On he goes, smashing the images, without troubling himself about the remonstrances of their worshippers. Oh, you must have images ! says he to them. I am sorry for it ; but see, there they are, lying on the ground. He has only one war cry. Down with the masks ! Let us behold the real countenance. Enough of farce, enough of hypocrisy, of philosophical falsehoods, of false sentiments of philanthropy ! He has been often reproached,—and quite recently this charge was bitterly urged against him in an American review,—for his too great admiration of physical force and of success. But it is evident that this admiration on his part, as is the case with many persons of our times, is nothing more than a re-action against all the tricks of logic, diplomacy, and religion, from which we have suffered so much during the last fifty years and from which we still continue to suffer. For ever and ever to see round and before one men who blacken their faces, who know the whole art of lying, the half lie, the three quarter lie, and the entire lie, who smile with reserve in presence of a thing that deserves to be laughed at with scorn, who content themselves with a shrug of the shoulders or, still more frequently, with complete silence in presence of a thing that demands indignation and opprobrium—is a torture which many of us have been in a

position to experience, and which many of us have actually experienced. But force and success—here there is something clear, definite, without a fold, in an age when every one is full of apprehensions and no one dares to do good but with caution or evil but with measure—in an age that has replaced with fear and timidity the ancient virtues named humility and modesty, and when the guilty themselves profess to be dialecticians and to extenuate their crimes by hypocritical glosses! Honour to those who have still the courage to be good or the audacity to be bad, and to accomplish their good actions and their bad conformably to the eternal laws of human nature! This I believe to be the spring whence proceeds Carlyle's admiration for characters endowed with energy and audacity, for all those who, to borrow Mirabeau's phrase know *the art of daring*. Action, action, not mere speaking and writing—this is the sole remedy for the disease of the existing generation, wearied of writing and still more so of reading, overwhelmed for such a length of time by romances and dramas and systems of philosophy; this also is the only means by which the generations that are about to appear in their turn on the world's stage may hope to escape the vices of their ancestors. The address that concludes one of his last pamphlets, and which he intended for the rising generation of Great Britain, will equally apply to all the rising generations of Europe and combines good advice for the future with a sincere confession of the errors of the past.

* "Be not thou a public orator," he eloquently exclaims, O worthy young Englishman, thou whose destinies are about to commence. Appeal not to the long eared herd, address not thyself to it; detest the profane vulgar and wish it good evening. Appeal from these to the gods by silent works and, if not by works, by silent suffering, for the gods keep for thee nobler seats than are to be found in the cabinets of ministers. Thou hast a talent for literature; trust it not, be slow to put thy faith in it. Nature has not precisely ordered thee to speak or to write, but she peremptorily orders thee to work; and know this well, there never has existed a talent even for real literature (for we speak not of talents that have been thrown away and condemned to make false literature) that has not originally been a talent capable of things infinitely better still. Be rather reserved than enthusiastic on the subject of literature. Work, work wherever thou mayest be

* The 'Carlylean' style suffers terribly from the French filter but it is a good test of the matter.

placed ; complete, complete the work that shall be under thy hand ; complete it with the hand of a man and not of a phantom, and may the completion of this work be thy great recompense, thy secret blessing, and happiness ! Let thy words be few and well ordered . Love silence rather than talk in these tragic days when, by reason of much speaking, man's voice has become for man an inarticulate jargon—When hearts in the midst of this tumult and chattering remain mute and sorrowful in the presence of each other. Clever, witty ! Oh ! above all be neither clever nor witty ; none of us is bound to be witty, but we are all bound by the most horrible penalties to be wise and truthful. Worthy young friend, who are so dear to me and whom I *know in a certain sense*, although I never have seen you and never may see you. you are—what is no longer permitted to myself—in the happy position of learning to be something and to do something instead of speaking eloquently on what is doing, what has been and what may be done ; the old are what they are and will not amend ; our hope therefore is in you. The hope of England and of the world is, that there may yet be millions of sincere and true beings instead of the few true and sincere *unities* that exist in the present day. Forward then with courage, *macte, pede fausto*, and may future generations, after having made acquaintance with the virtue of silence and with all that is noble, sincere, and god-like, cast on us, when they look behind them, a glance of pity and incredulous astonishment !”

Yes, in truth, these counsels are salutary, but these regrets for the past are not justified by Carlyle's own writings. It is not to him that it should belong to make such confessions, for his writings are veritable actions, veritable duties accomplished. Many men belonging to the same generation as himself, living in another country than his, should rather have reason to beat their breasts and to cry aloud : we have done wrong—but, be assured of this, they never will do so.

As to the theories and ideas of Carlyle—the realized ideal, hero-worship, theory of silence, identity of power and right, explication of the French revolution, necessity of symbols,—we have said in this place* all that can be said, and we do not think it necessary to revert to it. We have wished to take the occasion of the† portrait which accompanies these pages, to revert to the man rather than to the philosopher, and to reproduce the characteristics of the moral nature of the writer

* In a former number of the *Revue des deux Mondes*.

† Alluding to an enquiring of Carlyle by M. Gleyre.

by the side of his physical characteristics. We have pointed out what constitutes his originality as a writer : the love of his age, though dissatisfied with having been born in it, and the mission he has allotted himself of redressing injustice everywhere, of removing moral errors, false ideas, and of attacking the blind philanthropy and barren egoism of his contemporaries. The life of this eminent and original thinker will serve to illustrate his character and writings.

(To be continued.)

FAR NORTH.

*(A Trip to Kooloo, Lahoul, * Juskur, Ludah
and Roopshu.)*

If you will condescend, gentle reader, to walk with a sportsman over the wild hills, listening to his rough descriptions and satisfied with his simple adventures, come along. You do not care about the weight of the atmosphere, nor the nature of the rocks, do you? You have no curiosity to learn what the Himalayas were like in the Oolite period, have you? No, we thought you had not, come along. You know where Simla is and you know where Kote Kangra is, well, between them lies Kooloo, you may call it the valley of the Beas, for that river flows all down it to the district of Mundy. 'Twas in the "merrie month of May" when I visited Kooloo, and the scenery showed itself to great advantage at that season. The river foamed and fretted its downward course, like a young blood running through his fortune; and the ancient hills with their locks of snow and sombre robes of pine forest, looked down in gloomy compassion on their restless nursling.

The crops at the base of the mountains were very luxuriant, and appear to require little cultivation: which circumstance seems to have a bad effect on the inhabitants, leaving them too much leisure for those two soothers of the mind which Byron has curiously coupled together—"rum and true religion." At least when I was there, I saw a great deal of devotion, of a kind; images tricked out with gay cloth and tinsel were carried about under showy canopies, on the shoulders of eight or ten men, and a world of dancing and singing was kept up in their honor, but I was sorry to observe a great deal of drunkenness; they are addicted to a spirit made from barley. The villagers' houses are very picturesque, built of wood, and reminding one of Swiss cottages. Their dress consists of a white woollen chogah, tied at the waist with a yak hair rope, with pyjamas of the same stuff; they wear on their heads a small round cap of red cloth, edged with black. They are short in stature but handsome in feature: sadly infected, however, with the vice of the Altitudes,—uncleanliness. Three marches,

* The Zaskar of Moorcroft.

from the chief town of Kooloo, Sultanpore, are the celebrated sulphuric springs, the object of so many pilgrimages. The Rajah has built a bath here, into which the hot springs can be turned at pleasure.

On approaching the village of Muneé Kurun where the springs are, there is so perceptible an exhalation of sulphur, that you might suppose a fire had broken out, and the air is quite oppressive to the breathing. The natives have great faith in the medicinal powers of these waters. Sir Priest, who is never behindhand when there is any money to be got, has however of course stepped forward here, and as the waters are of no use till he has blessed them, reaps a very tidy harvest.

On the neighbouring hills are found a few bears, ibex and tier; pheasants, too, of all kinds and woodcock and snipe,

The Rotung pass, at a height of 15,000 feet leads from Kooloo to Lahoul.

Grammercy! what a change is here! Snow—nothing but snow,—field and mountain alike enveloped in the virgin mantle. Stealing through their frosty tunnels, the very rivers only betray their existence by hoarse sepulchral murmurs. A few forlorn and stunted cedars mock the steep and barren hill-sides. Winter lasts here eight months of the year, and the soil yields but one scant and sorry crop to the unfortunate husbandman.

The valley of Lahoul is intersected by the two rivers Beyah and Chundrah, which effect a junction and form the Chenaub.

As I could not find a patch of ground free from snow, I was obliged to ask for shelter from the peasantry. A few of the men and all the women remain during the winter to look after the flocks, which are admitted to the domestic circle, and the rest make off for Kooloo, till more clement weather comes round.

The people are very poor, living on roots and satoo, and even considering raw meat a delicacy: but oh Diana! and every other deity fond of washing, how filthy!. The women are well made and strong, being accustomed to manual labor. They dress their hair in plaited braids coming to a point half-way down to their waists, and these braids are so loaded with turquoise, amber, and cowries that one only wonders the whole head of hair does not come out by the roots. This get-up is arranged once a year, and when recent is pretty and becoming.

As the falling snow prohibited all thoughts of sport, I became anxious to get on, and though much dissuaded

by the villagers determined to turn my steps towards Juskur.

The formidable pass of Singho rendered the advance somewhat perilous.

However plodding up, along the banks of the Soomdo river, I at length came to the gorge of the pass.

17,000 feet above the level of the sea, as you justly remark dear reader, is safer than one foot below it,—but I assure you with snow drifting in your face, the glare wounding your eyes, and pitfalls eight or ten feet deep, caused by the drifts, waylaying your steps every moment, it is much pleasanter to talk about such a night afterwards, than to undergo it at the time. I say night, because though Singho is only a short distance from the village of Darcha, the journey took me till night fall.

The pitfalls I mentioned were not observable on account of the uniform covering of snow: an indifferent spectator who was warm and had got no pass before him would have laughed very much to see me and the coolies falling down everlastingly, in the most pertinacious way:—indeed I laughed myself, though the joke was soon worn thread-bare by frequency.

Fortunately, as the night closed in, the sky began to clear, the stars to come out one by one, and at last as the snow had entirely ceased, we managed to trample down a platform sufficiently large for the tent.

Pitching a tent in such weather and striking it are very different things. The canvass got so stiff in the night, there was no folding it up—and what was worse, it was brittle and apt to split. Not to be daunted on I trudged, but the road was so heavy that none of the men except those with the lightest loads could keep up with me. The next night was passed in a sheep shed, a short distance down the other side of the pass; we had no food or fire or water, and the plain servants suffered severely in their feet, and as it is not part of their philosophy to suffer in silence, howled very dismally, which added to the unpleasantness of the evening. Next day I moved on to Kundguch, the first village in Juskur, where I determined to stay till all my baggage had cleared the pass. This took two or three days, which I beguiled in pursuit of the ibex. When the baggage did arrive, bad luck to the pass, two of my dogs were dead. You say, never mind, reader; it is all very well for you by the fire side with spaniel Carlo, who never means to die, asleep on the rug, to say so, but the loss of a brace of dogs to a sportsman in a country where they cannot be replaced, is no joke, I can assure you.

Jaskur belongs to Golab Singh, the natives are very like the Lahoul men, but more Tartar in feature: I saw a few labourers collecting gold dust from the Lingti river, which rising in the Baralacha pass on the road from Kooloo to Ladakh, flows through this district and joins the Indus near Leh.

The flat plains of Roopshu, were the haven where I would be, and I intended to have gone there direct over the lofty passes of Pinnek La*, and Shupurtoo La, but the servants were unable to proceed on foot, and to tell the truth I had had rather a severe "cropper" myself, whilst following the ibex, so I changed my route to one traversable by ponies and the yâk, which taking me by Shilungleboo, Nyra Singai, Shee Shee and† Pringitee landed me on the road from Cashmere to Ladakh at the village of Lameroo. From this I soon got to the banks of the Indus; nothing can be more monotonous here than the scenery, the villages, like angel's visits and the plumbs in school pudding, few and far between, and except at villages scarcely a tree or blade of grass to relieve the desolate waste. However as Leh got nearer, a change was perceptible, cultivation began smiling, (I shall beat Mrs. Radcliffe yet at scenery,) houses began being built in a heap on pinnacles of the hills and the observer began to wonder how the devil they got there. These houses have a very picturesque appearance, hanging fantastically over steep and rugged rocks. At Leh itself, a brisk trade is carried on, as soon as the passes are open, which is generally about the end of June. Goods pour in from Rodokh, the chief mart of Chinese Tartary; they are brought on ponies and yâks, which come in large droves escorted by bands of Tartar soldiers. These escorts, consisting sometimes of four or five hundred men, armed with matchlock, spear, and bow are sent by the Chinese Government. The merchandize consists of tea, gold, turquoises, and other stones, cloth and curiosities. The Tartar soldiers are by no means superfluous, where a bargain has to be struck with the cunning and turbulent subjects of Golab Singh. Let any man who wishes to get Chinese curiosities at Leh go to the shop of one Balla Singh, a kind of agent, whom I found very useful and obliging.

From Leh I proceeded toward the Roop-hu country through the Tung-lung pass, distant about 50 miles. Here it

* La, I believe, means "pass."

† These passes are all within a distance of 35 miles.

was I first saw the wild ass, generally known throughout India as the "wild horse of Tartary." This animal stands about fourteen hands high, is of a dun color, and in general appearance very like the mule of Lahore. It is very wary and will not permit approach, but sometimes, as if led by curiosity, it will follow the track of the traveller and thus enable him to get a distinct view of itself. They feed on the heath which grows in these parts. Near the Salt lake numbers of the wild ass may be seen together, plunging and kicking and galloping madly about.

To this same Salt lake I was now approaching. On the the northern side of the plains, upon which it is situated, are found the gigantic sheep, known to the naturalist under the name of *Ovis Ammon*. The pursuit of one of these was very exciting and I will briefly describe it.

The males keep by themselves in the summer time, separate from the herds of ewes, and are very wild and difficult of approach. One morning, after a long walk of some hours, I discovered with a telescope, two of these noble animals browsing on the front of a hill about a mile off. By taking advantage of every unevenness in the ground, and proceeding as silently as I could, I managed to get within two hundred yards of them, with some country dogs that are used for this purpose. They were just moving. Crack goes the rifle, and lodges a ball in the hind quarter of the larger sheep of the two. Off it scampered with its companion, upon which I slipped the dogs. Unfortunately they made for the wrong animal, thus causing great delay and anxiety, for the wounded beast, instead of lying down, as is usual, made steadily off, whilst the dogs were after his friend, for his mid-day haunts. After a ten minutes' run the dogs were distanced by the unwounded ram, and returned with drooping tongues and panting sides to the starting point.

By this time the poor disabled beast had got a head pretty considerably; however the crimson stains on the patches of snow were good clues to his whereabouts, and I followed him as sharply as I could.

Sometimes I sighted his vast form, breasting the wind as he crossed a ridge—then lost him again as he disappeared into the hollow.

This pursuit lasted three hours, but finding I was not gaining on him much, and getting a weary distance from camp—I determined to have recourse to the dogs. No sooner were they slipped than a splendid chase ensued. The noble crea-

ture, at first half scornful of his pursuers, stood and gazed, then ran a bit and stood and gazed again. Finding however that they were really coming, he had to make up his mind about a line of country, and unfortunately for himself chose a heavy track down-hill again, towards the place where he was wounded. He was close upon the scene of his first troubles, when the dogs came up with him and pulled him over, and a man who was waiting there for the dogs, (who will always return to where they started,) gave him his quietus with a deer knife.

When I came up, I measured the beast and found him to be twelve hands high: his horns were three feet, eight inches long, curled in a circle over his head and at their thickest part about 18 inches in circumference. He was covered with short thick hair, like that of the musk deer, and furnished with the soft under wool, called "pushum," common to animals in these snowy districts.

I had great difficulty in procuring fresh water in these parts, from the great prevalence of salt—a source of great profit to Golab Singh. Two marches distant, east, lies a little plain, called Poogah, famous for its *borax*, which lies thick on the surface of the ground: also for a sulphur mine of great purity, from which the Rajah makes all his gun-powder.

One march south again, is the great lake Choomooreerie, * in a vast plain 15,000 feet above the sea level, and covering a space of 16 or 17 miles in length by 4 or 5 broad.

On this and the Salt lake are to be found plenty of water-fowl: young geese in July and August afford good sport and a prime dish for the table. Gulls of various kinds too, may be seen sporting over the waters.

The people here are marvellously slothful: nothing induces them to carry a load, they always put it on a yâk or a sheep.

They live entirely by the sale of wool, exchanging it for grain with other hill-tribes. They seem selfish too, for when I gave one or two of them a wild sheep, though they could not eat it all themselves, they would not hear of dividing it with friends. *Æsop* described this sort of disposition in his "Dog and the Manger," a long time ago, and here was an illustration of the fable in rude hills of which he had never heard.

The only difference in the dress of the natives hereabouts from the other districts, is that they wear a Chinese boot with a legging up to the knee and tied round it, instead of the usual worsted shoe. There are very few villages, and they mostly on the banks of the Indus. The tents of the peasants, are of coarse black blanket, when they live out on the plains,

and there they watch their flocks and spin wool, in an apathetic content, which it seems hard to understand, looking at their extreme poverty. They will steal powder and shot from you, but not money; as the root of evil is scarcely current with them.

If you want to make purchases do not "put money in your purse"; but tobacco in your pouch; you will find a seer go as far as ten rupees.

The traffic of the district is just sufficient for its wants; they have no idea of commercial combinations; their simple economy extends only to "take wool and give grain."

But the new Thibet road may make a difference, if it is ever carried to Leh. Cashmere gets all the Chinese trade as matters stand at present, but there is no reason why this should remain so.

The Chinese Government by refusing entrance into their territories make a very serious detour necessary, injurious to traffic and annoying to the traveller.

I mean (those who do not know the places must forgive me if I bore them) that if the route was open from Hulla to Khunich thro' Chinese Tartary, the tedious journey thro' the Piti country would be avoided.

It would be a long time getting Chinese consent however, for orders are a prodigious time coming from head-quarters: 1842 was the latest advice from the capital, I think, when I was there.

Well, I am about spun out now, I have not anything worth relating, left "on my notes" as the barristers say: I made my way from the Roopshu plains by the Parung pass into Piti and thence to Kunahur.

Shortly after this, I laid aside my "sandal-shoon and scallop-shell" and subsided into common-place and cantonments.

Ah! you're asleep, reader;—well you did mix that last glass rather strong, but then as you say it is cold without, and for that, "hot with" is the recognised remedy.

YACOOB.

AGRA JAIL.

—"Spiritibus qui sunt in carcere profectus predicavit."

I. Pet. 3. 19.

We are not in Agra Jail. It would not indeed be out of character with the profession of the pen if we were; poor Simon Ockley dates his Saracenic History, magnanimously enough, from *Cambridge Castle*, and unhappy Savage concluded his literary career, unnoticed, in the *Newgate* at Bristol. We are not, however, we repeat, in Agra Jail, but we have recently paid two or three visits, (of a voluntary nature,) to that institution and have seen things there, which we cannot think will fail to interest our readers; we shall therefore attempt to describe these matters, and shall preserve, for convenience, the order in which we chanced to see them.

We knew beforehand, roughly, that the Agra Jail was a large central one, that trades had been attempted, and some educational efforts commenced; that was the sum of our knowledge.

The day of our first visit was a *dies non*, all the prisoners being at home and no work in progress, and we found that advantage was being taken of the leisure thus afforded, for scholastic purposes. On our arrival, the worthy Superintendent was discovered sitting in the porch of his own house, with several lines of prisoners squatting on the carriage road, all busily engaged with books and tukhtees.

We learnt on enquiry that an examination was going on, and were asked to assist in conducting it. Acceding, gladly, to this proposition, we took a seat and a malifactor being called up before us, we tackled him with the "thirteens" in the multiplication table, which task he immediately accomplished; afterwards, we put him on in a Hindoo tale, called *Soorujpoor kee kuhancee*, and he construed a passage with fluency. Several others being brought forward, we put them through the same performances viz., multiplication table and reading, and no one failed; at last, two women presented themselves. The first had some little objection to facing the examiner, for immediately on hearing the opening interrogation, she swung entirely round and delivered a fluent answer, from a position which presented what Liston used to call "the other side of the question." Both women however "passed"; they seemed very intelligent and well-

behaved, but we understood that an addiction to child murder had rendered their exclusion from general society, imperative.

Next we turned to a more advanced Class: we asked a highway robber what the duration of a year was, in the planet Neptune, (not that we had any idea ourselves,) and he answered exactly as it was put down in a small book which had been previously placed in our hand. Armed with this little manual, we threw in a second poser about the diameter of Ceres, but it was no good: we could not astonish the robber, not half so much, at any rate, as he astonished the poor devil, that dark midnight, when he brought him down, suddenly, with his iron-bound *lathee*, and stripped him, all in a minute, of his ear-rings and purse. The robber read also, very fluently, from a Hindee essay on the advantages of clean habits. A culpable homicide told us how far Sirius was from the earth, and a burglary (with wounding) executed an intricate rule of three sum, without a mistake.

Whilst we had been examining, the Jail *Darogah* had also been engaged in the same task, so that in an hour or two the work was over. Only about a dozen had been "plucked": these were all sitting in a place by themselves, with forlorn drowsy faces. Prizes were now distributed to the successful candidates, consisting chiefly of books. As each student came up, a conversation, something of this nature, took place between him and the Superintendent:

What's your name?

Ram Sukh.

How long are you in for?

Sixteen years; twelve years, three months and five days remaining.

What was it?

A well.

What about a well?

A boy.

What, threw a boy into a well?

Yes, Sir.

What caste are you?

Nut.

Ever hear of a *Nut* who could read before?

No, Sir, there never was one.

What do you mean to do when you get out?

Earn an honest living.

No more wells, mind you.

No, Sir, never.

Here take your books, and stick to them : perhaps you'll be *Chowdry* some day.

We have thought it as well to allow the reader to share the confusion we experienced ourselves, in thus being brought to witness, abruptly, the working of a system of whose existence we had scarcely heard: but we must now explain a little.

The educational system has been introduced into the Agra Jail little more than a year. Dr. Walker took charge of the institution in the middle of August 1851, and though it was his intention to have immediately attempted to put into practice the theories he had long held* as to the possibility of the moral and mental improvement of criminals, he was prevented by the prevalence of cholera and by the stress of business incidental to the first occupation of a new post, from commencing any efforts till October in the same year. Even then the want of teachers, the absence of written forms, slates &c., and the repugnance of the prisoners themselves to the introduction of education retarded matters so, that it was the commencement of 1852 before the system could be said to be fairly set a going.

Great caution had naturally to be exercised at first. The close connexion which ignorance conceives to exist between learning and magic, (so common a superstition of the Middle Ages,) caused the prisoners, to regard the spelling book and the multiplication table as the secret talismans of Christianity. The natives are very obstinate about preconceived ideas, as *individuals*, but they are not difficult of persuasion *in bodies*. A little patient explanation gradually smoothed the way, and no long time elapsed before Dr. Walker had sufficiently gained the confidence of the prisoners and silenced their apprehensions to make that education compulsory, which it seemed difficult at first to introduce even as an optional advantage.

The number of prisoners in the Agra Jail varies from 3,000 to 2,650, (in round numbers,) out of these 700 are placed at the disposal of the Magistrate and amongst them there is no school; 100 more work under the orders of the Executive Engineer who has introduced education, though, at present, with some disadvantages. There is too at Secundra a convalescent and infirm gang; they have school, but that superintendence which is so necessary to sustain the plan, cannot be well afforded, on account of the distance.

* Dr. Walker had previously introduced education into the Myapoorie Jail with great success.

* All the prisoners who sleep in the Jail are obliged to attend school. The educational staff consists of about 50 monitors from amongst the prisoners themselves, 1 pundit supplied by Government at 10 Rs. a month, and three other men who are entertained on the establishment as *burkundazes*, but who are employed to teach.

School time in summer is from half past 4 p. m., to half past six and then again from seven till nine, after locking up, by lamp-light. The first period is, however, much curtailed in winter by the closing in of the day.

Prisoners commence by learning to read, in classes, large sheets of the Hindee letters, they afterwards get a small book which we have mentioned before, the *Soorujpoor kee kuhanee*, prepared by Mr. H. Reid and treating of the rights of land-tenants and the duties of village accountants &c., &c.

Simultaneously with these studies the multiplication table is taught.

Before any prisoner can pass the first examination he must be able,

- I. To read the *Soorujpoor* story.
- II. To repeat the multiplication table up to 16×16 .
- III. To repeat the multiplication table of fractions up to $6\frac{1}{2} \times 25$.
- IV. To repeat the multiplication table of fractions up to $6\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$.

The examinations are held before the Superintendent; they are monthly. Success in the first examination entitles to these privileges; an order for the admission of prisoner's friends to an interview, a bathe in the Jumna or a visit to the Taj, (according to prisoner's religion), and a prize of the books to be studied for the 2nd examination. As nearly all the prisoners' friends live at a distance, the admission order is sent by post for the "passed man," and he may write a letter, in his own hand, to send with it, if he likes. The order holds good for three months, and presented any Saturday morning, within that period, entitles to an interview.

The second examination presents severer tests: these are the requirements:

- I. Cross examination in the three multiplication tables mentioned before: ("dodging" in more familiar phrase.)
- II. *Soorujpoor* story.
- III. *Putr Malika*: a letter writer.

* Those who know Persian have still to learn Hindee; those who know anything of Hindee before they come in, (a very small number,) are made monitors."

IV. *Kisan opudesh* : a conversation between a Collector and an agriculturist, in which the former combats the objections to education, and, in his replies to queries propounded, explains the revenue system and the use of the various accounts which the village accountant is required to keep.

V. *Shooddhi durpun* : a treatise on the advantages of cleanliness, method and order.

VI. *Khugol Sar* : a treatise on astronomy.

VII. Arithmetic, including simple and compound addition, subtraction, multiplication and division ; commission and simple interest.

The stipulated rewards for this examination are not proportionately greater than those attached to the first : in fact there is little difference. The admission order, the religious indulgence (a bathe or a visit to the Tomb) come round again, and 8 oz. of sweetmeat is the chief additional boon. Two things, however, must be remembered, a prisoner who has passed the 2nd examination is looked upon as a man wishing to improve, and this is an advantage to him, then too, it is not of course proposed that examinations shall stop at two, and when the principle of progressive examinations is more matured, we may entertain a hope that Government will sanction for steady improvement, that most stimulating of all rewards, the hope of a curtailment of sentence. We may mention here that 644 prisoners have already passed the 1st examination and 145, the second. Our readers will now understand that the scene we witnessed at the good superintendent's house, was one of the monthly examinations.

Our next visit to the Jail was in the morning. Passing under the handsome portal, we reached the airy kitchen garden which separates the outside wall from the body of the prison and so passed on to the principal range of barracks : the out-of-doors prisoners had left, so that there was no crowd, only knots of men bustling about, cleaning up, fetching water and so on. Every now and then we come upon a small body of students, not available, we suppose, in some way for labor, hammering away at their horn-books ; monitors, too, were seated here and there, writing out great sheets of the alphabet, and women, in their separate ward, were hard at work at pot-hooks and hangers. But what amused us most was the *furore* for the multiplication table. We wished Walkingame could have been with us, it would have gratified the old gentleman much, we are sure. First, we saw the prisoners without labor, taking their morning con-

stitutional, in twos and twos; a Sikh* of fine bearing, in irons, walking with them and leading the multiplication chorus, which had quite a *Marseillaise* effect. Some attention has been paid in the composition of the Indian multiplication table to its arrangement for chaunting, and as a single voice gives out the problem and the chorus offer its solution, it sounds very well. They sing, for instance, fifteen times fifteen, like this:

Solo

Chorus.

Pundrum pundrum : do sau pach-e-e-e-s.

Well, after these people without labour, we went into the sheds where they make dhotees : in every nook and cranny the multiplication table was ringing through the air : it had a most comic effect : supposing it to be the words we have just given, you would hear a long way off a voice cry out "pundrum, pundrum etc" and then the fellow close to you, rattling away at his loom, joined in at the end with a prolonged "pachecs." We passed on to the carpet looms, the multiplication table swelled towards us as we approached : we entered the blacksmiths' shops, the swarthy vulcans as they hammered the iron, muttered in numbers, and even where the paper mill was loudest, "pundrum pundrum" rose above the storm, like the skipper's voice in a rough night at sea. Whilst mentioning the paper manufactory, we may as well observe that the contrivances used are of the rudest description, and that it would be very desirable if Government would procure a mill similar to the one now so successfully worked by Mr. Marshman at Serampore. This mill might be placed, at first, in some conspicuous place, outside the jail so that the paper manufacturers of the city might see it in use. Some of them would perhaps be induced to order one like it, for enterprize is undoubtedly awakening, slowly, amongst the native population, and in that case the proprietor of a new mill would be glad to secure the services of a released prisoner to conduct the machine. This would cut both ways : advantage to the manufacturer, hope to the criminal.

The prisoners perform every menial office, and indeed, nearly every other office within the jail.

They cart, weigh, grind, parch, distribute and cook their own food. They spin, weave, dye and sew their own clothing. They make all their tools, and forge their own fetters. They cultivate and irrigate gardens adequate to the supply of vegetables, twice a week, all the year round, for nearly 3000

* This man is a *political* prisoner : it is true he has broken Jail once, but why irons ? if this is right, Viva ! King Bomba !

persons. They repair the existing prison buildings and construct the new ones. They prepare the accoutrements and dress of the guard, in part: they make all the earthen vessels required for the conservancy purposes and all the tiles required for the building purposes of the prison.

We shall now offer a return by which the numbers engaged in the different trades will be clearly seen.

DETAILED DISTRIBUTION OF LABOURING PRISONERS OF
THE CENTRAL PRISON AGRA, ON THE 11 OCTOBER, 1852.

Prisoners sentenced to labour, 2587

Not available for labour, infirm, sick, and

convalescent at Secundra, .. . 216

Not available for out door labor.

Women, 124

Sick in hospital 82

In solitary confinement, 45

Convalescent, 26 277

Required for ordinary Prison work.

Grinding wheat, 125

Grain godown—carters, weighers, sifters,

and kilnmen, 30

Woodcutters, 8

Cooks, 69

Hospital Cooks, Maters and others, attendants

on Sick, 11

Conservancy maters and Behistees, .. . 59

Barbers, 7

Dhobeas, 2

Blacksmith and assistants, 14

Carpenters, 10

Monitor's School, 47

Masons and Stonecutters, 55

Mason's assistants, 30

In addition there are Non-labouring Criminal prisoners, Revenue and Civil prisoners—and persons under Trial.

Basket makers,	10	.
Tailors,	13	
Book binder and Ruler,	2	
3 Outer garden, at 15	45	
4 Ditto inner	60	
Gardeners on wells,	5	
Inner enclosure for drinking and Cleansing purposes,	22	622

Workshop.

Blanket weavers,	88	
Dhotee and Cotton weavers,	256	
Leather works,	16	
Tile and brick makers,	19	379
Paper makers,	68	
Sutrinjee weavers	196	
Carpet Rug weavers,	46	
Miscellaneous,	9	319

Outlying Gangs.

Under the magistrate,	675	
Under the Executive Engineer,	99	774
	—2587	

Statement showing the periods of imprisonment of the prisoners employed in the Central Prison workshop on the 11 October 1852.

	<i>Life r P.</i>	<i>14 yrs. to life.</i>	<i>10 to 14</i>	<i>7 to 10</i>	<i>5 to 7</i>	<i>under 5 years</i>	<i>Total.</i>
Sutrinjee manufactory	137	49	41	38	5	7	277
Cloth manufactory	31	100	51	49	20	10	261
Rug manufactory,	4	0	18	9	11	4	46
Paper manufactory,	60	8	0	2	0	0	70
Miscellaneous Ditto,	7	0	1	0	0	1	9
Tile Ditto,	0	6	6	5	2	0	19
Total.	239	163	117	103	38	22	682

The following* articles, the manufacture of the prisoners are procurable at the prices attached :—

<i>Sutringees</i> of fine quality, any length, breadth, and pattern, per square yard,	0 12
<i>Regimental Sutringees</i> 6 by 3 feet, light, fine quality, fast colors, each,	1 0
<i>Tent Sutringees</i> 12 by 12 feet, per pair,	12 0
Ditto 14 by 14 feet, per pair,	16 0
Ditto 16 by 16 feet, per pair,	21 0

Cotton Pile Carpets handsome patterns or bright colors with short pile similar to those manufactured at Bhawulpoor. The Carpets may be had in two pieces adapting them for Tents and Rooms, per square yard, 3 0

Church Pew Rugs in appropriate fast colors, per, square yard, 3 0

Towels yard square, thick and rough, per dozen, 2 0

Bathing Towels 6 by 3 feet. thick and rough per doz., 5 0

Jharuns, Gara and Dosootec, 27 inches square in a variety of distinguishing patterns per dozen, 1 8

A new manufactory has quite recently been started of mathematical instruments, and in a few months it is hoped that the ordinary instruments used in planning, as also surveying compasses will be produced here; and it is, we understand, in contemplation to supply the village putwarries with a stock of simple instruments, with the aid of which they may more accurately survey disputed boundaries, and thus often prevent dangerous affrays.

The spectacle of these prison trades presents to our mind but one moral, which is, that-out door labor should be entirely abolished.

To compare the sight of the different bodies of artisans, working soberly away at their several trades, in comparative submission and silence with the other disgusting scene which meets our eyes, every day on the high-road; when loud laughter and ribaldry and sometimes song resounds from manacled wretches, and no shame is apparent, simply because the poor sunken devils feel that when they have once been exhibited, clanking in irons, like evil beasts, on the public way, that the bitterness of shame is past—to compare these two sights, we say, leaves us in astonishment to think how often we sacrifice what we know to be our duty, to what we suppose to be our gain.

* All orders to be addressed to Fundit Keesee Doss, Jailer.

But we happen to have over-reached ourselves, for there cannot be any sort of doubt, that if trades were vigorously introduced into all our Jails, and out-door labor universally abolished, the profits from the different manufactures would greatly overbalance the price of labor for road-making &c.

Why, half the accoutrements of the Army might be supplied from the Jails, and that perhaps at prices one third of those sanctioned by the Military Board.

And it must be remembered that a far smaller number of guards are necessary when the prisoners are within a Jail, than when they go out in gangs.

But these financial considerations though the most plausible reasons for the abolition of out-door labor are the lowest, after all. Is there any excuse, why we should continue in this country, a practice which public good feeling would not permit at home? We think not. Let any man recall the sensations he experienced when he first saw, fresh as he then was from England, a drove of felons, in irons, working on the public road: and then let him candidly declare whether he thinks it is better for himself, that he can look on the same sight without emotion now.

Our third visit to the Jail was one afternoon just before 4 o'clock; the prisoners were all filing into dinner, and as four struck, eating simultaneously began in all quarters. The time after dinner and before locking up is well known in our jails in these Provinces to be an anxious time; the prisoners are disengaged, they get quarrelsome and noisy and require management. We had seen after dinner habits in other Jails but we were to see another sight here.

Half past four strikes, as if by magic, scrolls rise against the wall, monitors stand up beside them, wand in hand; and in two or three minutes the vast disordered herd is neatly divided into little closely packed groups of students, and the hum of many voices rises into the evening air.

We strolled about in different parts but every where the same decent and pleasing sight was visible, and the same agreeable industrial tones audible.

We went into the woman's ward—hum—hum—hum, hard at work—all. Here a scene met our view, which was very laughable; a small knot of hags and crones were collected round the tiniest girl possible, about as tall as a cheroot, who with a small shriek of a voice, like a penny trumpet above concert pitch, was twittering out the alphabet to them. Good luck! she was truly a most small, shrill child. Passing on towards the solitary cells we looked in for a moment at the hospital:

here we found a few muffled yellow men groaning their lesson after a muffled yellow monitor, who was making languid sort of points at a printed sheet, which was hanging, itself apparently out of sorts, from the wall. We have not mentioned the solitary cells before, because the time of day at which we made our third visit, is the period of most interest in this locality. These cells are small clean rooms opening into a lofty corridor almost 300 feet long.

There are 4 classes of prisoners confined on the solitary system.

I. Prisoners of short term, whom it is desirable should not mix with hardened prisoners.

II. Thoroughly bad characters,—regular jail-birds.

III. Insubordinate prisoners, drafted off from other prisons.

IV. Prisoners who have mis-behaved in this jail.

The solitaires take exercise by walking up and down, morning and evening, in the corridor, at the distance from each other of their cells. Hard labor solitaires grind 15, sometimes 20 seers a day. At school time, the doors of the cells are opened and at the knock of a mallet against the iron railing of the corridor, each solitary takes his seat before his own door. The night we were there, a bad boy with a face like Hogarth's Idle Apprentice, (probably confined under Section II. mentioned above) stepped into the middle and began yelping the multiplication table, each man joining from his cell. A prisoner monitor attends the solitaires all day, passing from cell to cell, and staying about ten minutes at a time.

Evening school hours are disposed thus.

4. 30. Reading.

5. Writing.

5. 30. Arithmetic.

The school after locking-up is miscellaneous, rubbing up tables, reading or anything that is most convenient to be done. Lights are put out at 9 o'clock and if anything occurs in the night, the lumberdars of the barracks must report it to the turnkeys the first thing in the morning. This requires some little explanation: each barrack, counting from 75 to 100 persons, elects a representative member, called the *lumberdar*. He is responsible for the good conduct, cleanliness &c., of his constituency and they are bound to obey him.* The lumberdars all joined together form a *punchayet*, which is

* A barrack that has committed no offence whatever during the month receives one Pice-worth of *poor* per man, on the 1st of the succeeding month, as a reward.

allowed to investigate cases of abuse, doubtful theft &c. The lumberdars are at present thus divided into castes.

	Thakoor,	4.
	Mussulman,	4.
"	Bunniah,	1.
	Brahmin,	8.
	Sikh,	1.
	Gosain,	1.

We have now described as well as we can what we saw, in Agra Jail, and have added some details which have been kindly furnished us in reply to enquiries, it remains only to give one or two returns at the end of this article, with the view of rendering our sketch as complete as may be.

We entreat the attention of Magistrates to this most interesting subject, a subject which, even in our imperfect outlines, cannot fail to have struck them as embodying a most interesting experiment.

We are aware that many are not sanguine as to the results of these experiments and a very small section positively disapprove of them. The arguments of the latter party are principally two, first, that prisoners do not deserve such treatment, and second, that they will only turn out sharper rogues.

To the first we can only answer that we believe if a man will fairly examine how often in his life he has been deterred from wrong actions merely by the *fear of society*, he will never use that argument again: the second argument we believe to be founded on a serious mistake in the science of human nature. A forger is not an incipient murderer: the coarser crimes are not the subtler in full bloom. Nor is the converse likely to be the case: it is exceedingly improbable that a robber would soften down into filing false petitions: or a Thug improve into legal chicanery. The chances are that if you can once induce a Thug to give up Thugging, that he will turn out an honest man. The passions which make a man a ruffian cannot surely be diluted by education into the cunning which would make him a cheat.

To those who are not sanguine about the moral success of the scheme, we would say at any rate try it, if not for its future, at least for its present effects. As a prison discipline it is invaluable: in proof of this, receive the subjoined memo.

Corporeal punishments in Agra Jail.

Before Education, 1851. 162.

With Education, 1852. 18!!

Indeed without figures, it is obvious that constant employment must prevent many irregular proceedings which

leisure would suggest. The expense is comparatively trifling : Government allows 5 Rs. per 100 prisoners, per mensem, for educational purposes, out of the manufactory profits at Agra, has done the same at Mynpoorie, and, it is highly probable, would do so any where, if applied to. The task too of starting the experiment is now far less difficult. Mynpoorie and Agra experiences may be used for guiding stars, and in the troublesome matter of school books, scrolls &c., we are enabled to state that Dr. Walker soon hopes to be able to supply all these matters to any one who may want them. He is also preparing a "Student's First Book" and a "Student's Arithmetic" and as uniformity is of some importance, it is to be hoped they may be generally adopted

Of Dr. Walker, it would not be delicate in us to say much. He may be doomed to some disappointment in the results of this cherished plan of his, the hope may lend a little warmth to the belief : but of this he may be quite certain ; his name will be prominently and warmly mentioned whenever men shall speak of the well-wishers of this land ; he will have the reward of his own heart, and we firmly believe he will live see the day when many reformed and respectable men, once again surrounded with the bliss of home, will gratefully cherish their recollections of him as the founder of that system to which they owe their regeneration.

Appendix.

DIETING.

Prisoners, according to the Custom of the Country, only eat one cooked meal per day.

Prisoners eat in messes ; one cook prepares food for 25.

Allowances of food to a male labouring prisoner.

Wheaten flour 2 oz

Dall or pulse 4 ditto,

Salt 67 grains

Red pepper 1 head

Fire wood 12 oz

Twice a week half a pound of vegetables with a small allowance of oil twice a week in lieu of Dall.

In the cold season 26 oz of bajra or juwar flour in lieu of 20 oz of wheaten flour

Quantity of flour daily required varies from 40 mds. to near 60 mds. per diem.

Dal 8 Mds. chubena 8 Mds. per diem.

TIME TABLE,

Varies according to season.

A. M.

SUMMER.

4-30. Turnkeys awake prisoners, enquire of mates or lum-bardars (prisoners) whether all is right, as regards security of prisoners and safety of property. Prisoners roll up their bedding and stow it away in the centre of the barrack.

5. Barracks opened, Daily distribution of prisoners commences. Prison cleaning commenced.

6. Work commences.

12. One hour's rest and lunch.

1. Work resumed.

3-45. Work ceases.

4. Dinner.

4-30 School commences, with reading.

5. School—writing.

5-30. School—Arithmetic.

6-3 School dismissed—prepared to be locked up.

6-45 Locked up and counted.

7 School recommenced.

9 Lights extinguished—school ceases—prisoners sleep.

Statement of Life and Term Prisoners of the Agra district and of Prisoners transferred from other Jails to the Central Prison at Agra.

Division.	Number	Name of Zillah.	Life Prisoners.			Term Prisoners.			Grand Total.	Bad Characters.
			male	female	Total.	male	female	Total		
Dehli Division,	1	Dehli, ...	1	6	7	12	2	14	21	
	2	Panepur, ...	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	
	3	Rohituck, ...	0	1	1	2	0	2	3	
	4	Hissar, ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	5	Goorgaon, ...	0	0	0	6	0	6	6	
Meerut Division,	6	Dehradun, ...	6	0	6	5	0	5	11	
	7	Scharunpoor, ...	2	3	5	1	0	1	6	
	8	Moosernagur, ...	8	1	9	4	0	4	13	
	9	Meerut, ...	65	19	84	188	0	188	272	
	10	Boothlandsahur, ...	3	0	3	62	0	62	65	
Bareilly Division,	11	Allyghur, ...	20	7	27	143	0	143	170	
	12	Bijnore, ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	13	Moradabad, ...	1	0	1	2	0	2	3	
	14	Bareilly, ...	6	1	7	36	0	36	43	
	15	Budaon, ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Agra Division,	16	Shajehanpore, ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	17	Muttra, ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	18	Agra, ...	20	22	42	573	6	579	621	
	19	Etawah, ...	3	0	3	4	0	4	7	
	20	Mynpoory, ...	9	8	17	47	0	47	64	
Allahabad Division,	21	Fatehghur, ...	22	3	25	29	0	29	54	
	22	Cawnpore, ...	55	9	64	9	0	9	73	
	23	Fatehghur, ...	19	7	26	0	0	0	26	
	24	Allahabad, ...	43	0	43	15	0	15	58	
	25	Banda, ...	30	7	37	174	0	174	311	
Benares Division,	26	Humeerpore, ...	10	5	15	89	0	89	104	
	27	Mirzapore, ...	0	0	0	3	0	3	3	
	28	Benares, ...	23	0	23	6	0	6	29	
	29	Ghazee-pore, ...	0	0	0	6	0	6	6	
	30	Azimghur, ...	1	0	1	11	0	11	12	
Tamsatlege, States	31	Goruckpore, ...	1	0	1	11	0	11	12	
	32	Jounpore, ...	0	0	0	28	0	28	28	
	33	Kumon, Ghurwal, ...	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
	34	Lahor, ...	15	0	15	77	0	77	92	
	35	Hoshyarpore, ...	0	1	1	31	0	31	32	
Chasatlege,	36	Jullundur, ...	1	2	3	93	3	96	99	
	37	Kangra, ...	0	0	0	5	0	5	5	
	38	Feerozepore, ...	1	0	1	112	0	112	113	
	39	Loodannah, ...	0	0	0	18	0	18	18	
	40	Umbala, ...	0	0	0	62	0	62	62	
Oude,	41	Wudne, ...	0	0	0	4	0	4	4	
	42	Kythul, ...	0	0	0	17	0	17	17	
	43	Rajpootana States	37	3	40	333	4	337	377	
	44	Saugor and Nurbudda,	1	1	2	12	1	13	5	
	45	Oude, ...	30	0	30	0	0	0	30	
			133	106	239	2281	16	2297	2536	

Statement showing the Crimes for which the prisoners Confined in the Central prison at Agra on the 1st January 1852 were sentenced.

No.	Description of Crime.	No of Prs.
1	Murder { By Thugs,	86
2		0
3		414
4	Wounding with intent to murder	84
5	Homicide Culpable,	165
6	Dacoity { With murder,	83
		0
		86
	River Dacoity { With Wounding or personal injury,	284
		0
		0
	Highway Robbery { With murder,	23
		56
		169
	Burglary { With murder,	1
		12
		214
	Theft { With murder,	60
		23
		65
	Cattle Stealing { Of children for the ornaments,	39
		293
		0
	Child Stealing { With murder,	1
		115
		8
	Receiving stolen or plundered property knowingly,	0
		67
		3
	Importation of slaves and sale or purchase of imported slaves	143
		10
		48
	Affray { With Homicide,	1
		22
		19
	Assault with wounding or personal injury.	23
		0
		0
	Arson	210
	Forgery or uttering forged Documents or papers,	21
	Counterfeiting Coin or uttering base coin.	
	Perjury,	
	Rape,	
	Adultery,	
	Suttee, aiding and abetting,	
	Crimes and offences not specified above,	
	Attempt to commit any of the above,	
	Total.	2786

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

FEBRUARY 1853.

"ESMOND."

A Story of Queen Anne's Reign. By W. M. Thackeray, Author of "Vanity Fair"—"Pendennis," &c. Smith and Elder, 1852.

CONSIDERABLE curiosity has awaited the publication of Mr. Thackeray's long-promised work. "Vanity Fair" was so admirable, and "Pendennis" contained so many graphic and life-like scenes, and was distinguished by such a vein of sound sense and quiet humour, that everything was to be expected when their author appeared on a stage with which he is so familiar as the early part of the 18th Century, and had an opportunity of shewing what he could do in the production of a complete and carefully studied story. There is always something unconnected and disjointed in works which appear in monthly parts. The author frequently sets out with only a very vague and general idea of what he intends to lay before the reader, trusting to future inspiration and to the light derived from the criticism which each successive part receives, to weave the web of a good story. The plan of *Pickwick*, for instance, suddenly changes; the Club vanishes, and only the figure of its chairman remains in the centre of the picture. And in many parts of "Pendennis" we confess to having entertained the feeling of wonder as to the possible length to which an author could successfully carry the art of stretching out his story without advancing a step towards the conclusion. But Mr. Thackeray has now entered lists in which he has no disadvantage to contend with, except that, inseparable from former success, of having raised a great expectation of what his performance was to be. He has delivered public lectures

on the literary characteristics of the time he has selected as the era in which the incidents of his story occur—and he is known to have made himself master of all that can place a writer of these days in the position of a subject of Queen Anne. He has taken abundance of time to produce his magnum opus—in fact everything that could promise success heralded the publication of “Esmond.” What has been the result? We will not mince matters. It has been, in our opinion, a great failure.

In the first place, the main idea of the book seems to us very unhappy. The work is entitled “The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., a Colonel in the service of Her Majesty Queen Anne, written by himself.” It is the “written by himself” that is the root of the evil. The book descends to be all imitation; it is an attempt to write in a forgotten style, to make a new thing look like an old. The imitation itself seems to us a very clumsy one, and barring a few affectations of thought and manner of writing, there is as genuine a smack of the 19th Century about the whole composition as could possibly be found if the book were supposed to be written during the year of the Great Exhibition. But it is being an imitation at all that is the ruin of the work. Even its appearance, and small pedantic conceits on the title page and elsewhere are enough to raise the bile of the reader before he opens a page. It is all printed in the dismalest faintest type, so arranged that all the words and letters seem to swim before the eyes. It is true that this was something of the way in which printing was managed a century and half ago—but it is not the usual mode of printing now—and for a very good reason—because we have learnt the art of printing so as at once to inform the eye much more readily, and to save it from much physical pain. Then the work is stated to be printed for “Smith, Elder and Company—over against St. Peter’s Church in Cornhill.” Oh if Mr. Thackeray would but recover his old vein for a week or two, and freely and candidly criticise his own new work! Who could better put down such school-boy affectations? Who could more effectually take off the poor paint and tinsel robes from the empty figure and shew the simple shallowness of such palpable tricks?

Two or three works have recently appeared in England, written as is generally understood by Mrs. Rathbone, in which very pretty and successful imitations of the style of writing current in the days of Henry VIIIth and Charles Ist have been produced. In the “Household of Sir Thomas More”

and the "Diary of Mary Powell;" simple scenes as viewed by a simple mind have been described in language such as the daughter of Henry's Chancellor and the wife of Milton may have very probably used. So far, as pretty pastimes, imitations are very well: but attempted on the scale which Mr. Thackeray finds necessary for the display of his genius, they become insufferably unnatural and wearisome. "Esmond" is full of passages containing reflections on different subjects suggested, or supposed to be suggested by the incidents of the story. The vein of feeling which runs through Mr. Thackeray's former productions flows freely here. It is a vein which is essentially modern in its character. No one ever felt in the days of Queen Anne anything like it. It would be as appropriate to make Dryden talk Byronism, or to draw the portrait of Charles the 1st in a wide-awake and blouse. Every age is marked by the peculiar current in which its reflections on life and mankind are apt to run—it is the sum of its practical philosophy, the cream of its own experience; and is sure to give place to some other phase of thought when a new generation succeeds. How far removed are we even now from the thoughts that filled men's minds in the days of George the IVth. Theodore Hook's wit has already something of an antiquated air, and we consider Pelham and Vivian Grey as representing the manners of quite a bygone era.* Addison or Steele would have thought "Esmond" a very queer out-of-the-way proser, with his tone of good humoured disappointment, and eternal beating round the bush. His reflections ought never to be put in his mouth. They ought to fall from the lips or rather flow from the pen of the author who is the Chorus of the Drama, and can afford to disregard place and time and speak as from his own heart. It would be rather too much to make Antigone, on the eve of being shut up alive in a tomb, descant on the wisdom and subtlety of the human race—but the Chorus does so with very tolerable appropriateness, and good grace and effect. Let Mr. Thackeray write about Colonels in the service of Queen Anne, or Majors in that of Queen Victoria, exactly as he pleases, but when he has a fancy for making reflections such as he might very naturally whisper into the ear of a friend at his Club, let us know that Mr. Thackeray is the whisperer, and not be asked to distrust our ears and to play at believing the sounds we hear proceed from a cotemporary of Pope and Swift.

It is one great charm of the Waverley Novels that they

never attempt too much. With all his wonderful mass of learning on the subjects with which he was familiar, and all his power of appreciating historical truth, Sir Walter always keeps before us that the person who is writing the story is a well-to-do Scotch gentleman of the days of the later Georges. We never for a moment get rid of the author or wish to do so. Compare "Ivanhoe" for instance with any work such as the "Merchant and the Friar." In the latter we have a laborious and perhaps faithful reproduction of the private life of persons in the middle ages—in the former the son of Cedric talks in easy, polished, well sounded sentences which would equally befit the lips of Quentin Durward, or Markham Everard or Waverley. The consequence is that in reading the "Merchant and the Friar" we feel as if we had dressed up in a suit of our great-grandfather and were reading just before going to a masquerade; and in reading *Ivanhoe* we are setting in our accustomed comfortable clothes, and in our accustomed easy chair. We use the former as a store of antiquarian knowledge : we find in the latter a source of delight that lasts our lives.

There is, too, something in the very turn of Mr. Thackeray's mind which especially unfits him for such an attempt as the present. His forte lies in the colouring which he lays on the story and its incidents, in the humorous outpourings of a shrewd reflection which illustrate the topic he has in hand, in the new mode in which he persuades us to contemplate the events of ordinary life. The merit of his works in the way of direct invention we take to be very small. *Becky Sharpe* was indeed a brilliant invention. The charm which her history carried with it consisted in something more than the clever and amusing remarks of the author upon her and her doings. But ordinarily Mr. Thackeray offers only the brilliant setting to make us think that the interior is a stone of real value. Observations on the career of idle, clever, good-hearted young men ; thoughts on the mingled character of the world of modern society into which on their outset in life they are plunged ; epigrammatic comments, sarcastic and yet kindly on their follies and foibles, these are what interest and amuse the reader of the *Adventures of Arthur Pendennis*. The personal adventures of that illustrious hero are as uninteresting as his character. This playing on the surface, this perpetual standing a little aloof from the real subject in hand ; this indirect method of approaching every character and incident are characteristics of men whose humour and genius may be

said to be great, but still of a secondary order. Richter and Sterne may be quoted as other instances in which these characteristics have been eminently displayed. Any one who is familiar with the writings of the discursive, imaginative, uncouth, tender-hearted German, will remember how deplorably uninteresting are the characters, the plots and the scenes presented to the reader: how entirely the worth of the writing consists in the honey which the writer manages to collect from the wild flowers he groups together. *Tristram Shandy* is pre-eminently a book in which the reader is kept for ever at arms length from the characters of the story. We never seem to get much nearer Mr. Shandy or Uncle Toby, but we laugh with genuine pleasure at the remarks of the Corporal or the solution of the Great Grangousier; whereas, in *Don Quixote*, to select the most obvious instance of a work of first rate humour, the vein of humorous thought seems to penetrate through all the details of the wanderings of the Knight, and to be substantialised in the characters of himself and his Squire. We cannot of course ask that a writer shall have first rate genius; but we may venture to express a wish that he would not use his gifts in a way perhaps the most unsuitable that could be found for them. "*Esmond*" is for ever beating round the bush and moralising, with more or less of success, but always keeping Mr. Thackeray most prominently before the mind of the reader. He has hardly any character of his own, nor indeed can any of the *dramatis personæ* be said to be sketched with much of the fulness, particularity and completeness which are requisite to engage our attention to the adventures of imaginary persons. "*Esmond*," or rather we may as well at once say the author, is for ever building up a wall of words through which we are to look, and which being in many parts but semi-opaque, permits us frequently to catch only a very confused and unsatisfactory glance at what we are requested to believe is on the other side.

Henry Esmond is the illegitimate son of Thomas, Viscount Castlewood, a nobleman who at a late period of his life has married his cousin, an ugly favourite of Charles the Second. The father after neglecting his son for some years, takes him to his own seat of Castlewood, where the boy learns the rudiments from a Father Holt, a Jesuit Chaplain of the Viscount's; when Henry is about eleven years old, his father dies, and is succeeded in his title and estates by a cousin, Francis, who at the period of taking possession has a very young wife and two children. The new comers arrive

at Castlewood, and there find their young relative living in great desolation, half dependent, half treated as one of the Esmond family. The fair mistress of the Castle is moved to pity by the loveliness of the boy, and comforts and patronises him, and on his gratitude to her, and the affectionate interest with which she regards him, much of the story is made to turn; on being reminded by the house-keeper of the disgrace attached to his birth she had turned away rather coldly from him on the occasion of her first seeing him. Her repentance and the reparation of her fault, if fault it can be called, are thus described:

"Her heart melted I suppose (indeed she hath since owned as much) at the notion she should do anything unkind to any mortal, great or small: for when she returned, she had sent away the house-keeper upon an errand by the door at the further end of the gallery: and coming back to the lad, with a look of infinite pity and tenderness in her eyes, she took his hand again, placing her other fair hand on his head, and saying some words to him, which were said in a voice so sweet, that the boy, who had never looked on so much beauty before, felt as if the touch of a superior being or angel smote him down to the ground, and kissed the fair protecting hand as he knelt on one knee. To the very last hour of his life, Esmond remembered the lady as she then spoke and looked, the rings on her fair hands, the very scent of her robe, the beam of her eyes lighting up with surprise and kindness, her lips blooming in a smile, the sun making a golden halo round her hair."

This is very good writing; and there are many passages of equal excellence scattered thickly through the book. A novel by Mr. Thackeray cannot fail to be worth reading: it is sure to have many excellencies, although it may not add much to his fame.

A few quiet happy years rolled by at Castlewood, broken into at last by the growing indifference of my Lord Viscount for his lady, who bores him by excess of devotion for his ordinary, unworthy self. At last the small-pox comes, introduced by Henry, who has brought the pestilence in the village, and its ravages give the finishing blow to the happiness of the Castle. The Viscount runs away to escape the danger. The lady stays behind, takes the disease, and loses her beauty. Her husband considers his allegiance only due as long as the pretty face remained which first attracted him. He no longer even keeps up appearances, and though the same roof continues to shelter the husband and wife, that

is all that can be said. Henry Esmond is now old enough to be sent to College, whither the kindness of Lady Castlewood takes care he shall go. After a long absence he returns and finds what he terms a skeleton in the house, the skeleton being the irreconcilable alienation of the Viscount and Viscountess, which uncomfortable state of affairs gives occasion for Esmond to drop quietly off the stage altogether, and for Mr. Thackeray to rise in his place and deliver himself of one of those diatribes on married life, to which he is much given. The purport of the reflections to which we now allude is to shew that the most frequent cause of matrimonial differences is the jealousy entertained by the husband of the wife's superior powers.

"If it be painful to a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honour a dullard: it is worse still for the man himself perhaps whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is in truth his superior: that the woman who does his bidding, and submits to his humour should be his lord: that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brains: and that in yonder head, on the pillow opposite to him, lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns and rebellions whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look out furtively from her eyes."

Soon a still more fatal interruption to the peace of Castlewood appears in the person of Lord Mohun, a profligate nobleman, who while engaged in the profitable occupation of making the Viscount a gambler, thinks it worth his while to try to break the country heart of the Viscountess. Henry sees the storm which will arise when the husband understands the designs of his guest, and tries to engage Lord Mohun in a quarrel with himself. His purpose is foiled by an accident which lays up Lord Mohun for some few days, and on his recovery this destroyer of domestic happiness goes off to London. Before he goes, however, Lord Castlewood's indignation is roused: and he only delays his vengeance till he has paid Mohun all that he owes him. He then picks a quarrel with him. The parties meet by night in Leicester Field, and Lord Castlewood receives a death-wound from his adversary.

Before he dies he communicates to Henry Esmond a piece of information with which he himself had only recently become acquainted. Esmond is legitimate: his mother was a poor Belgian girl, but honestly married to his father,

and Esmond is therefore the head of the family, and has only to proclaim his true position to step into all its honours and possessions. But gratitude for all the kindness he has received from this dying man and his family, makes him determine on silence and kneeling down by the side of his benefactor, he voluntarily pledges himself that he will never cast a cloud over the fortunes of the widow and her children. He redeems his promise, and leaves the stage with the plain untitled name with which he entered it. But his character is much altered by knowing that he could dispel the mist that obscures his origin, if he wished; and a tacit assumption of independence and authority marks his future dealings with his neighbours. Feeling unsuited for the clerical life to which he had been destined, he obtains a commission, and joins the army under Marlborough. His campaigns with the Great Captain furnish Mr. Thackeray for an opportunity of book-making which he has most unwarrantably abused. We have a minute, crabbed, prosy account of Marlborough's great victories—one after another—so that we rub our eyes to assure ourselves that we are really reading a novel by one of the most popular writers of the day, the general resemblance of the pages before us to Keightley's *England* being so painfully strong. Military stories are all very well if they attempt to give an authentic account of the great events of a war in a spirited and graphic way—or they may be made exceedingly amusing, as Mr. Lever has shown, when personal adventures, and what may be called the merry side of war's face are exhibited, and our attention is engaged by our interest in the individual, and by the eccentric and motley aspect which incidents wear when the scene is laid in the wild confusion of a battlefield or the jovial unreflecting gaiety of soldiers not on duty. But that the string of little Flemish villages only connected by "they marched on" or "they took" which adorn the pages of school histories should be transferred to the pages of a work of fiction is unendurable. We do not mean to say that Mr. Thackeray's military scenes are literally not more interesting than such a string would be: but any one who can find in them anything of a substantially different character will be more fortunate than we can boast to have been. When Esmond comes home from his first campaign, he finds Beatrix, the daughter of the late Viscount, just blooming in the first spring of her beauty. She is a wild, incorrigible, worldly, vain, strong-hearted girl, with endless spirits and love of mischief, and of a most divine loveliness. She sets her cap

at the young officer and very successfully. He goes off again to the wars determined to gain a laurel-wreath, and to place it on her brow. His other cousin Frank, now Viscount Castlewood, also joins the army, and being an open-hearted, generous, and dashing sort of boy, makes his way very successfully and is a general favourite. Esmond himself is attached to the Staff of Brigadier Webb, an enemy of Marlborough, and for a time a successful rival. For after Marlborough's fall, Webb was the hero of the day, being beloved and admired for the strong contrast which his sincere and warm nature presented to the calculating coolness of the Duke. Mr. Thackeray is not much captivated with Marlborough, as indeed who can be. Military genius apart, he is one of the meanest of heroes. His icy calmness and absolute indifference except to the attaining his own ends are thus described.

"Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony, before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel: before a carouse of drunken German lords or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses around him, he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her; he betrayed his benefactor and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho, when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis, when she cuts it."

Mr. Thackeray has not failed to introduce some of his literary favourites with his story. There is a chapter headed "The famous Mr. Joseph Addison," and Dick Steele is constantly before our eyes. Esmond is walking with the latter when his companion suddenly steps away from him, and runs after a gentleman who is poring over a folio volume at a bookshop. "He was a fair tall man, in a small coloured suit, with a very plain sword, very sober and almost shabby in appearance." Mr. Addison asks the two gentlemen to his lodging, where he favoured them with a private hearing of his well-known lines on the victory of Blenheim. There is nothing in the private life of Addison that can afford much material for the fancy novelist to work on. He was a decorous respectable man of quiet habits, and simple tastes, who felt his own genius and persevered in its exer-

cise until he had attained such a recompense as he thought not very inadequate to his pretensions : a kind of character the description of which requires the magic of a great name to relieve from the air of a very honorable dullness. Steele with his gay thoughtless bonhommie, his maudlin morals, his half-drunken piety, and his real good sense and real good feeling, makes a mixture which admits a freer scope for the exercise of the painter's talent. And in the scenes in which Corporal Dick is introduced we think Mr. Thackeray has been very happy in the picture he has presented to the reader.

Lady Castlewood, who had either felt or feigned very severe anger against Esmond, as having been an inactive witness of her husband's death, soon comes round to him, and throughout the remainder of the story regards him with sentiments of the deepest affection. She is aware of his passion for her daughter, which is very ill-requited—Miss Beatrix being a flirt of the first water, and for ever changing one admirer for another as soon as the more humble is eclipsed by a more splendid suitor. Esmond knows all her imperfections, but his knowledge does not cure him of his folly. "Sure dear lady," he says to her mother, "I see all Beatrix's faults as well as you do. But she is my fate. 'Tis endurable, I shall not die for not having her. I think I should be no happier if I won her. *Que voulez vous? Je l'aime.*" And so strong is the flame that burns within his breast, that it does not at all die away when his mistress pledges her troth to a witless young lordling.

The third volume opens with a chapter headed, to the reader's secret delight, with "I come to an end of my Battles and Bruises." Esmond had only imitated Mars that he might win his Venus, and when his goddess carried her charms elsewhere, he was very willing to turn his sword into a ploughshare. His mind and time are however still principally taken up with watching the doings of the lady, whose folly and petulance are for ever unweaving the thread which she spins so carefully around her victims. The young lord soon escapes her toils, being scared by her capricious and impertinent tyranny. Her faithful lover is ever by her side ; and she good-humouredly and sensibly takes the pains to point out to him how much his faithfulness is thrown away, and how very wretched she would make him if she ever was persuaded into marrying him. All which he clearly sees, and candidly owns, but loves on as madly as ever ; Lady Castlewood with a gentle melancholy

watches his wasted affections thus idly expending themselves, and comforts and cheers him as she best may. Among other modes of warning and improving his erring mistress, Esmond writes a paper in the style of the *Spectator*, which, through his acquaintance with Steele he gets printed so as to resemble exactly the numbers of the real publication, and one morning Beatrix finds a new number lying on the breakfast table in which she is painted under the name of Jocasta. Whatever praise a very ingenious and faithful imitation of the style and turn of thought familiar to the readers of Steele, may be considered to deserve, is due to Mr. Thackeray. If the fictitious number had been bound up with the real, we should have thought it a very pleasing and spirited contribution.

Time wears away until Queen Anne has almost run her race, and is nearly ready to quit her intriguing court and vulgar favorites. All the Esmond family are strong Jacobites, and the writer of the memoirs is not only a zealous, but a very active partizan. He perceives the danger which the Stuart cause runs through the indisposition felt by its supporters to take any decisive measures. He determines to step into the post of peril, and devises a scheme which will if successful, give the young king James (to speak in the Tory language of the day) one great chance to make a bold and successful stroke. It so happens that the brother of Beatrix and the king are almost of an age and of a remarkable similarity of appearance. Lord Castlewood is at Paris, and, being persuaded to join in the plot, sends over his picture to his mother as a present. This picture is really the portrait of the king, and is exhibited by Lady Castlewood to all her servants, that when the king arrives he may be taken for her son. The scheme is carried on at first very successfully. The false Viscount comes attended by the true Viscount as his servant. He is established by Lady Castlewood in her house, and put in communication with his adherents. But the ill-luck and the fatal propensities of a Stuart cling closely to him. Mistress Beatrix, with her graces and her witty sharp sayings and wild gaiety is too strong a temptation. He throws away a crown for a smile, and Mrs. Beatrix is rather too willing to throw away her crown also, and to take the foolish admiration of a royal scape grace in exchange. A family council is held, and she is sentenced to be banished to the family seat of Castlewood. Meanwhile the king has seen his sister and nearly killed her by the shock of a sudden interview. She lies

dying, and every moment may be her last. Now or never is the time for the friends of the exiled House. They hold a great meeting; they procure the presence of troops known to be favorable to the cause: they resolve to put their King at their head, proclaim him publicly, and stake all on one throw. But one fatal obstacle intervenes. There is no Hamlet in the play—the King cannot be found. After an anxious and tedious suspense they disperse and the sun of the Stuarts sets for ever.

The King, as may be easily guessed, was far away from London, gone to hunt the fair prey that was so willing to be caught. Harry Esmond and the young Viscount suspect the truth, and ride to Castlewood as fast as horses can carry them—they are refused admittance in the Castle: but Esmond knows of a secret entrance and breaks into the room where the Prince is sleeping. Though startled out of his sleep, and in rather an awkward and embarrassing situation, the King does not forget his royal dignity. He makes the best excuse that is possible, and is forgiven. But it was not so easy to forgive Beatrix. As Esmond looked at her "he wondered he could ever have loved her. His love of ten years was over, it fell down dead on the spot." He rides away in company with Lord Castlewood, and they reach London just in time to hear the mob shouting "Long live King George."

Two pages at the end of the third volume, and a preface supposed to be added by Esmond's daughter, acquaint us with the subsequent fate of the family. Esmond himself marries the mother of Beatrix, the patroness of his early days, the tender friend of his riper years. They bid farewell to England and settle on a property belonging to the family in Virginia. The young Viscount, made acquainted with the great debt of gratitude he owes to Esmond, sobers down into a quiet and respectable nobleman, and is blessed with the society of a German wife, and endless brothers-in-law. The fair Beatrix flies to France, marries a Chaplain of her father's, gets him made a Bishop, and lives to be a pattern of respectability and—a favorite of the susceptible George the Second.

Such is the story of Mr. Thackeray's novel—a story in itself neither good nor bad—possessing considerable interest in the shape in which it is actually presented, but losing much of its power to please through the confused and careless way in which it is worked out. The whole work teems with passages of great force, originality, and beauty. In the good

humoured expression of subdued satire Mr. Thackeray has scarcely a rival, and the three volumes are full of pointed sentences and happy turns of diction. A keen observation too, and long experience of men and things, has taught him truths which nothing else can teach. He describes the world such as it exists in the frivolous circles of modern society as well as any man; for he penetrates beneath the surface and sees how the same manner of thinking and acting pervades classes apparently distinct. Besides, as we have said before, he is at home in all the literature of the period he has chosen. It would be surprising if a bad novel from his pen describing the days of Queen Anne were not much better than what might be called a happy effort in almost any other writer.

Still we think that we are not wrong in pronouncing this to be, for Mr. Thackeray, a very moderate performance. Those who are well acquainted with his other works can scarcely fail to be haunted, as they peruse the pages of "Esmond," with the feeling that they are not really getting any further than they have got before. Take away a little difference in the dressing and appointments, and the figures that are disclosed are found to be old and familiar to us. What is this good, patient, soldierly, self-denying Esmond but our old friend Dobbin? And the tender, true, womanly, enduring Lady Castlewood, is she not a repetition, though a good one, of Amelia Sedley, and Helen Pendennis? Beatrix too, though she goes to Court and flirts with a crowned head, is but the authoress of "Mes Larmes" in disguise, with perhaps a slight dash of the inimitable Becky. It is said that almost every clever man could write one good novel and that hardly any clever man can write two. The incidents of our own lives, and the cast of individual character, supply us with the materials from which to draw once. But when this well is empty, to what spring shall we go? Mr. Thackeray has done a great deal more in his time than write one good novel, but we think he has shewn that there are limits which he cannot pass, or at least not without a great and a conscious effort. Circumstances and his own tastes have led him to see very clearly a few marked varieties of the great race of man. He looks upon modern society as frothy, eager, reckless, fantastic, and yet tolerably kindly and even sensible, and on the topmost wave—he catches the form of the lightest of all light things, the Venus born from the foam, the fashionable, scheming, heartless young lady. She it is

who represents in his mind the character of the world for which she tries to live, and for which she is willing to abandon everything better and simpler than the feverish existence which this world has to offer her. But he perceives that there are people who are of quite a different order. He knows that there are good men and good women to be found in quiet waters. But he seems never to lose the sensation of having recently experienced a more troubled sea, and the good characters he loves to paint are always those we are wont to think of when we want to be refreshed without being much fatigued by feeling it our duty greatly to admire. His hero is a man who has suffered, and learnt a calm, sensible, endlessly patient wisdom. His heroine is a woman with a full heart, and a low voice, and quiet hum-drum ways. These are always the centre figures of the picture, though the back ground is full of others, sketched rather than painted with a hasty but vigorous pencil. And the changes that these figures of the background undergo, and the exquisite way in which they are touched off and the happiness and boldness of the general colouring and drawing, make us in Mr. Thackeray's writings never want variety: but we fear that variety is now all we have, and that really new creation in the design of the principal groups is something for which we shall look in vain.

We had hoped—perhaps we may still find room to hope—that Mr. Thackeray would rank as one of the great English writers of fiction: that his name would rank with that of De Foe or Fielding, and we should give to posterity a picture of our days in works of genuine humour and rich genius such as never have been surpassed. “Esmond” makes us doubt. We should rejoice to be restored to our old confidence. But even if we are doomed to disappointment in such high expectations, Mr. Thackeray has given us too much that is really excellent, not to deserve our heartfelt gratitude.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

No. 1.

“The fool hath said in his heart—‘There is no God,’”—and yet although such has doubtless been the cry, from the days of the Psalmist even until now, among the worldly and carnal minded whose mode of life in some degree compels “the wish to be the wanton father to the thought,” and causes the mind intuitively to shrink from the idea of a day of reckoning,—we nevertheless must feel disposed to doubt whether there ever lived an individual who really felt decidedly assured that such assertion would stand the test of a close and searching examination.

Surrounded and confronted at every turn by the evidences which all visible things afford of the existence of a Master Mind,—of some Supreme Intelligence by whom alone the material Universe could have been framed and governed,—doubts and an inward shrinking of the heart must necessarily have at times occurred to make him distrust the truth of such a creed, and the wisdom of his scepticism.

Turn where we will,—look where we may, at every point the eye beholds some form which prompts the mind unconsciously to ask,—‘Whence came these things? How sprung the goodly furnishing of this beautiful world in which we live? They could not assuredly have made themselves, because, judging from the laws and conditions under which created things exist, we are absolutely forced by reason to admit that there was once a time when even the material elements themselves from which the world proceeded were not in being. What caused, then, their beginning?’

Shall we regard them as the mere results of chemical combinations? If so, we at once admit the existence of something prior still, since results must necessarily imply a cause, and matter must have existed previous to forming these chemical combinations. We are, therefore, still as far as ever from the point at which we would arrive and from the conclusions we would draw. What, in fact, is this same

chemical combination, upon which so much stress is often laid, but the result—the *inevitable result*,—of Laws? And whence then, the origin of those laws?

We know from their effects that such laws exist; but that furnishes no answer to the question, 'From whence did they themselves proceed?' For if the matter which they govern had once an origin, so too must the laws by which its various combinations are controlled.

If we submit a portion of any substance to the rigid test of chemical analysis, we find that it is composed of variously combined ingredients which by this process are separated and rendered free. But such ingredients are not therefore destroyed, because the laws by which all material things are governed are not destroying but preserving laws, which ordain or require that the matter thus set free from one combination, shall again combine in other forms.

If, for instance, water be admitted to a mass of intensely heated iron, it undergoes immediate decomposition; its oxygen entering into combination with the metal while the hydrogen is disengaged in the form of gas. Yet in this case the hydrogen is not lost, since it rises at once into the atmosphere, and by mixing with it, again enters into a fresh combination with other substances elsewhere.

The decomposition of a substance by the process of analysis is therefore the mere result of a chemical action, which may be defined to be a system of dissolution and reproduction, and it is entirely owing to the laws which govern this system, that not an atom of any substance is ever lost.

There is a very popular, though certainly very erroneous idea, that fire annihilates that upon which it feeds; but fire may be more truly said to perform the part of the chemist who subjects a substance to analysis, the only real difference being this, that while the former merely dissolves the previous union,—the latter, in addition, ascertains the nature and quantity of the substances thus disunited.

Fire operates only until it has decomposed the matter submitted to its action, and it becomes extinguished so soon as the volatile and inflammable constituents are disengaged. Here again, nothing is destroyed or lost save the *form* only of the substances acted upon. The gases are all carried off by the atmosphere, and as in the instance of the hydrogen above alluded to, are ready to enter into a new combination with other matter; while the earthly and incombustible residue remains in the form of ashes, and contributes, by again combining with the soil, to add to its fertility.

The farmer perceives and practically acknowledges the existence of this law of decay and reproduction, when he supplies a dressing of manure to his impoverished lands. The soil, deprived of its nutritive particles, refuses to nourish the desired crops; fresh ingredients are supplied, and the new combination that ensues restores the productive power.

In all such cases we behold the constant operation of a system of decay and reproduction, and what, in fact, we would ask, are all the operations that we daily witness, but the constant and inevitable results of those vast chemical agencies which proceed from the inexhaustible laboratory of Nature?

A seed is sown:—in time it germinates and springs up above the surface of the ground, and gradually gaining strength and vigour from the soil, produces at length a stately forest tree, whose spreading branches and luxuriant foliage afford an abundant and grateful shelter to the feathered tribes.

But the seasons roll on, and the withered leaves are strewn around by the Autumnal winds.

Are they then lost?—No.—Rotted by the rains and frosts of winter, they decay, and mixing with the soil increase its richness, and so add vigour to the parent tree. By the agency of certain laws they were first elaborated out of the substance of the earth, and having fulfilled the ends for which they were produced, they again decay and return to the elements from which they sprung.

Can we in these operations discern aught that deserves the name of accident or chance? The results are in every case as certain to arrive as the succession of night to day. All betokens the incessant and careful operations of a chemical agency guided and constrained by certain laws to produce unerring and undeviating results.

But can we rest satisfied here? Shall we attribute to those laws alone, the production of the Universe? We see that those laws now govern and preserve created things,—but have we thence liberty to infer that the laws themselves created them? We shall see as we proceed.

There is a well-known general law which provides that all bodies shall expand with Heat and contract from Cold. If we place a pan of water on the fire we shall soon perceive that as its temperature increases the lower portion of the water begins to rise upwards to the surface, while its place below is supplied by a corresponding descent of the colder water

from above. This is entirely the effect of expansion,—the heated water becoming lighter than the cold, rises upwards and gives place to the denser portion from above, and this continues until the water arrives at the boiling point, when having attained the utmost temperature to which it can arrive, it passes off in steam.

If again, a bar of iron be heated to a red heat and an attempt be then made to pass it through a ring which it previously exactly fitted, it will be found that the expansion of the metal is so great as altogether to prevent its passage into the ring. These are some of the constant and well known results of that law which ordains that bodies shall increase in volume with an increase of temperature, and they are not here cited as proving anything novel, but merely to point out the general working of the rule, in order that a curious exception to which we shall presently allude, may fix the attention of the reader.

We see another equally familiar illustration of this law in our Barometers and Thermometers, for, if the temperature of the air be dry and warm, the quicksilver or mercury expands, and thus by acquiring bulk and requiring a larger space, it rises in the tube; but if the temperature decreases, the mercury by contraction again descends. It is thus that we ascertain the temperature of the air around us, and we perceive that the law is constant in its mode of operation and is never by any chance reversed. These results are again truly attributable to chemical agency; but that agency is not capricious; it cannot act otherwise; there is no volition permitted; it cannot cause the heat to contract nor the cold to expand the mercury in the tube; and why not?

Because it is rendered completely and thoroughly subject and subservient to a law which compels it to operate by one undeviating method. But can that law itself reverse the operation? No—the law is, with one very notable exception, as constant and undeviating in its mode of operation as the results above described are certain to arrive. It, therefore, can have no choice or volition either; it is as completely under control as its chemical results, and being under such control it is clear that it cannot be erected into the primal cause. There must still be some source of action, beyond the law, which we are unable to perceive except through its predominant and controlling power over all material things, and being unable to lift the veil and proceed beyond that point, the reasonable mind there rests content in the sure conviction that all Nature is over-ruled by a great Great Invisible

and Supreme Intelligence, who sustains and governs all things in Wisdom and Benevolence; who orders all things for our good, and is and must be, the Lawgiver and consequently the Creator of all material things.

We have said that it is the law of nature for all things to expand with an increase, and to contract with a decrease of temperature; but there is a most remarkable exception to, and deviation from the latter rule, as exhibited in the freezing of water, an exception, to which, as it affords the most conclusive evidence of design, we must beg leave to invite particular attention.

Water, like other bodies, when exposed to cold, will obey the general law and decrease in bulk until it arrives at a temperature of 40° , when instead of continuing to contract, the law is suddenly reversed and expansion begins and thence proceeds until the temperature is reduced to 32° , when the water freezes or crystalizes.

It is evident therefore that water attains its greatest density at 40° , and the subsequent expansion, as it freezes, by rendering it lighter, enables the ice to float upon the surface.

Were it not for this, the ice would sink successively to the bottom until the lake or river became a solid mass.

This remarkable exception to the otherwise constant operation of the laws which govern the expansion and contraction of fluids and solids, may at first sight appear to favour the views of the sceptic, that the results of these laws are purely accidental, and that our argument in favour of their immutability and of the design which is apparent in their mode of acting is hereby damaged, if not refuted.

Not so, however; for the exception under consideration is not the effect of accident or chance, but furnishes on the contrary in itself, the very strongest evidences of design and forethought, for being constant it must be regarded, not as a chance, but as a *rule or law*; the result of a wise and benevolent foresight, and ordained to secure or to produce certain beneficial ends. Were water, for instance, to obey the general law and become denser as refrigeration proceeded, the result would be that those other laws which are appointed to govern and preserve organic beings would be obstructed and frustrated; whereas by permitting it to obey the general rule so long as no injurious results would be produced, and reversing the operation of the law exactly at that particular point when to suffer it to proceed would be productive of injurious effects and prove subversive of other

laws and purposes, furnishes, we venture to assert, as strong an evidence of benevolent design and over-ruling care as could well be desired or adduced. But yet more than this is proved, since he who possessed so perfect a knowledge of the results to be obtained by this change of operation in the law, could assuredly be no other than the framer of the law itself, and the Creator of the water, and consequently the Creator likewise of the universe of which that water forms a part.

If the law remained unchanged, and the density of the water continued to increase with refrigeration, the consequence would be that the frozen portions would successively sink down until the whole became a solid mass; what then under such circumstances would become of all the fish and various other aquatic animals? Would not such a mode of proceeding have consigned them to inevitable destruction? Where too, in Northern lands, would terrestrial creatures obtain the necessary supply of water to quench their thirst, when every river, lake or pond was converted into a solid mass of ice? All would inevitably perish by the most painful of deaths,—or rather—no animals could ever have existed in those lands;—whereas by the present wise and merciful arrangement all such injurious effects are avoided and rendered, under ordinary circumstances, impossible.

Is it credible that any rational being can be found who will assert that such a mode of operation can proceed from chance?

That the usual course of nature shall be pursued until its proceeding further would be prejudicial to the general welfare,—and then that the operation of a certain law shall be suddenly changed in order to prevent an injurious, and secure a beneficial result,—and yet that no evidence of design,—no testimony to the existence of an overruling Providence is afforded by such proceeding? Such scepticism we are at once constrained to regard as altogether monstrous and absurd—alike beyond the pale of reason and of common sense.

Again, when we look around upon the various countries of the earth and inquire into their animal productions, our attention cannot fail to be arrested by the fact that each is specially adapted to the climate in which it dwells, and to its own particular mode of life. The Camel, with its broad and spongy foot is adapted for travelling over sandy plains; the Beaver, the Otter, and other animals which dwell for the most part in the water, are furnished with a broad membrane

like that of aquatic birds, to connect the toes and thus enable them to paddle on with swiftness and with ease. The Monkey, on the other hand, delighting to climb and spring from bough to bough, is furnished with long prehensile fingers and a hand closely resembling that of man, a gift or provision which enables it to grasp and climb with celerity and safety. Some animals are found to be capable of existing only in the bosom of the sea; others in fresh waters; some are only to be found within the torrid zone, while others would perish the moment they should be removed from the frigid zone; each species appears, in short, to be fixed to an element or climate proper and peculiar to it.*

• Are not such facts as these sufficiently indicative of design? Could chance have restricted the fishes to the *only element* in which they can exist, and furnish them *by accident* with the only means of progression adapted to their mode of life and to the medium in which they move? Why did it never err and furnish terrestrial animals with *fins* instead of *feet*? Are we not in some sort compelled to answer. 'It is because they could not have progressed on land with fins, or with any other limbs than those they now possess?' Why is the bird which possesses feet, furnished also with a pair of wings? Because it was intended by Him who created the bird, that it should not only be enabled by its feet to progress on land, but likewise that it should possess the power of soaring through the air. It was consequently furnished with means adapted to these ends! Why was the bird furnished with *a pair* of wings? It is obviously because it could not fly with *only one*, and thus foresight, design and creative power are all apparent in the furnishing of a pair of wings! An infinity of such questions might be asked and be similarly replied to—for why are not the limbs of all animals alike?—why do the teeth differ in number and in shape according to the nature of the food supplied? The answer to such inquiries must in all cases be obvious and plain, viz., that the means have been wisely and designedly ordained to certain ends! Does not such an admission at once exclude the agency of chance by showing that the limbs were specially and particularly and designedly adapted to the peculiar mode of life the various tribes were destined or designed to follow, and therefore that forethought and contrivance combined with consummate skill, were brought into play in their construc-

tion? And as forethought and design are clearly incompatible with chance, so we are compelled to acknowledge created things to be the work of an All Wise and All Powerful Designer.

"The animals which dwell in cold climates are moreover provided with a thick warm covering of fur, and man in such climates, reasoning upon this fact, adopts the same kind of dress. In both cases," says Dr. Prout, "whatever may have been the end or intention; no one can deny that the *effect*, at least, is precisely the same; the animal and the man are alike protected from the cold. Now, since the animal did not clothe itself, but must have been clothed by another; it follows that whoever clothed the animal, apparently knew what the man knows, and reasoned like the man; that is to say the clother of the animal knew that the climate in which the animal is placed, is a cold climate; and that a covering of fur is one of the best means of warding off the cold; he therefore clothed his creature in this very appropriate material. Now the man who thus clothes himself in fur to keep off the cold, performs an act of *design*. So, whoever directly or indirectly, caused the animal to be clothed with fur to keep off the cold, must likewise have performed an act of *design*. But he who could thus foresee the nature of the climate in which the animal was placed, and who could furnish it with the necessary means of warding off the cold, must be admitted to have been also the *Creator* of the animal, and by extending the argument, the Creator of the man himself and of the Universe. Moreover, the intelligence the Creator has displayed in clothing the animal, he has also deigned to impart to man, who is thus enabled to recognise his Creator's design."*

We are told, however, by the sceptic, that there is no proof in all this either of design or of the foresight of a Creator, but that all may be regarded either as the work of chance, or as the necessary result of the long continued operation of "the eternal laws of nature."

There is in such reasoning,—if indeed, reasoning it can be called,—a degree of contradiction and absurdity which it would be scarcely worth while to notice, were it not that its tendency being mischievous, it may be better to refute it.

The laws of nature, it will be observed, are appealed to by the sceptic, as to something distinct from and altogether

independent of a Creator ; while it is absurdly forgotten that the very admission of the existence of such *laws*, at once establishes the existence likewise of the *Law-giver* who framed them ! And what is this nature to which we are referred ? Is it not this material world in which we live ? How then are its laws eternal ? Matter must once have had a beginning, since it cannot exist without a preserving law ; while the law itself springing from the will of another, can be no more eternal than the matter which it governs ! Did these laws exist from eternity before the matter was produced ? If so, then must they have operated for ages *upon nothing*, which is absurd ;—or more truly speaking,—with nothing to act upon they could not have operated at all, and therefore, *as laws they had no existence !* For since the law was required only from the moment when the matter was created, it is a folly to argue that it may have existed without the matter ; while again, since the laws of nature are not *creating* but *preserving* laws, it is evident both that the matter was not produced by them, and that they did not exist without it ; or if the laws created matter, why do they not still continue to create it ? But does a law possess volition ? Or is it not rather the result of volition in another ? Is it an independent principle or source of action, or does it not itself spring from the will and foresight of another, and controlling power ? The laws by which communities are governed,—are they self imposed ? Do they operate through the existence of any power inherent in themselves,—or do they not rather proceed from the will and predeterminate counsel of the rulers of such communities, and cease to operate whenever those rulers decree that they shall end ?

Did they exist before, and create the community over which they are appointed to preside, or were they not imposed by the heads or chief of the community ? originating in fact out of the wants and necessities of that community ? It is evident that laws are framed and intended by the chief authority to operate beneficially in regulating and controlling the Society subjected to them, and they can only continue to operate so long as that chief power perceives that they are conducive to the end in view ; and when he wills it, they must cease to be. If then, the laws originate out of the necessities of the community, it would be absurd to argue that they existed previous to the community itself, and the very same argument will equally apply to the laws of nature. They do not operate through the possession of any

power inherent in themselves. They did not create the matter over which they have been appointed to exercise control ! They—like the laws of men,—are imposed by the Highest Power to preserve the harmony and welfare of that which is subjected to their guidance ; and as they must cease to operate when that Supreme Power so wills it,—so must they have originated at the time when that same power created the matter over which they were appointed to preside.

These, so called “ eternal laws of nature,” then, are thus seen to be nothing more than the instruments with which their Creator works, and having sprung from His Will when He created matter, they can neither be eternal nor even independent.

But, says the sceptic in reply—How do you know that matter itself is not eternal ? you have *assumed* that it had a beginning, and that it could not have existed before the laws which are appointed to govern and preserve it,—but you have not yet *proved* it ; and yet this is necessary since if the matter is eternal, so too must be its regulating laws.

We might here content ourselves with a similarly illogical line of reasoning, and retort that in this we have done no more than follow the sceptic's example, since he on his side merely *assumes* the eternity of matter, not only without furnishing the slightest proof that such is the fact, but likewise without being able to adduce the smallest probable reason why it should be so.

Let us, however, proceed to examine the point at issue, and endeavour to *prove* that matter must have had a beginning, and therefore that it *cannot be* eternal.—Indeed, that such is the fact is almost self evident, since matter being under the preserving guidance and control of laws without which it is unable to exist ; and those laws being the expression of the will of another power or person beyond them, it seems to be proved *in limine* that neither the one nor the other can by any possibility be eternal.—Let us, however, again examine the question on other grounds.

If matter be eternal, then must it be co-existent with the Deity ;—that is, supposing always that His existence be admitted ; and here, on the very threshold of the inquiry, the believer finds an insuperable barrier to exist in the fact, that if matter be eternal and co-existent with God, then was not such matter created by Him, and consequently the very first and most important of His attributes is destroyed,—whence then the Universe with all its beautiful and wonderously va-

ried furnishing of animate and inanimate forms? Shall we regard them as the results of that chemical agency of which we have already spoken? And if so then, whence, we would inquire, were the laws which govern that agency? For a law as we have sufficiently proved is an emanation from a higher will! Or again, shall we be told that God merely fashioned the furniture of the world out of the pre-existing matter, and contrived wise laws for its control and guidance? Here again the sceptic is at fault, since the matter being unable to exist without the laws which preserve it, proves that the framing of the laws was prior to, or simultaneous with the creation of the matter; and since again, no law can be *eternal* because it *originates* from the will of another, so is it evident that in admitting the existence of a law, the sceptic as once destroys his own argument, and proves in spite of himself, that neither the law nor the matter can be eternal.

Nor is it even probable, if God be not in truth the creator of the matter, that he should have had the power to bind and regulate it by his laws.—For such must necessarily imply a perfect knowledge of the properties of, and control over the matter itself, which none but its creator could possibly possess, while to admit that matter possesses certain properties is positively in other words to assert that it is subject to a law,—since the law and the property are synonymous; or the latter is imparted by the former. We perceive that all material things are rendered subject to those same laws which the sceptic terms “the eternal laws of Nature;” and being so subject, it is evident that matter is under the control of Him who framed the laws. Now there appears to be this very remarkable and essential difference between the uncreated and that which is created, namely, that the former requires no regulating laws for its preservation; submits to no control; but is in itself self-existing, all-sufficient, and eternal. Created things, on the contrary, possess none of these attributes, but are *subject* to the control and guidance of regulating laws from which they cannot extricate themselves even if they would, and the cessation of whose control would at once consign them to inevitable destruction. Take, for example, our own solar system; here we find matter restrained and regulated by wise laws which compel it to be what it is. But remove those laws, and destruction and annihilation would be the swift and unavoidable results.

As regards the matter therefore, we perceive that it

cannot exist except under the guardian care and control of the laws which govern all material things ; it could not consequently have had existence until after the law of nature had been provided to regulate and preserve it. It becomes necessary then, if possible, to ascertain likewise whether the laws themselves are eternal or were created,—for upon the answer to this question would seem to depend that also regarding the eternity of matter. Now, as already stated, matter we perceive cannot exist without a preserving law ; the law was therefore evidently provided and *designed* to regulate and govern it. But as a *design* must always imply the existence of a *designer*,—so in like manner must a *law* imply or denote the existence of a *lawgiver*. The matter regulated by the law, and the law regulating the matter, must consequently demand a common origin ? But we have already shown that the law itself is as completely under control as the matter which it governs ; it cannot therefore, be the Primal Cause. Whence then does it proceed ?

We trace backward from *the thing* governed, to the *law* which governs it ; but beyond that law our reason tells us there must necessarily exist a *lawgiver* ; beyond whom again no powers of reasoning can ascend. Here then, we arrive at the final and remotest limit to which we can trace back the origin of things, and the mind there rests and of necessity fixes upon this unseen Lawgiver, as the Great First Cause ; the Framer of the law ; the Creator of the matter governed by the law, and consequently the Creator likewise of the Universe ;—in short—Our God.

What then, becomes of the eternity of matter ;

What then, becomes of the eternity of the law ?

The matter could not exist without the law ; the law could not exist without the lawgiver ! Both therefore, were created by Him, and cannot be eternal ; for the laws of nature springing from the Will of Nature's God, must prove that He first framed the law, and then created the matter which it was to govern ;—consequently *both* had a beginning, and thus the sceptic's argument is refuted.

MOLAR BUX.

AN EXTRACT FROM MY JOURNAL, JANUARY, 1851.

Scene.—Jungles, South Mirzapore District.

January 14, 1851.—After having been for the last nine days penned up in the Benares Rajah's empty house at Nowgurrh, where, however, we managed to beguile the time pleasantly enough, in spite of thunder and lightning, rain, slippery ground, and other inconveniences, we are all delighted to find ourselves again on the move for sport; and are encamped to-day at "Nakoo," a flat uninteresting village, where I should regret to remain long, except for the shooting in the three jungles a few miles distant from us, and from each of which, this village is equi-distant. The scenery of the Rajah's house at Nowgurrh has already been described, but I cannot forget the lively fishing for small fry I had there, in the Kurumnassa river, which flows immediately beneath the Rajah's garden-wall, whence we used to watch the otters fishing in the river; and the peacocks and monkeys coming to the bank every morning and evening to drink. One could feel here some idea of life in the Woods,—we will say nothing of the Hyena that used to laugh dreadfully every evening whilst we were at dinner, and which we at last discovered to be only an owl!

Our party now consists of Mr. and Mrs. M. and their two children; R. and myself with Mrs. T. and four children. Neither time nor space will allow of my mentioning all the Ayahs, and the bandboxes, &c. No! no! let us pass on to more interesting subjects.

January 15, 1851.—A kill* announced this morning. Nutcheyd—M.'s shikaree (the bravest native I have ever met) has been to see the "punj," and pronounces it to be the foot print of a large tigress. We have swallowed a hasty breakfast and are off, without the ladies this time, as the jungle where the tiger is near the village of Bhinsowra is three or four miles away. We are in our

* A kill means that one of the buffaloes (tied up in the jungle as bait to inform us of the whereabouts of the tiger) has been killed.

"Muchans," R. on the extreme left, M. on the extreme right, and I in the centre. The hankwa in our front and a long way off, distributed in the form of a horse-shoe, begin to shout, and approach us, whilst the rouks mounted on trees on the right and left of us, make the best use of their ears and eyes, and prepare to keep the tiger within his present bounds, which we hope is between the hankwa in front, ourselves in their front, and the rouks on either side. A book amuses us for the first 10 minutes, till the shouts, and noises of the hankwa get nearer, and more audible, then our attention is attracted to the sudden rush of a Sombhur, a Neelgai, a spotted deer, pig, fox, wolf, hyena, bear, wild cat, jackal, monkey, or peacock, for all the natives of the forests occasionally shew themselves flying from the hankwa. On this occasion however only a few made their appearance. But where is the tiger? The hankwa is close up—hark! is not that a low, deep growl? Another shout from the hankwa, and a trumpet sound from *Molar Bux*, who to-day accompanied the beaters, and we were astonished by a roar that echoed again through the wood: and immediately in mid air, far to my left, I saw a majestic tigress bound over a clump of bushes with head and tail erect, and legs extended, and her white belly and the black stripes on her sides, shining in the sun, were a picture few painters could conceive. R. fired a random shot, but missed. The hankwa is now close, and immediately beneath our muchans I see one! two!! three!!! nearly full grown cubs walking straight up to M. A flash of M's rifle, and one lies dead beneath him, whilst one turned, and went off to the left towards R.—a second flash from M.'s rifle and a wounded tiger steals away with frightful roars through the thicket. Nutcheyd, however, soon finds his track by the blood spots on the leaves.

Molar Bux is called for, and is immediately at hand, ready and willing. I must now introduce you to Molar Bux, a male elephant of immense size with no tusks, staunch as a rock in the presence of a tiger. In 1848 or -49 General T. requested Col. S. to ask the Rajah of Jhansie to purchase this elephant. The Rajah sent an experienced man to see, and report upon Molar Bux. The man reported that though Molar Bux did not shew his tusks, yet he thought he could shew his teeth, for though he was perfect as an animal in points and almost unexceptionable, yet his temper was uncertain and might become dangerous. In consequence of this report, the Rajah of

Jhansie refused to purchase the elephant, but soon afterwards the Rajah of Benares, either with more courage or less judgment, became his owner, and placed him in his Elephant Stud at Ramnuggur, whence he was lent to M. and accompanied our sporting party. I have introduced the elephant, I must of necessity honor you by an introduction to the mahout: the most dirty-looking, grimy-faced fellow you ever saw; always stupefied by the influence of opium, and in this instance, doubly stupid on account of a terrible black eye, which he had obtained last night in a brawl.

We left the wounded tiger stealing away through the thicket into a nullah, while Nutcheyd traced his course, and we got on Molar Bux with our guns. The pad was a sort of couch, with a foot board on each side; M. sat on one side, I and R. on the other—thus we started on the track of the wounded tiger. It soon became apparent to us all that the elephant was well aware of the enemy's presence. The mahout appeared afraid, and M. told him to attend to his business. We came to a nullah, into which the elephant appeared disinclined to go, the mahout left him alone, and he walked round a short distance and came to a little ravine about three feet deep, and shaded by long grass; here he stood—trumpetted, and beat his trunk on the ground all to no purpose, then he began to stamp with his feet till the earth shook again, at last he kicked up pieces of mud with his forefoot, took them up in his trunk, and threw them in upon the tiger. This, after two or three throws, caused the tiger to move a little, when we were able to discern his whereabouts. I then gave M. (nearest whom the tiger was) a piece of forked wood which we had been using to push the branches of the trees out of our way, this, M. threw in upon the tiger, when he immediately charged at the elephant's ear, and in his spring received a ball from M.'s rifle, which killed him dead. The mahout I have said was timid, he now misbehaved himself by turning the elephant from the tiger at the moment of the charge: for this conduct he got no "bucksheesh," and consequently became more and more sulky and stupid. Returned to camp after dusk with our two tigers.

The ladies are delighted with Molar Bux, who gets from their hands, more bread, plantains, biscuits, and sugar than ever. He almost refuses to take these things in his proboscis, but presses that the *bonnebouche* should be placed in his huge mouth, by their fair hands, and they condescend to comply with his wishes.

Molar Bux appears very gentle, and trustworthy with Europeans generally, and particularly so with the ladies: but he has a marked dislike to his "charcutter;" and, on one occasion I saw him attempt to catch hold of a man who was walking along the road near him. With these exceptions he is, I think, very docile. When we are riding on his back, if either of us address him by name, and stretch out our hands, he immediately puts up his trunk to be caressed, and returns our good will with a grateful and expressive grunt.

January 16, 1851.—Marched to-day to Beacompore, where our principal enjoyment was eating sombhur soup made from the feet and head of the sombhur deer: this must be eaten in the jungles to be appreciated; not only that the deer may be fresh, but that you may get that keenness of appetite, which is only to be got on an expedition like our present. The effect too of this soup is most invigorating. But killing deer is rather slow work after the excitement of a tiger hunt.

January 17, 1851.—Marched to-day to Dinaree. We are now on the table land on the Khymoor range of hills, in the south part of the Mirzapore district, on the left bank of the beautiful River Soane. Got some deer again to-day.

January 18, 1851.—Marched to-day to Sitaree, in the direction of the stream of the Soane, and parallel to it. Scenery very grand, and beautiful in the extreme. Found here some ground fit for riding on, and had a gallop accordingly. When we wanted the horses and elephants to-day, the mahout delayed a long time getting ready Molar Bux, in consequence of which the mahout was punished with a few stripes of a riding whip, and this has made the fellow more surly and ill-tempered than he has been hitherto.

January 19, 1851, Sunday.—A halt. Went to-day towards the river, to see the difficulties of "Urgoor Ghat," and found it "Urgoor" par excellence. If you want a description of this most beautiful scenery you must refer to the "Rambles in the Mirzapore district." M. and T., with Mrs. M. and T. rode on Molar Bux; but R. preferred going on horse back. The elephant appears sulky, sometimes walking fast, sometimes very slowly, the mahout is beating him very roughly, and the ladies are complaining of the man's cruelty. On our way back from the Ghat, R. overtook us, and rode slowly a short distance by the side of the elephant; afterwards R. began to gallop, when the elephant set off at a round trot, with a speed that R. could not beat, and

though we all thought it pleasant enough at first, yet, after a short time, prudence bid us check the mad career of *Molar Bux*, which feat could only be accomplished through the agency of the cruel mahout, who much to the dissatisfaction of the ladies, beat, and belabored the poor animal very severely, till at length he succeeded in stopping him, after which he walked quietly enough into camp, where he was petted, and caressed by the ladies as an injured individual; even R. must needs embrace his trunk, and the ladies and children were untiring in putting biscuits, &c., into his mouth.

On our reaching camp, I observed to M., that *Molar Bux* had a very elephantine odour about him, and suggested the propriety of his being washed. M. gave the order, and in the afternoon he was bathed in a branch of the Kurumnassa River, and afterwards picketed on the other side, away from our tents: why, I know not.

January 20th, 1851.—Last night, about 2 o'clock, whilst fast asleep, I was disturbed by an unpleasant whispering outside the tent: I heard enough to become aware that something was wrong. I got up hastily, and went outside, and whilst asking what was amiss, was interrupted by a shout, from the other part of the camp, informing us that "Mahout bhi murgaya." I soon learnt that Molar Bux (perhaps in revenge for having been bathed in that most unholy stream,) had become "must," had got loose, had killed his charcutter and his mahout; and was now in the village, taking off the roofs of the houses, and doing all possible mischief. I was the first out, M. was out a few seconds after, and all our energies were now employed to take care of the ladies, children, and ayahs. There were some trees near our tents, one a bur tree, into this we very speedily got some charpoys, and bound them there firmly with ropes taken from the camel baggage. The ladies, children, &c., were very soon in these elevated positions, and, but for the dreadful terror that pervaded our camp, might have slept there soundly enough wrapped in their warm "resais" and cloaks, spite of the cold piercing wind that blew in fitful gusts. The morning moon was waning, and its faint light was scarcely discernable: the heavens were overspread with clouds, and our, hitherto, bright and joyous scenery was now dreary, and cheerless in the extreme.

What is to be done? here is Death in our camp, riding about on a mad elephant, destroying all within his reach.

We each get our rifles, and ammunition ready; and M. gets into the tree with the ladies and children; whilst R. and I get into another tree close by. All the servants are either in trees, or are at the foot of a tree, ready to ascend on the first approach of the enemy.

The other elephants have been taken into the jungle, to avoid Molar Bux, who is amusing himself in the village, looting all the rice he can lay his trunk upon: and after killing a dog, and wounding several villagers, he has gone into a wheat field, where we will leave him a little while.

Day-light is dawning; what is to be done?—some of us say, stay where we are and let the elephant come, which he will do when he sees us, we think; and we can shoot him from the trees. At last it is decided we will steal a march upon him; consequently the elephants are sent for, and we start, soon after day light, for Manchee 10 miles distant. Mrs. M. with two children in the tonjon and M. on horse back with her, Mrs. T. in a palkee with four children, and I on horse-back with her, and Ayahs on the Elephants, thus we move onwards on our route.

Terror keeps the bearers moving well for the first two miles, but the palkee with five inmates, being heavier than* the tonjon with three, the former soon dropped far into the rear; and my anxiety became very great, but was soon relieved by good natured M. having come back to see how he could assist us. After this M. and I, with Mrs. T. and some of the children, got on an elephant, and the other children went on another elephant with the ayahs; Mrs. M. being far in our front, and getting on very well in the tonjon.—(Moral! do not have too many children! !)—The road is at this time most difficult, and the elephants are descending a steep side of a mountain with the greatest caution, and slowness, though pushed on by the mahouts. At length we reach our new encampment, where we find R. and Mrs. M. have arrived before us, all well.—M. feels unwell, and we are all tired.—M. and I have seated ourselves near the guard, on some boxes, and are congratulating each other on having so easily got rid of our enemy.

We left Molar Bux in the village of Sitaree: after our departure he came again to the charcutter, and though the body had been covered over by a charpoy, yet he moved this away, and kicked the body most viciously for some time; the body of the mahout was also near, and was uncovered, but the elephant did not touch this again. He now crossed the stream, and came along our

line of march, upsetting the camels, and cooly loads, and everything that came within his reach. Of course our people, on seeing him, fled to the trees to escape, he killed however one poor man, and another, he took up in his trunk, and dashed upon the ground, and as he trotted by, he struck him with the toe of his hind foot and cut the poor fellows leg open from the instep to the knee ; this man died within an hour of the receipt of his injuries.

While we were sitting resting on the boxes, in our new encampment, we were aroused by the sound "Hathee aya hai." All was consternation, and excitement ; there indeed was Molar Bux, coming with a fearful speed down that steep which we had so carefully descended a few minutes before. I got the ladies into the tent, and having run hastily for my guns, mounted a tree close by, whence I hoped to be able to turn the Elephant if he came towards the tent ; but, in the mean time, M. had taken the ladies from the tent, and had got them into a tree, near where R. was—this tree was easy of ascent, but the ladies could not get very high in it. All this was the work of a very few minutes, and the elephant was now close on our tents, M. (the sportsman of our party, and one of the best sportsmen in the neighbourhood,) now rushed madly out to meet the Elephant, and when he got within 50 yards, M. prepared to receive him ; and soon after fired his first bafrel, and struck the Elephant in the centre of the forehead, this made him stop, when he quickly received M.'s second ball, which turned him away from the camp towards the hill again. He called for his horse. Let me here stop to admire the daring courage of M., not to describe it—for my words could assuredly fail to do that. He had before shot at wild Elephants, and was aware that ball did not always stop or turn them, yet on this occasion he went boldly out, on foot, with no trees near, to meet a *mad* elephant ; unacquainted with the effect that a ball would have on him, but well aware that the chances of a leaden bullet penetrating the skull were very few indeed ; however, on he went, and, at a distance of from 30 to 50 yards, with his good and trusty "Moore" in his hand, he stood with most daring and manly courage, and defended our camp, and helpless camp followers from the fearful ravages of this "must" and enraged elephant. M. mounted his horse, and ascended the hill, in full chase after the common enemy. R. also mounted his horse and went after M. and I, whilst following M.'s course, heard two of his shots on the top of the hill, and turned my horse towards the place, whence the

sound had come. I reached the foot of the hill, but quickly turned and galloped back to the plain below, for immediately above me came the elephant, with fearful strides, down the dreadfully precipitous hill, the blocks of stone rolled before his feet with crashing noise, and the beast seemed as though he was coming headlong down the steep. *I had no time to dismount and fire, had I done so the Elephant would certainly have been upon me.

Molar Bux had now done to M. just what Shere Sing did to Lord Gough, namely he had got between him and the capital, but most fortunately instead of coming towards our tents this time, and experiencing my bad shooting in place of the steady aim of M. which no doubt the beast remembered, he turned towards the spot where the other elephants were picketed, and thus became separated from our tents by a little rivulet with steep banks on either side. After having upset one of the elephants he came towards our tents till he reached the river bank, from which he turned, and again ascended the hill. I must now say something of Nutcheyd, he had followed M. on foot as fast as he could, and hitherto, had been able to do nothing. I mentioned M. was unwell, he now returned to camp tired, but Nutcheyd, together with another shikaree, continued to follow the Elephant, and what I am now about to relate was told of him by the other shikaree. •

Nutcheyd got close to Molar Bux who came rushing at him, and was met by a rifle ball, which inflicted a flesh wound, that made him more savage than ever. Quickening his speed and roaring with pain, he came at Nutcheyd, who in the mean time had taken a spear from the other shikaree's hand, had deliberately planted it in the ground, and using this as a rest for his rifle, steadily waited till the Elephant had come within a few yards of him, when he fired, struck the beast on the forehead, and succeeded in turning him once more. ○

Up to this time, the elephant had killed, and mortally wounded some 6 or 8 people. \$

Our attention is now directed to arrangements for protecting the ladies, and children, in case of the enemy again invading our camp. All our shooting muchans are of course in requisition, and these are bound firmly in the trees, under which our tents are pitched, and a ladder of bamboo has speedily been made, by which the ladies can easily go up into the muchans. During the rest of this day we were distressed by the reports, that were hourly reaching us, of

the dreadful ravages of this vicious elephant, who is wandering about the jungles, making circuits of most wonderful extent, and it would be difficult to believe the vast distances travelled by this animal had we not evidence of his vicious acts in places of immense distances from each other, very short intervals of time having elapsed between each act. At length, an evening march is decided on, and about 3½ P. M., we started for Whynee, 7 miles distant. When our march was nearly finished, and our luggage close up to camp, we heard the terrific cry of "Hathee aya hai," and on turning round we saw Molar Bux on the left flank of our line of baggage, and just out of the tree jungle, walking leisurely along towards the Camels. M. was foremost again after him, but the Elephant, no doubt, remembered his morning dose, and on seeing M.'s horse, he speedily retreated into the thick jungle and M. could not get a shot at him. Our encampment was in a tope of trees, on the north side of a tank, and on the west side of the village, round this tank we had some fires lighted, and choukeedars placed to give us timely notice of Molar Bux coming for his evening meal. Of course "Hatheeaya hai" was the watchword for the night. Just before dinner time one choukeedar came in to say "Hathi aya hai," but as the Elephant did not make his appearance within due time, the man was of course disbelieved and sent back to his post. Our advance tents had started for Punnoogunge, where we intend to march to-morrow morning, and the loaded Camels went out at the south west corner of our encampment, close to the corner of the tank.

I was at this corner of our ground near my tent, preparing to go to the dinner table, when my old bearer exclaimed "Sahib there is the Elephant." Where? I said, but he only replied "there" without pointing in any direction: my gun was near me, and I might have shot at him had I seen him, but the evening was so dark, you could scarcely see five feet before you. The old bearer shouted and so did others, and as the Elephant did not make good his appearance, the old man was disbelieved by all, but me. I had had seven years experience of this old boy, and I thought I knew him pretty well, therefore I insisted that what he said was true, so we took torches and examined the ground, and true enough, within ten yards of my tent, we found the foot prints of the beast, and discovered that he had gone on the track of our advance camels. Of course the servants with the advance tents were equally afraid with the others of the approach of the elephant, and therefore they took the precaution of

warning all the villages to try to turn him. It so happened that their road lay west for some miles, then suddenly turned to the south,—at this corner there was a large village. The villagers having espied his approach by the aid of the Moon which was now rising, they set up a shout, and the elephant pursued a straight course, and thus lost the track of our camels.

January 21st, 1851.—Marched to-day to Punnoogunge, 10 miles, in terror all the way, lest Molar Bux should come down upon us. Sad reports still reaching us of his destructive career. Last night we hear he went straight away west, and came into the encampment of Padrè R. and B. The Padrè had received news of the fact of Molar Bux being loose, and therefore had ordered his elephant to be led out against him if he came. B. describes his trot into Camp as being like a charge of Cavalry; he walked under a "Shouldaree" taking out the pegs, and whilst the inmates scuttled out under the sides he amused himself by stealing their rice, sugar, &c. &c.; having disentangled himself from the tent, he went to a bridge in the neighbourhood on which he stood great part of the day; after this the Padrè lost sight of him.

January 22nd, 1851.—Molar Bux, having gone north, reached Major S.'s camp to-day, whilst the Major and all his friends were in the jungle shooting; he overtook a cooly carrying a load, which the man speedily dropped, and betook himself to a tree—the elephant unpacked this load, and was disgusted to find only tiger skins, and tiger's skulls, which he tossed about in contempt.

January 23rd, 1851.—The Rajah of Benares, having heard of Molar Bux's state, has come out from Ramnuggur, with horsemen and spearmen for the purpose of capturing Molar Bux. The Rajah arrived yesterday at Sidhee, where he encamped in a large tope of trees; he came out, I have said, to search for the elephant, but the elephant saved him further trouble, by charging into his camp last night; he was however kept somewhat at bay by the numerous matchlocks of the Rajah's followers, but he continued about the camp till the morning, when the Rajah decided on making a forced march on Nowgurrh, where was a house of his, with an enclosed garden round it. During the march the elephant came charging upon the Rajah's train, and succeeded in detaching three other elephants, all of which are now running wild about the villages; and the poor villagers are in great terror, as they are quite unable to

know which is the must elephant, and which are the tame ones. The Rajah got to-day by dint of fierce galloping on horseback, safe in his enclosure, at Nowgurh, leaving us to our fate and to the tender mercies of Molar Bux.

* * * *

January 30th.—Molar Bux walked into his stables, at Ramnuggur, on the 27th instant, where the Rajah's men quickly secured him. His wounds are very bad indeed; and one of M.'s big rifle balls has ulcerated out, and the Rajah has sent the ball (flattened like a rupee) to M. with his compliments. On his way towards Ramnuggur, the Elephant passed through Suckroot, where he entered the Serai by kicking down a part of the wall: here he killed a bullock and injured several people, and passed out by kicking down another portion of the wall. Near this also he met a Ranee, with her train, going on a pilgrimage to Benares. The Ranee was encamped, and had high purdahs spread all around her tents;—through these the Elephant broke, and astonished the innates by his rude intrusion; on his approach the train absconded, but the poor Ranee attempting to get behind her palkee, was caught by the elephant and killed, after which feat he amused himself by eating all the Ranee's sweetmeats, of which she had a large store laid in for her grand poojah at Benares. Some time after this a Brahmin servant of the Ranee came near to learn his Mistress's fate, when Molar Bux, from a little distance, rushed upon him, and killed him too. This man's dead body was lying by the road side to-day when I rode in towards Chunar from the Soane. Altogether about 20 people have been killed and wounded, by this animal, in consequence of the negligence or malevolence of the mahout, who would not take the advice of the other mahouts to secure properly this animal, which was pronounced by all the elephant servants to be in the commencement of that state called "must;" however, poor fellow, he paid for it dearly enough by the loss of his own life.

P. S. Molar Bux has recovered from his wounds, and is in as good condition as before;—but I have not heard whether or not he is afraid of guns, or if he has become less staunch in the presence of a tiger. During the time Molar Bux was loose, he must have travelled over many hundreds of miles of ground;—as for the first few days and nights of his tour, he appears never to have ceased from the trot in which he first started.

AMERICAN NOVELISTS.

America is beginning to devote her energies to literature with the same ardour with which she has hitherto hunted after dollars, and annexed the territories of her neighbours. The number of her sons who have discovered that it is a pleasant and not a very difficult task to wield a pen seems to become every day larger. Wealth, and the hours of leisure and refinement which wealth can purchase are beginning to tell. The nation has attained a position which enables it to look about it and survey in security the more spiritual treasures of literature which were too subtle for the grasp of men who had to conquer stern realities, and to unfold the material riches of a continent before they could fold their hands and hear pleasant tales. But now the Stars and Stripes float very undoubtingly on the breeze, float perhaps a little too strongly for the comfort of Cuba, or the well-being of Mexico. The first week of hard labour may be said to be over. A day of rest has come. And with clean skin and well ordered garments, the Yankee finds an hour to take his book from a corner, or if he fears that the books of his neighbours are too few, to spin off a few light pages for their instruction or amusement.

And as boys when they have a holiday love to make it a real holiday, and seek to have everything in keeping with the day, it is to novels, romances, tales, poems, to the lightest and gayest walks of literature, that America is now turning especial attention. Every month sees one or two new works of fiction borne from the fertile shores of the western Atlantic. Every packet brings us another "world-wide heart-uttering" and some new masterpiece of fancy and imagination. As might be expected the mixture is a very heterogeneous one. These offerings of our far-away brothers are of all qualities: some, like *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, powerful, original, racy of the soil; and some, it must be confessed, of an inferior stamp, shewing that twaddle can flourish pretty vigorously on both sides of the great waters.

Many subjects are now-a-days made the ground work of novels which a hundred years ago would, if touched on at all, have been expanded into a bulky quarto, couched in

theological language, and dedicated to a bishop. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* We fix our attention for a few moments upon some of the deepest questions which agitate the minds of men—the power of the Church for instance, or the tendency of Pantheism or the political signs of the times. We then select an imaginary personage who may be conceived a proper vehicle to convey our own ideas and opinions. We add a due allowance of love making, and a comico-serious character who may contribute what is vulgarly called “the chaff” requisite to make the compound lively, and then all that is wanting is a plot, though we seem to have almost got rid of our old notion that stories should have some kind of thread on which the different incidents are strung. But a plot is such an easy matter that the tastes of those who prefer to have one had better be consulted. If we start with four lovers, make the wrong ones admire each other, then putting the healing juice on their eyes, let their loves flow in the proper channel, kill two, and marry two, we cannot go far wrong.

Whenever the tide of literature happens to set strongly in any one direction, we shall of course find the shore which it washes strewn with a great many ugly weeds and idle wrecks—and as fictions now abound, we cannot wonder that even many novels, that attain a certain temporary celebrity, are no better than might be expected from the adoption of the recipe we have just given. And America certainly seems to be rather easily satisfied. Some of the works of fiction which have been lately consigned to us as true diamonds, are marvellously like paste. A reputation seems to come rather lightly to some of their stars. In England, for instance, we hardly think Mr. N. B. Willis would be thought worth very rich setting. But we do not wish to wander into invidious remarks. There are many American novels which at least deserve criticism, and as even in the worst there is something which distinguishes them from the writings of Englishmen, they have an air of novelty which domestic works of equal pretensions cannot boast. We propose to notice successively three or four of those which have recently found some favour in the eyes of the English public, reserving to the end of our article a few observations on the great work which has painted in undying colours the lot of the Southern Slave.

We will begin with “*The Blithedale Romance*,” by Nathaniel Hawthorne. The author does not profess to copy very accurately the lineaments of real life. He groups to-

gether certain very shadowy personages, and allows his fancy full rein as he submits them to a series of fantastic events. The ground work of the story is the occupation of a place called "Brook Farm" by a company of enthusiasts and socialists. This was an event which a few years ago really occurred. Blithedale is substituted as the name of the spot which witnesses the scene of the attempt at pastoral Communism—and though the idea is retained in its outline, there is so little substantial and intelligible in the allusions to Socialist life, that it is easy to see that Socialism is but intended here, as sometimes elsewhere, to serve a purpose—its purpose here is to give a sphere, in which the ghost of a plot—for we cannot call it more—may be elaborated. Miles Coverdale is a young gentleman, devoted to light literature and cigars, who disgusted with the purposeless inanity of his days, determines to abandon his literary laurels, to give up his comfortable chambers, and throwing aside ennui, silk dressing gowns and Havannahs, surrender himself to the imperious call of mother nature, and obey her stern commands in the culture of the soil and the labours of agricultural life. It is he who represents the author. He is the chorus of the play—sees through everybody, is liked by every one, but not too much by any—comprehends all kinds of hidden feelings—can shape into language unuttered thoughts, and above all scent a moral where many a good dog would be at fault to find one. He is a dreamy, easy, flexible creature; as vain of having brown hands in a corn-field as he had been of boasting white ones in a ball-room—one in short of a kind that spring up very plentifully in the educated classes of modern cities. One bitter day in early spring he sets off with a small band of companions to the rendezvous at Blithedale. He arrives at the farm in which resides Silas Foster, the bailiff or superintendent of the young colony. Higher beings however adorn the humble roof. "Our greetings," he says—(for Miles Coverdale tells the whole story as a part of his personal recollections) "our greetings were scarcely concluded when the door opened and Zenobia entered the parlour." But we must give the manner of her entrance in the words of the author—"Zenobia bade us welcome in a fine, frank, mellow voice, and gave each of us her hand, which was very soft and warm. She had something appropriate, I recollect, to say to every individual: and what she said to myself was this—I have long wished to know Mr. Coverdale, and to thank you for your beautiful poetry, some of which I have learned by-heart: or,

rather, it has stolen into my memory, without my exercising any thought or volition about the matter. Is it irksome to you to hear your own verses sung? Of all things, answered I, that is what would delight me most." A poet and a man must have indeed been strong hearted if he had not melted at such an appeal as this. And Zenobia is described in colours which discharge the debt of gratitude. She is a woman of a queenly presence, majestic form, and features, alive to the deepest impulses of passion—but schooled in all the knowledge of an inhabitant of great cities. It is a character we hardly ever see in English works of fiction, never in English life. We have indeed our mode of displaying a kindred character—but the unfettered license in the action, the free words and thoughts, at the same time the absence of anything exactly wrong, the love for poetry, the culture of the imagination, and the utter want of any fixed principle, mark the heroine of German or French or American, and not of English romance. Taken however on her own ground, and looked at through glasses that cover rather than disclose defects, we can easily endure this "femme incomprise," and before we lay aside the book, come to regard Zenobia with something of affection. The star of Miles Coverdale pales before the evening is over at the approach of the hero of the drama—if hero is a term applicable to one in the investing of whom with individuality and life but little pains has been taken. Hollingsworth is a self educated blacksmith, of supernatural gifts, a man of rough energy—a Jupiter Tonans in private life, who moves like a god among the fair sex, subduing their hearts, and overcoming the opposition of all by the strength of an iron will, and a stubborn selfishness. He is moreover a man of one idea. His mind is full of an insane project of building a vast college in which to educate men who will devote their lives to the reformation of criminals. He arrives as the night is getting late, and brings with him a shy, trembling, pale, nervous girl named Priscilla. Moved by the instinct of a coming danger, Zenobia gives but a cold reception to the stranger, but Hollingsworth taunts and half forces her into a more melting mood, and Priscilla becomes established as a member of the community. The queen and the slave are destined to be rivals, and the palm remains with the weaker combatant. Priscilla, who falls helplessly at the feet of Zenobia longing for her love, imploring her indulgence, snatches away from her haughty protectress the love of Hollingsworth, who kindles in both the flame of an

ardent passion. Zenobia offers him a share of a throne. Priscilla idolizes him. The elm loves to have the vine curling round it, and it is the idolatry of Priscilla which finds its way to the heart of the philosophical son of Vulcan, and not the more self respecting admiration of Zenobia. This drama of passion most feebly and incoherently wrought out constitutes the whole interest of the book. Zenobia is haunted by an evil spirit in the shape of a handsome sneering cold-blooded man named Westerwelt, with whom it is hinted she has some years before formed a tie, whether of a secret marriage or not, which has placed him in his power. But Westerwelt appears as a "*diabolus ex machinâ*" to very little purpose. Except that a certain amount of paper is taken up with his description he does not aid or retard the story in the least. There is one more character in the book and only one. Old Moodie,—a man of decayed fortune and half foolish mind, who has seen better days and, having attempted to prolong his hold on wealth by crime, has had to flee from detection to obscurity and poverty. In each estate, that of riches and that of want, he has married and in each had a daughter. Zenobia is the child of his prosperity, and Priscilla of his affliction—but the half-sisters do not know the link that unites them. Zenobia is the mistress of a handsome fortune coming to her from one of her father's relations, and Priscilla is the nursling of indigence. Her sensitive and nervous temperament has however enabled her to make something of a livelihood as the subject of mesmeric experiments—and though she longs to be released from her bondage, and flies from the tyranny of the mesmerizer, yet the hold gained on her proves to be a very strong one. It is to avoid being shewn about as "*The Veiled Lady*" that she seeks a refuge in Blithedale. As the plot thickens (to use a conventional phrase, for the plot remains very thin to the last) and as Zenobia perceives her rival's success she stoops to conquer, stooping even low enough to give up the miserable Priscilla to Westerwelt, who turns out to be the mesmerizer and master under whom she had suffered; she again becomes the Veiled Lady—but fortunately at one of her exhibitions Hollingsworth is present. Love triumphs over Mesmerism. Priscilla leaps with a cry from the platform, and hurries like a wounded dove to his breast for shelter. The four chief characters of the play repair once more to Blithedale, which they had quitted for a time. There in a quiet grassy nook is held a kind of Judgment of Paris. The Junonian Zenobia asks her Paris

whether he really prefers herself or the mortal Helen whom his eyes look on so kindly. He avows the real state of his affections. And the slighted Zenobia is left to the bitter reflections which her neglected passion awakes. The conclusion is one so far beyond and out of all probability, so needlessly, unexpectedly, ludicrously shocking, that it defies all criticism. Zenobia goes and drowns herself—hurries off and dies in a ditch like a silly moping country wench. Zenobia, the woman of the world, the literary, high-spirited, high-blooded, magnificent Zenobia, cannot think of anything better to do than to throw herself into a river because a monomaniac blacksmith refuses to accept her devotion—*Quousque, Hawthorne, abutere patientiâ nostrâ?*

Such a plot and such characters might seem to deserve oblivion altogether. But the truth is, the author of these two odd volumes can *write*. He does not give himself much trouble to invent, or to contrive. He knows he has the gift of the pen. Fresh vigorous language, well turned harmonious sentences, fanciful and sometimes affected phraseology—all these he has in abundance. He can make as pretty a page out of nothing as a man can meet with in a circulating Library. He has a good deal of observation, a little quiet humour, and an easy genial spirit. And these are good materials to work with. They always strike on some chord or other in the reader's heart. We wish our space allowed us to give specimens of his composition of a length sufficient to do justice to the author's powers. We can only find room for two short passages selected almost at random. The first gives a sketch of Priscilla, such as she was in the early days of her stay at Blithedale.

"When she had come to be quite at home among us, I used to fancy that Priscilla played more pranks, and perpetrated more mischief than any other girl in the community. For example, I once heard Silas Foster, in a very gruff voice, threatening to rivet three horseshoes round Priscilla's neck and chain her to a post, because she, with some other young people, had clambered upon a load of hay, and caused it to slide off the cart. How she made her peace I never knew, but very soon afterwards I saw old Silas, with his brawny arms round Priscilla's waist, swinging her to and fro and finally depositing her on one of the oxen, to take her first lessons in riding. She met with terrible mishaps in her effort to milk a cow; she let the poultry into the garden: she generally spoilt whatever part of the dinner she took in charge: she broke crockery,—she dropped our biggest

pitcher into the well and except with her needle and those little wooden instruments for purse-making, was as unserviceable a member of society as any young lady in the land. There was no other sort of efficiency about her. Yet everybody was kind to Priscilla, everybody loved her and laughed at her to her face, and did not laugh behind her back ; everybody would have given her half of his last crust, or the bigger share of his plumcake. These were pretty certain indications that we were all conscious of a pleasant weakness in the girl, and considered her not quite able to look after her own interests, or fight her battle with the world. And Hollingsworth—perhaps because he had been the means of introducing Priscilla to her new abode, appeared to consider her his own special charge."

At a subsequent period of the story, Hollingsworth makes one last attempt to enlist Coverdale as a supporter in his wild scheme of philanthropy. The proposal and its rejection are thus described.

" ' Be with me,' said Hollingsworth, ' or be against me ; there is no third choice for you.'

" ' Take this then as my decision,' I answered, ' I doubt the wisdom of your scheme. Furthermore, I greatly fear that the methods by which you allow yourself to pursue it are such as cannot stand the scrutiny of an unbiassed conscience.'

" ' Then you will not join me ?'

" ' No !'

" I never said the word, and certainly can never have it to say hereafter, that caused me a thousandth part so hard an effort as did that one syllable. The heart pang was not merely figurative but an absolute token of the breast. I was gazing steadfastly at Hollingsworth. It seemed to me that it struck him too like a bullet. A ghastly pallor, always so terrific on a swarthy face, overspread his features. There was a convulsive movement of his throat, as if he were forcing down some words that struggled and fought for utterance. Whether words of anger, or words of grief I cannot tell, although many and many a time I have vainly tormented myself with conjecturing which of the two they were. One other appeal to my friendship, such as once already Hollingsworth had made, taking me in the revolution that followed a strenuous exercise of opposing will, would completely have subdued me. But he left the matter there.

" ' Well !' said he.

"And that was well ! I should have been thankful for one word more, even had it shot me through the heart as mine did him. But he did not speak it."

The "Scarlet Letter," by the same Author, is a greatly superior production. It is indeed a tale of striking interest ; the characters are few but well sustained : and the management of the story and the language in which it is told shew thought and skill. The scene is laid in the early days of American history. The stern Puritan Government, the unbending morality, the rigid, cold, unsympathising mode of treating offences which distinguished the settlements of the Pilgrim Fathers are forcibly depicted. Hester Prynne having been hurried and persuaded into a marriage with a man much older than herself, is exposed to the temptations of her husband's prolonged absence. She yields, and a daughter is the fruit of her shame. The public expiation of her sin, the contests which remorse, contention, and indignation at the treatment she receives call forth in her breast, and the mystery hanging over the partner in her guilt form the chief materials out of which the tale is woven. In the first chapter Hester is introduced exposed to public gaze, placed on a scaffold with her baby in her arms, and a great scarlet A worked in bold relief on her dress. The Governor, the Magistrates and the Judges, all come to witness the solemn spectacle—and the Ministers of the Gospel are there to turn this cup of suffering into a healing draught. One of these, the Revd. Mr. Dimmesdale, a young preacher of marvellous eloquence and piety, is selected to exhort her and to urge her to disclose who has shared her sin. She refuses, and the Minister turns away exclaiming, "Wondrous strength and generosity of a woman's heart." But the strong and generous heart has been put to a trial which he little suspects. She sees a stranger in the crowd, and knows his face and form only too well. It is the husband she has betrayed. Her feelings are thus described.

"While this passed, Hester Prynne had been standing on her pedestal, still with a fixed gaze toward the stranger : so fixed a gaze, that, at moments of intense absorption, all other objects in the visible world seemed to vanish, leaving only him and her. Such an interview would have been more terrible than even to meet him as she now did, with the hot mid-day sun burning down upon her face, and lighting up its shame ; with the scarlet token of infamy on her breast, with the sin-born infant in her arms ; with a whole people, drawn forth as to a festival, staring at the features that

should have been seen only in the quiet gleam of the fire-side in the happy shadow of a home, or beneath a matronly veil at church. Dreadful as it was, she was conscious of a shelter in the presence of those thousand witnesses. It was better to stand thus with so many betwixt him and her, than to greet him face to face—they two alone. She fled for refuge, as it were, to public exposure, and dreaded the moment when it should be withdrawn from her."

An interview could not under the circumstances be very agreeable, and her husband contrived to make it as disagreeable as possible. He did not spare the fallen. He determines however on a subtle and sure vengeance, and will only strike at Hester through her lover. She refuses to disclose the name of the man she has preferred to happiness and innocence. Her husband does not press her, trusting to his own secret instinct of aversion to detect his enemy—but he makes her swear that she will not disclose to any one that he himself is her husband. After Hester has undergone all that the stern law of the Puritans required, she moves to a cottage outside the town and supports herself and her infant by needle work. Years slip away, and the infant becomes a girl. Pearl, for such is her fantastic name, is perhaps the happiest and most original creation in the book. She is a lovely, wayward flighty child—born under the malignant eye of sin, and with something unearthly in her temperament and tastes. She is like a little fairy of the bad sort. Living alone with her mother, on whose breast the scarlet letter still stays to mark her indelible guilt, she imbibes a feeling of aversion and distrust towards men, and a delight in mischief and at the same time an acute apprehension of all that is marvellous and mysterious, which is contrasted and combined very happily with the natural gaiety and affection of a child. A character like this is only unfolded in the course of many incidents, and under the hues of varying circumstances, but perhaps one short extract may give some notion of the mode in which little things are made to shew what such a child in such a home would be.

"In the afternoon of a certain summer's day, after Pearl grew big enough to run about, she amused herself with gathering handfuls of wild flowers, and flinging them, one by one, at her mother's bosom; dancing up and down, like a little elf whenever she hit the scarlet letter. Hester's first motion had been to cover her bosom with her clasped hands. But, whether from pride or resignation, or a feeling that her penance might best be wrought out by this unutterable

pain, she resisted the impulse and sat erect, pale as death, looking sadly into little Pearl's wild eyes. Still came the battery of flowers, almost invariably hitting the mark, and covering the mother's breast with hurts for which she could find no balm in this world, nor knew how to seek it in another. At last, her shot being all exploded, the child stood still and gazed at Hester with that little, laughing image of a fiend peeping out—or whether it peeped or no, her mother so imagined it—from the unsearchable abyss of her black eyes.

Doubts begin to creep over the minds of the Puritan Governors, whether it is justifiable in them to permit so sin-defiled a woman as Hester to have charge of an immortal soul. Hester breaks in upon their conference and pleads for the sacred rights of a mother with an irresistible power. She stands in presence of two men who might make her tongue falter if any could. Her husband is there under the name of Roger Chillingworth, having by this time established himself in high repute as a physician. And there too is the Revd. Mr. Dimmesdale, the admiration of all heaven, the theme of every speaker, the example, the guide, the idol of his flock, and the unknown lover of the unfortunate Hester. His eloquence is exerted triumphantly in the cause of the mother, but the energy with which he speaks and the tone he assumes seem to give Roger Chillingworth some faint idea that here at last he has found the man he has been seeking. Distress and remorse of mind have long been undermining the minister's health. He has recourse to the professional aid of the physician. Some of his friends persuade him into an arrangement, which Chillingworth secretly contrives, by which the minister is to make the house of his physician his permanent home. Then begins the torture which the devilish malignity of Chillingworth prepares for his victim. He takes care to ward off death, which would set the captive free. He makes the limbs stronger and the frame more vigorous, but he strings every nerve to its utmost tension; he never allows him one moment of calm repose, never lets his mind free itself from the thoughts that are burning it, or his memory throw a veil over the past which stands between him and Heaven. At last his mind is so worked on, that he strives to gain peace by an expiation which shall in some degree place him on a level with the poor woman who bears the letter of shame. He too will ascend that scaffold and wait while the long hours rack him as they pass. But the night must shroud

his penance. The scene in which this strange resolve is put into execution is powerfully and skilfully written. We see before our eyes the horrors of the night and the solemn, yet half judicious humiliation of this expiation partly earnest, partly counterfeit. For though the minister mourns his sin, he cannot bear that the world should point its finger at him. The scene is made, perhaps more impressive, perhaps only more theatrical, by Hester and Pearl being brought as by accident to the same place, and ascending the scaffold with him. One issue of the strange meeting is, however, that Hester sees that the life of the man she still loves more than all the world is at stake, and she determines that the sufferings he endures from her husband shall be protracted no longer. She sees Chillingworth, and tells him that she can keep his secret no longer, accordingly she reveals to the minister who it is that is tormenting him body and soul. The scene in which the disclosure is made is the best in the book. Dimmesdale has been to visit a missionary among the Indians, and is returning through a forest on the border of the town. There by the side of a brook Hester takes her station, while Pearl plays among the trees and flowers. The minister comes. His parishioner breaks the silence which has divided them so many years. At first their lips can hardly give utterance to their thoughts, gradually the ice melts, but as it melts the heart melts too; old buried love starts into new life, the vows of purity, the contrition, the sorrow, the agony of their soul is forgotten, and they are hurried away in the whirl of passion. They determine to fly to Europe, a vessel is, they know, to sail in a few days, and then they will bid farewell to the iron bonds in which they have been so long confined. Hester throws away the scarlet letter in triumph, but at parting recollects that she has to face her neighbours again, and must not be seen without the badge of her shame. "There was a sense of inevitable doom upon her, as she thus received back this deadly symbol from the hand of fate." Her husband guesses their plan, takes a berth in the same ship, and contrives to let them know this just as they imagine they are on the eve of freedom. The last act of Dimmesdale, as a Puritan minister, was to have been the preaching a sermon on a day of General Thanksgiving. His excitement of mind, his raised hopes, his fluttering spirits, all combine to lend him a brilliancy he never attained before. He preaches, and the multitudes are carried away as one man by the mighty impulse of his magical eloquence. He is attended from the Church

by a post of admirers. When he arrives at the place where the scaffold of Penance still stands, he stops, beckons Hester and Pearl to him, and with them ascends the steps. He discloses his whole secret to the throng, he bares his breast, and shews that he too has borne a scarlet letter printed like a flame upon his breast. He tells how he has wronged Hester, and how he has himself suffered—and then, bidding farewell to Hester and the little girl, and thanking God for the strength lent him to face the eye of scorn and to bear the burden reserved for him he expires. Hester goes with her child to Europe, and after the lapse of some years, returns to end her days in her old cottage. Chillingworth, finding the occupation of his life gone, soon sinks away and dies within the year. Thus ends a story possessed of great fascination, well conceived in plot, and cleverly though rather affectedly carried into execution. The author has shewn in “the Scarlet Letter” what he can do with pains, and in “the Blithedale Romance” what he can do without pains. In both he trusts to the effect which a very limited number of characters, painted in bold colours, and marked with decisive outlines can produce. But the skilful hand has failed him in the more recent of the two works. This mode of writing romances has not gained any hold upon English taste. It aims at what Englishmen care but little for, artistic excelling. The historical truth and great local fidelity which appear throughout “the Scarlet Letter” prevent the general features of the story as a work of art being easily traced. But we think that it is moulded in some measure after the fashion of the same school whose lessons are so very visible in “the Blithedale Romance.” As the adoption of this teaching is at present more American than English, and as to its door are to be laid the defects and some of the merits of this Romance, we may venture perhaps to say a few words on this system of constructing works of fiction.

Germany has furnished the models which labourers in the same path turn to as the standard of excellence. Eminently above all, Goëthe thus wrote, and thus charmed mankind. In the Travels of Wilhelm Meister, and in the Elective Affinities, character is everything, probability nothing. Provided that a certain conception of men and things is conveyed to the mind of the reader, nothing else is cared for. Connecting circumstances, the exigencies of real life, the claims of society, of the family, of friends are never thought of. As long as the tops of the trees are brought into light,

the darkest mist is suffered to enwrap their lower foliage. In the midst of the unreality which thence ensues, it is the aim of the novelist to give artistic reality, and it is plain, that if the power be not wanting in the writer, disjointed, unlife-like combinations of men and incidents can please. Wilhelm Meister travels in Germany and among Germans, and yet neither local nor national peculiarities are made to stamp the scenes he writes with a likeness to real life. We do not feel when in his company at all more in the world of every day existence than when we hear of Ulysses sailing to the land of the shades. And yet we seem to know Wilhelm Meister at the end of his wandering as if he had been an old friend, and feel as glad that he should have secured the fair Amazon as we ever were that Ivanhoe should settle down with his uninteresting Sakon beauty. The truth is that Wilhelm has set us thinking. He has summoned before us certain phases of life, and shewn one way of passing through them. And we do not need anything more, provided only the manner of writing be equal to the matter, which in Goëthe's works it is scarcely necessary to say is always the case. But this mode of constructing fictions has two dangers awaiting the workman that is not quite master of his trade. He may make his characters mere vehicles for pouring out his own notions, and then he is sure to get insufferably didactic and tedious, or he may have nothing really behind them, and then they are but puppets set up for no purpose except to give an opportunity for a certain amount of pretty writing. The difference between "Wilhelm Meister" and "the Blithedale Romance" is that Goëthe had something to say, and Nathaniel Hawthorne had not. It was therefore a great risk in the latter constructing his little show after the pattern of the big one. In fact, it is only in first-rate hands that this style of writing can be successful. It is a sphere in which neither "the gods nor the booksellers" ever allow of moderate success.

A very different kind of novel, wholly free from any forced attempt at being a work of art, has in late years become very popular in England, and if we may judge from one or two specimens, in America also. We generally owe works of this class to the fair sex. Mrs. Marsh, the authoress of *Emilia Wyndham*, has given us numberless specimens. Indeed, it is not a very difficult web to spin, and perhaps ladies who like a bank note or a few bright dollars at the end of their labours may have discovered this. We speak of fictions in which common religious truths are woven in a

grandiloquent mysterious way across the thread of a love-story. They are quite distinct from the theological effusions which have so often been dressed up with the seasoning of a little romantic interest to make them go down. In the stories to which we refer a kind of incidental pathos and undercurrent of interest is sought to be awakened by the reference to religious principles and the half quotation of texts and passages from Scripture. Once in a way this may be all very well, and even when there is rather too much of it we have no doubt that the fair writers are sincerely anxious to do good by what they write, and we think that in some cases good may actually be done. But our business as critics is to investigate not the amount of profit which individuals may possibly derive from the perusal of such works, but the propriety of introducing these appeals to religious feelings into works of fiction. It seems to us that the verdict of a critic must be decidedly against the practice. The attempt is not to charm us by any display of the genius of the writer, not to win our admiration by any ingenuity, acuteness, or elegance in the composition, but simply to divert us from attending to what is the creation of the author by putting before us something which is not, but which we know we ought to like, and which our associations and our sympathies make pleasant to us. There is a sort of trickery in the device. We feel that we are not in the hands of a person who has really got something new and fresh to tell us. There is a villainous smell of bookmaking about the passages, and the perfume of the possible good will not carry it off.

The American tale which has furnished us with an occasion for the above remarks is "Queechy," by Elizabeth Wetherell. It contains the history of a little girl who grows to be a great girl, and ultimately meets the usual fate of the heroine of a novel. Queechy is the name of the village in which the little Fleda lives, first with her grandfather and then with her uncle. It is situated in one of the northernmost of the United States, and the volumes contain several very pleasing descriptions of the peculiar scenery which characterizes the district. Many of the characters too are well conceived and painted clearly and forcibly. The worst faults that we can find with the book are that it is spun out to a wearisome length and is decidedly affected. But we hardly think the work is one which will bear a lengthened examination. We have merely mentioned it as affording many illustrations of the kind of writing to which we have made

allusion. We will select one instance. There is a Mr. Carleton, who takes Fleda from America to England. He is an Englishman of large fortune who has carried off everything at his university, has seen all that Europe has to shew, and is almost perfect. His sun has however one very black spot in it, he is an unbeliever. Fleda wins him to the happiness of faith, and the beginning of the change is laid in an incident of their voyage which is thus described :

"It was a most fair evening, near sunset, the sky without a cloud, except two or three little dainty stripes which set off its blue. The ocean was very quiet, only broken in cheerful mites of waves that seemed to have nothing to do but sparkle. The sun's rays were almost level now, and a path of glory across the sea led off towards his sinking disk. Placing himself near Fleda, Mr. Carleton said. 'Elfie, how do you know that there is a God? What reason have you for thinking so out of the Bible.'

"It was a strange look little Fleda gave him. He felt it at the time and he never forgot it. Such a look of reproach, sorrow, and pity, he afterwards thought as an angel's face might have worn. The question did not seem to occupy her for a moment. After this answering look, she suddenly pointed to the sinking sun, and said 'Who made that Mr. Carleton?' Mr. Carleton's eyes, following the direction of hers, met the long bright rays whose still witness-bearing was almost too powerful to be borne. The sun was just dipping majestically into the sea, and its calm self-assertion seemed to him at that instant hardly stronger than its vindication of its Author."

We will not express in words the feelings which this passage provokes. The subjects touched on, are too serious, and perhaps the intention of the writer too excellent, not to throw a restraint on our pen. We only hope that the race of novels in which such passages occur may soon die away.

It is a much pleasanter task to praise than to blame, and therefore before we quit the subject of American Novelists, we will say a few words with respect to a book on which the most lavish praise may be safely expended. Since printing began, no book that ever came from the press has had so large a circulation in the first year of its existence as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Every one knows it, and its many and varied beauties. We need therefore enter into no description of its details. It is the first book of great merit which America has contributed to the literature of the world. It could have been produced no where else. It will stamp for

ever the exact character of a crisis in the national history which is we believe only temporary. It has one fault, which it is best to acknowledge at once, and pass on. The plot is rambling, incoherent, and unconnected. But otherwise there are hardly any merits a novel ought to have which it does not possess. It displays in the most striking manner how nearly deep feeling and genuine humour are akin. And the wonderful variety of the characters is only equalled by the unfailing fidelity with which they are sustained. The religion of *Uncle Tom* is something worth putting on paper. The Christian graces are very proper, though very rare jewels to crown the brow of a hero. There is no book-making, no confused odds or ends of good things are the sayings of *Uncle Tom*. His words flow as freely as the jests of *Falstaff* or the sallies of *Mercutio*. His piety is that of a real human being, not that of a mask through whom the author seeks to make an impression. And *George Harris*, and *Cassie*, and *Haley*, how distinct and life-like they seem as we call them one by one to remembrance. Perhaps, however, if we were to select any character as our especial favorite we should select that of *St. Clair*. His elegant, easy, nonchalant humours, his pungent remarks, and the peeps into an inner heart of great power and feeling which he occasionally permits, combine to make him in our opinion one of the best creations that fiction can boast of. In every way, this book of *Mrs. Stowe's* is a wonderful work, not a little wonderful, if we may venture to say so, because it is by a *Mrs. Stowe*. Never did the cloven foot of female authorship shew itself so slightly. We do not know any work from a woman's pen that is to be compared to it for an instant. America has suddenly shewn us not only the strength of a new world, but the strength of the weaker sex.

LORD HARDINGE'S ADMINISTRATION.

(Continued from page 29.)

To lay down rules, and make regulations for the disposal of petty affairs:—to make small changes and effect partial reforms in political establishments, are useful employments for a great public functionary in times of tranquillity; but when dangers threaten, the ruler of a vast Empire who employs himself in such matters, fritters away his time, distracts his own attention, and wastes the strength which ought to be expended in applying the full force of his talents to the urgent demands of the time. Narrow minds have a nervous anxiety to be doing something, while minds of greater calibre are content to pause till a fitting opportunity occurs—ere a single act is performed, or even a single step definitely taken. Sir Henry Hardinge commenced his career by doing small things, and had not the Sikh invasion intruded on his congenial employments and quiet course, he might have glided on, from his arrival in, to his departure from India, gaining 'credit for small reforms and useful changes—earning the golden opinions of the Ditchers, and meriting a place in the Town Hall gallery of Indian worthies. But the day of great things was dawning, and a mind which could fully comprehend, combine and wield the vast resources of a great empire, was required to meet a contest which might in its issue involve the future stability of our Oriental possessions.

The preservation of peace with the Sikhs for any one month was, in 1844-45, a matter never to be reckoned on with any degree of certainty. A State, without a head, sufficiently powerful to control a large, disciplined, and well equipped army thirsting for plunder, puffed up with an inflated idea of invincibility—and counting on the spoils of British India as a prize which might be won and worn—was a dangerous neighbour, on whose alliance it was folly to reckon even for a limited time. And though the invasion of our territory was not actually anticipated, yet all thinking men saw and felt that with such a power on our frontier, and mixed up as our territories ever were with those over which the Sikh Government claimed a vassalage, an overt act of

hostility which would become a cause of quarrel was an event that could not be very distant. Government saw the necessity of providing for the approaching crisis by strengthening the posts on our frontier. Troops were marched from the sea to the Sutlej—even while hot winds were blowing—yet with such tenacity did the Governor General cling to the little hope of promised peace, that saving the march of Regiments towards the frontier, all the other measures on which the efficiency of an army depends, were either deemed superfluous, or altogether neglected. The Agra, Cawnpore, and Delhi Magazines could have supplied a first class siege train; a few heavy guns at Loodianah and Ferozepore, were all the heavy Artillery on the frontier. No requisition was made on any of the other Magazines for guns or ammunition, nor was there a body of Artillerymen capable of manning such ordnance nearer than Cawnpore, where a large force of that arm was accumulated, though the station is not less than four or five weeks' march from the anticipated scene of action. No arrangements were made for forming an efficient field Commissariat, or the establishment of an organised field Hospital, and up to a late period of the season 1845, the regiments on the frontier were only supplied with the usual proportion of musket ammunition. And when at last, on the repeated suggestions of experienced officers on the spot, an additional supply was provided from the Delhi Magazine, the measure met with the disapprobation of the Governor General, though eventually this necessary precaution enabled our infantry to fight the battles of Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur; and yet in the face of such facts, we have been told over and over again, with all the pertinacity of truth, that Lord Hardinge was fully prepared for the events of 1845-46, that he foresaw and provided for every contingency—and that he was fully ready to meet the Sikh invasion, which neither surprised him nor took him at a disadvantage.

It is easy to collect from all quarters of the compass a body of troops to take the field with little warning, if fully equipped with all the requisites for successful warfare. It is an easy matter to issue orders through the Quarter Master General of the Army for the march of a certain number of Regiments from Barrackpore or Cuttack to Loodianah or Ferozepore. But if these Regiments are expected to take the field at the shortest notice, it is essential to their efficiency for service that the Commissariat should be fully able to provide for the necessities of the Army—both as respects food and carriage; and this can only be done by the forma-

tion of large depots of grain and cattle at central positions. Now without such resources the operations of an Indian Army must be fearfully crippled—its movements retarded, and its whole efficiency grievously impaired. Nor is it of less importance that the Medical Department should be so fully organised, as that in the first hostile movement it should be enabled to act with full effect. Soldiers who feel they are cared for in sickness, or in the event of receiving wounds, fight with greater confidence than if they are led to suppose their comfort at such a time is a secondary object with their Commanders. It is to the honor of Napoleon, that in this point he spared no cost, and he was repaid by the confidence of his troops. And how many a life or limb might have been spared in India had his example been followed in this as is in many other military arrangements! Yet after three hard fought actions, in which the amount of wounded exceeded what had ever been known in any previous action in this country, the Commissariat could hardly supply the healthy with a meal, or the sick with comforts; the Medical Department was wholly unorganised for field service, and the whole force was as little prepared for its position as if a body of Dutchmen had alighted from Balloons to storm Fort William and plunder Calcutta, ere the citizens or garrison had awoke from their slumbers, and were only dreaming of passing a peaceful day. If the Governor General was prepared for hostilities with the Sikhs—of a verity his preparations were not such as a Statesman or a General trained in the school of active warfare, would have deemed of a satisfactory nature—or he must have been strangely deluded as to the character and resources of his opponents. That he did consider hostile operations as highly probable, his published correspondence in the Blue Book sufficiently proves. But statesmen of a certain class too often run risks of a serious nature, to effect small savings, where men of larger views, by a more liberal outlay, save the State from loss both of credit and money, which years of small economy cannot return or repay. The privations suffered by all classes of the force accompanying the Army of the Sutlej in 1845-46, will not soon be forgotten by those who experienced them;—while an increased Pension List attests the impolicy of the thrift, and the sufferings and privations of many a bereaved family bear melancholy testimony to the miserable morality of all such misplaced pinchings.

The whole state of affairs on the breaking out of the war

affords a strong and unanswerable reply to those who try in the face of facts to defend the political sagacity of Lord Hardinge; and long will the Bengal Treasury feel the effects of procrastination in forming extensive grain depots for the supply of the Army then in the field. To Joteepursad and his dependants, such narrow views are blessings for which he may endow temples, plant trees, and dig tanks; but to an over-taxed land, to hard-fighting soldiers, and the host of followers who crowd our camps, the miseries of war are aggravated an hundred fold by such penny wise and pound foolish delays. Rumours of an anticipated campaign spread through the principal grain marts with the rapidity of an electric telegraph, and if an unwise delay takes place in supplying the Government Depots till the Army is about to assemble, prices will rise at least 100 per cent.—whereas if Government has the full knowledge of its own intentions, and its agents will but use the ordinary *prudence* of Merchants when about to speculate in any article on a large scale, the saving to the public will far exceed any risk of loss—by the non-assemblage of an Army;—while if such an event ever take place—the gain is certain, and all from the highest to the lowest share in the benefits of an ample supply of food for man and beast. Sickiness may be averted and the movements of the force materially accelerated by its cattle being in a good condition, which enables them to encounter the fatigue to which they must of necessity be exposed. And who are the gainers by a contrary system? A few pampered Baboos and Commissariat Gomastahs, whose ill-gotten gains do good to no one, and tend but to foster the corruption by which it has been acquired.

As to the want of medical organisation—the early grave, and the maimed body or ruined constitution of many a valuable public servant returns an answer written in characters of blood, or years of suffering. Had arrangements been made for the care of the wounded, and proper officers appointed in the event of a campaign, many of those who received injuries at Moodkee and Ferozeshuhur might have to-day filled our ranks. But petty economy entered the lists with humanity which is ever true policy—for when Lord Hardinge rules such matters, who can doubt how the scale will turn? Yet though the Governor General had overlooked all precautions as to providing aid for the wounded, he nevertheless expected impossibilities from the Medical Department, and shewed his usual amount of

spleen and irritability of temper towards such of its members as came within his reach. For like all men who act on unsound views and narrow notions, he tried to relieve the annoyance he felt, arising from his own imperfect arrangements by throwing the blame on any shoulders save the pair which carried his own head, without feeling the contents over heavy. It has been so confidently stated that the late Governor General was not taken by surprise at the commencement of the campaign of 1845-46—and so high a degree of credit has been bestowed on all he then did, that we have been induced to say more on this point than we at first intended; for if he was not surprised we must say his preparations reflect little credit on his forethought, either as a politician or a soldier, since in the one character he shewed a lack of sagacity, and in the other a want of experience of all that tends to produce or secure success in warfare.

That it was the duty of the Commander-in-Chief to point out the necessity of organising every branch of the Military Service, we most fully admit; but Lord Hardinge's act, in ordering back the Meerut Division after it had advanced as far as Kurnaul, shewed how jealous he was of the head of the Army, and how small an amount of discretionary power was allowed to that high functionary, in matters strictly relating to the movements of troops. Ere the sun had set on the memorable night of the 21st December, we wonder what price the Governor General would have paid for the presence of the corps he so wantonly ordered back to their cantonments not many days before? It is not our intention at present to fight over again the battles on the Sutlej. The Governor General is admitted to have shewn himself a brave and determined soldier, and judging from more recent events, we are fully satisfied that Lord Gough must have benefitted not a little by his advice and assistance. We also believe there are few men of observation who served in the eventful campaign of 1848-49, who would not have welcomed the return of Lord Hardinge to the same position in which he placed himself in 1845-46.

But it is with his political, not his military character, we are dealing. Though he may have somewhat compromised the one, while enacting the other, still let us award to him the full merit of military talent, while the force of truth compels us to regard his qualities as a politician in a very different light. Long ere the Sikhs afforded us an undisputed cause of hostilities by their invasion of our territories, it was evident that the time must come, when we should be

forced into a contest with the army of Runjeet Singh. The issue of such a struggle could not be doubtful, and the mode of eventual settlement ought to have been familiar to the minds of all Indian statesmen. To annex, to an already apparently overgrown Empire, the extensive possessions of the old lion of the Punjaub was no doubt a weighty question, and one which required deep consideration. But it is in resolving such difficult problems that a great statesman displays the powers of his mind; and it is just on such occasions that men of small dimensions shew their unfitness for high places. It is a no light task to walk through the ordinary routine of an Indian Viceroyship even in times of peace and prosperity. But it is in times of peril, in the days when the security of our Empire hinges on the successes which our arms obtain, that the mind of the great statesman secures the grand prize which has been won by British skill and courage, diverting the tide of victory, into a fertilising stream which shall in turn ever gladden the land we secured by our swords.

If Lord Hardinge was unprepared to annex the Punjab in 1846, it is certainly no proof of wisdom or foresight. For his predecessor foresaw the coming storm, and was actually providing for it at the time of his recall; and had the ruling of India in 1845-46 been vested in the councils of British Napoleon the Little, he would have at once perceived that the future peace both of our old dominions and of the Punjab itself could only be secured by the establishment of British rule, by British authorities. How could he have been ignorant that the genius of a Clive, a Hastings, a Wellesley, and a Moira had effected great ends, with smaller means than accomplished the annexation of the Land of the Waters—supported, as he was, by a victorious force, fully more numerous, better equipped and better disciplined than ever had been at the disposal of any other great man, who had ruled the destinies of British India.

The Marquis of Wellesley, in 1805, by a foresight and boldness which has added strength, wealth, and stability to the British empire, annexed to the dominions of the Honorable Company an extent of territory larger than the Punjab. Forty-nine years have passed away, and the provinces which the bravery of the little army of Lake wrested after many a hard fought field, from an army as well disciplined, and as well supported by an Artillery, as powerful, and organised by Europeans as skilful as those who trained the soldiers of Runjeet, are now a peaceful heritage. But

the face of the country was then dotted over with the strongholds of powerful Zumeendars, who only submitted to our sway through the medium of round shot, and the whole country comprising the Ganges and Jumna Doab, was far more lawless and far less disposed to submit to lawful rule, than any portion of the Punjab was in 1846. Yet Lord Wellesley hesitated not. He annexed at once this vast extent of territory—which is, while we write, the most quiet, well regulated, well cultivated portion of our empire, yielding an increasing revenue, capable of meeting all its charges—and possessing a boundless extent of resources, which a few years more of peace and prosperity and improvement will develop more fully than has yet been done. It did not require forty years to produce such results, for ever since the fall of Hattas in 1818, these provinces have known war's alarms only as a distant sound—for Bhurtpore in 1825 was beyond our frontier. Yet had the Governor General of 1805 been unprepared for annexation, had he striven to set up a patch work Government at Delhi, under the old blind monarch or his heir apparent: had he formed a Durbar under the entire control of a British Resident, aided by a staff of ambitious young politicals panting for fame and thirsting for distinction, other spots might with Laswaree, Deig and Delhi have shared the glory of being blood-stained battle fields. But the mind of Wellesley was equal to the emergency; he fairly broke the power of the Mahrattas, and boldly annexed a tract of country the extent of which frightened the Lords of Leaden-Hall Street, whose timidity wished to restore it to its former owners and return within their old bounds. Yet had the Governor General, at that time, to escape from a temporary difficulty, pleaded he was unprepared: had he annexed a portion of the Mynpoorie, Etawah and Allygurh districts, and kept up a garrison at Delhi and felt thankful for an unpaid subsidiary,—can any one imagine that the tranquillity of these provinces would have remained unbroken for so many years: that a once warlike population would have lived in habits of industry and quiet, and that every succeeding year would have seen the plough pass over lands which had for centuries been unruffled by its furrows: that a trunk road would have run from Calcutta to Saharunpore and in a carriage dak and bullock train have conveyed goods and passengers as securely over its surface, as a stage coach was wont in days of yore when George the IVth was King, over every shire of the United Kingdom. Nor would

Lord Hardinge have been put to the trouble of inditing a minute in patronage of Rail Roads. Lord Wellesley annexed the country, increased the army, and the land has for many a long year enjoyed a repose which in the East can only be known under a strong Government able to put down all enemies external or internal, and to protect the lives and property of its subjects.

We need not travel back to the good old days of 1805. Lord Ellenborough annexed Scinde but ten years since, and placed it under the Government of the energetic Sir Charles Napier, and if that acquisition has not yet been productive in a revenue point of view, it is at least tranquil, and its paying time may yet come, while we have had no necessity for refighting the battles of Meeanee and Hydrabad; nor to burden our treasury with the expenses of a second war more heavy than the first; nor to cope with a second army formidable by the discipline we in our simplicity had taught it, and led by chiefs, who to natural enmity added wounded pride, and all the vigor which arises from the dread of retribution.

The annexation of Scinde, though attended with serious inconvenience to Government in the first instance, has since shewn, in the clearest point of view, the wisdom of a decided policy compared with the never ending difficulties of attempting to cobble up rotten Governments through the agency of British Residents. Scinde in our hands is tranquil and improving, and her garrisons were enabled to aid General Whish in his operations against Mooltan, and eventually to decide the fall of the Punjab. Had we restored the Ameers, and laid ourselves open to the influences of native intrigue and treachery, could we have dared to move a man from that country?

Had Lord Hardinge been really capable of facing the difficulties of his position in February 1846, who can doubt that annexation would have taken place, as soon as Lahore fell into our hands? But as the invasion in December found him unprepared, so victory in February found him in the same position. The severe and bloody contests of the 21st and 22nd of December were fought against heavy odds, because we were not ready for what we had been expecting as a certainty for years; and when on the 10th of February, at mid-day, the Sikhs were prostrated and spirit-broken, he was just as unprepared to take advantage of the blow inflicted, as he was to meet the advancing enemy on the 13th of December. Their stout resistance astonished him as much in the one case, as their total overthrow bewildered him

in the other. Had his foe been a Bundelkund Rajah, with a territory of a few square miles in circumference, he might have dealt with the question perhaps correctly. His mind was capable of grasping the bearings of such a case: he could with respectable accuracy have calculated the number of Police chowkies required, and estimated the force of burkundazes requisite to maintain good Government in the newly acquired territory. Nay he might have arrived at a sensible conclusion whether a full Company or Subadar's party of *Native Infantry* should be left as a temporary garrison, and might have estimated to within a couple of hundred rupees the probable profit and loss of the new acquisition to the Honorable Company's dominions. But when the game of Kingdoms was to be played; when the question was to be debated whether the wide-spread regions, the warlike tribes, the races differing in creed and caste which the energy of Runjeet had amalgamated under his rule, and held in subjection by an army which since the death of the great leader had become the exact representatives of the Prætorian bands, should be declared subjects of Queen Victoria and vassals of the East India Company, the mind of Lord Hardinge shrunk from the responsibility, and retired within its own narrow limits. He patched up a treaty by which one slice of the fair domain was kept by the British, another and better *cut* sold by regular bargain to the least faithful, the least courageous, and the most debased of all the favorites of the Eastern Napoleon; while his Lordship imagined that he could establish a strong Government over the five Doabs; recross the Sutlej with the British army and rest contented on his laurels—gracefully don his Viscount's coronet, and gain immortal credit for unheard of moderation in every corner of the civilized world. But this dream of security quickly vanished, as the visions of other dreams must ever do; for scarce was the ink dry, with which the treaty was written, ere the Durbar perceived that anarchy, confusion, and bloodshed would resume their sway as soon as the British troops quitted the country. So a new treaty was accordingly formed; and a Resident aided by the Durbar was delegated to carry on the Government in the name of the b: y King, backed by a British garrison in the capital, of 10,000 men of all arms. But at the close of 1846 the force was to be withdrawn, and the Durbar was to hold the country with its own Army, which was to be newly organized and the ranks recruited from good and

loyal soldiers, true to their salt, whose fidelity to the powers in place surely no one could pretend to call in question; and Colonel, now Sir H. M. Lawrence, the Governor General's Agent for the Cis-Sutlej States, was elevated to the high position of Resident and virtual Regent in the Punjaub.

We need not recapitulate the events of 1846. The Kangra insurrection; the Cashmere outbreak; the detected treachery of Lall Sing, the trusted and tried friend of the Ranees; the new treaty for a continuance of the Garrison of Lahore, and the payment of an annual subsidy of twenty-two lakhs of rupees which gilded all other portions of the transaction in the eyes of the Governor General, and was received with delight by the Court of Directors. Nor need we dwell on the bold step of his Lordship in sending home five European Regiments, reducing the Native Infantry by 14,000 men, disbanding the Police Battalions; and burdening the pension establishment by way of restoring the finances. These measures are familiar to all our readers—and the effects of these acts of statesmanship are we fear felt by Government at the present time to an extent beyond what most people imagine. It was far from flattering to the forethought of our rulers that the leaders of rebellious Sikhs should for months have been able to set our power at defiance, nay, have found confidence to meet us in the field, to check our progress, and to oblige us to rest on our oars till the fall of the fortress of Mooltan, while our own provinces were denuded of troops, our vulnerable points exposed, and the moral influence of our rule weakened, from an inability to meet the crisis to which the short-sighted policy of Lord Hardinge had reduced us. Just before the decisive battle of Sohraon, 18 levies of Infantry, two additional Field Batteries, and six corps of Irregular Cavalry had been ordered to be raised, which increase to the then existing strength of the Bengal Army would have gone far to provide for a sufficient garrison for as large a share of the Punjaub as it would have been advisable for us to have annexed to our dominion. For no inconsiderable portion of the 10,000 men shut up within the walls of Lahore might have been cantoned in other parts of the country; while Jullunder could have been safely entrusted to a smaller force, which on the stations on the Sutlej ceasing to be our frontier, might have been considerably reduced in numerical strength. The eighteen levies must have been of course formed into regiments, and properly officered, and serious as such a step may appear in the calculations of Leaden

Hall Street politicians, we very much doubt if the expenses of the Army of the Punjaub of 1848-49 did not far exceed any charge that would have been incurred by a permanent increase of the Army—at least for many years to come. From annexation, a large revenue would at once have flowed into our Treasury, and we should have possessed a reality in hard cash instead of our imaginary subsidy, and moreover have been paving the way for an eventual surplus over expenditure, such as experience has proved will invariably exist on fertile territories coming under our absolute control. Who that has visited the Punjaub but must have remarked the fertility of the soil, the superior nature of the agricultural productions, and a state of tillage already in advance of what is usually found in the North Western Provinces. The population is scanty, but that evil is already disappearing, and in the course of a single generation will end: while the sword has ceased to claim its victims, and masses of men employed in destroying their fellow creatures, have quitted a country which no longer affords them occupation, or from dire necessity have become productive labourers, and aid the land in bringing forth her increase. The formation of canals and roads has already been attended with fewer difficulties than exist in India. From the nature of the soil, the vast extent of plains, and the abundant supply of water afforded by the five great rivers from which the territory takes its name, irrigation might at a comparatively small outlay be made to supply the irregularity of the periodical rains. The whole of the five rivers once navigable, a cheap means of transport is open to the agriculturist or trader, such as few other countries possess. In 1846, the great body of the inhabitants were prepared to accept us as masters, and to yield us obedience. But the crude and ill-digested system we introduced into a strangely mixed form of Government, bore no marks of stability, and conferred no real benefits on the great body of the people, who saw us only as the conquerors and slayers of their friends and countrymen, but felt none of the benefits which arise from our Civil rule, or the security and justice which have rendered our Military Service even, with its strictness of discipline, the desired of all the nations of India. The chiefs, turbulent as they had ever been, would have bent under a power which at once exhibited a protecting and destroying arm, while their pride would have been unwounded by the sharpest of all stings, the mere semblance of power, of which the reality was lifeless as a corpse.

The idle and needy soldiers, and a few of the most desperate leaders of the old Khalsa bands, might have attempted revolt and stirred up predatory bands, who knew no other patriotism than violence. But with a strong force at hand—an active police to watch the first movements of the disaffected, and a vigorous executive, the prime movers in all attempts at hostile acts would soon have been made to pay the penalty of their crimes; and the great body of the people secure in the benefits of their own industry, would have naturally become the friends of order. All this having actually followed annexation, most clearly proves how short-sighted were the views, how temporary the policy of the Ruler of India in 1846. Moolraj might have passed through life unknown to fame, and Chuttur Sing and his son might have been unheard of beyond Lahore or the banks of the Sutlej;—too many a family in the largest cities and remotest corners of our native land who were plunged into sorrow and it may be into want, also might have been happy, cheerful and prosperous, counting on the coming time when those who now sleep their long rest on the banks of the Chenab and Jheelum, should gladden with their presence the land of their birth and the scenes of early days. But the golden opportunity was lost: a Government, strong only in the prejudiced ideas of those who established it, was set up; a Durbar with all the semblance but none of the realities of power was put in motion to conduct the State machine; departments of revenue, of justice, and of war, were organized; and on paper all looked so well and were blended so neatly together that after long years of turmoil, blood, and slaughter, the dawn of the Millenium seemed to be arising in the Punjab. The first cloud on the brightness of the coming morn was the Kangra affair, but to common eyes it seemed but the fancy of an obstinate old Killadar, who refused to deliver up to his new masters his mountain stronghold at the first bidding. And so the new Government was declared to be working admirably—time alone was wanting to perfect it. Then came the Kashmere revolt, which looked more serious, and being distinctly traced to the machinations of the Premier and his mistress, shewed signs of discontent within the palace itself. The one party was banished the realms, and the other placed under surveillance, and then it was found to be high time to form a new treaty, and retain a British force in the Seikh Capital—for ten years from that date. It would be hopeless, as it would be tedious, to recount all the embryo plots and plans for the subversion of our

authorities which emanated from that bright consolidation of wisdom and statesmanship, the Durbar, by whose Agency we were to conduct the Government till the glorious day should dawn when the boy Duleep Sing should be able to take into his own hands the ribbons of the State coach, and drive in triumph over a happy, loyal and contented people. But now was the crisis; discontent was not creeping but flying over the whole face of the land, from the Sutlej to Peshawur. That a body of crafty, intriguing, unprincipled chiefs, accustomed to power, and whose life's blood was in plotting for power, and murdering for sway—ignorant of all ideas of Government save corruption and perfidy—unused to all modes of ruling save brutal cruelty and deceits and treachery, strangers to good faith, and votaries of the grossest sensuality, should be considered fit agents for carrying on a Government which professed to act on just views, can hardly fail to astonish any one most remotely acquainted with oriental human nature. And yet such were the materials from which the Lahore Durbar was to be selected—and from which Lord Hardinge and his chosen instruments hoped to construct a strong and powerful body of rulers in the Punjab. The possession of real power might have been a bribe at least for a while to induce such men to preserve tranquillity—but feeling, as they soon did, that they really were puppets at the nod and beck of the Residency Staff, chiefly composed of men young both in years and experience, it was impossible to doubt that the system must speedily terminate, as it soon did, in a wide spread and well organized revolt, emanating from its source in the Durbar, and extending itself through every nook and corner of the Punjab which held a Seikh within its bounds. Lord Hardinge waited not for the result, but bequeathed to his successor a legacy—which put *his* statesman-like qualities to the severest test ever yet imposed on a Ruler of British Indians—while the stability of the empire had been shaken, by the ill-digested and abortive policy—adopted in haste as a relief from an immediate difficulty, and persevered in from the narrow-minded obstinacy which either is too self-sufficient to admit an error, or too self-blinded to see a false movement however clear its results, or however fatal its tendencies. It is not our intention to enter into the merits or demerits of the Agents employed by Lord Hardinge to carry out his Punjab policy. For whatever may be their title to praise or censure, in the mode of carrying it out, for the results the Ex-Governor General is alone responsible

in our humble opinion. Had the Resident and his assistants been one and all possessed of the highest qualities which could add to the security of any State, they could not have for any length of time continued to uphold a system altogether based on a foundation so wanting in stability, and so completely at variance with the character and habits of the people for whose benefit it was intended. The energy and personal influence of the Resident did for a season, keep closed the flood gates of intrigue. But in time these troubled waters must have overflowed their bounds—and that they did so could excite no astonishment in the mind of any one who has observed with the most ordinary attention the passing events of late years. Yet however much we may deplore the heavy loss of life sustained in the conflicts which followed, still as they led to a final settlement of the Punjab and a lasting peace to India, they were not in vain; though by a vigorous policy in 1846—we feel convinced that many if not all our troubles of 1848-9 might have been avoided; and the light of prosperity which the decided measures of Lord Dalhousie have made to shine over the sunny waters of the five rivers might have cast its cheering beams on the land from the date of the first triumph of the British arms; while the sorrow, suffering and misery and degradations of many of the chiefs, which arose from and followed the final overthrow of the Seikhs, would have formed no chapter in the page of Indian history.

That Lord Hardinge imagined he had secured for India a lasting peace, his inconsiderate order for the reduction of the Native Army—his returning five European Regiments for home service, his disbanding the Police Battalions to effect a petty saving—are sufficient proofs. Nay, were aught required to shew how little he really understood of the actual position of the country, his acts of penny-wise and pound-foolish economy clearly prove it; and yet even in this behalf, we see the contracted sphere of vision with which all his measures were bounded; we discover the system of shifts and expedients which regulated all his acts, and governed his whole policy. For all his small measures and little reforms in the Civil and Military departments, we cordially join in the laudation he has received from abler and more experienced pens than ours. Of his good opinion of the Indian Army we wish that body joy, and we are sure they appreciate it, at its full value. With his personal, social and domestic virtues, we have nothing to do—but have no doubt of his possessing these estimable quali-

ties to an extent calculated to gain "golden opinions" from all who were brought within the cheering influence of their winner's smile.

A weekly Journal devoted to his Lordship's service, and the service of all Governors General past and present and to come, once admitted that he was personally unpopular with the Army, and ascribed as a cause the scanty measure of his hospitality. But here the Journalist was in error, for his Lordship's board was far from stinted, and his invitations just as numerous as those of G. G.s usually are. That he was unpopular with the Army cannot be denied, but his lack of hospitality had nothing to do with the matter. A late C.-in-C. for a while enjoyed unbounded popularity with the Army. Yet his invitations were few, his table mean, his wines vile ; but it was not until he exhibited qualities far more objectionable than those connected with an exhibition of dirty table cloths, bazar mutton, and sour wine (though great men's boards so served are by no means praiseworthy) that his race of popularity was run, and he sunk in public estimation far below the place his genius, obscured as it was by eccentricity, and clouded by not a few unenviable qualities, entitled him to possess. Lord H.'s manners were neither commanding nor engaging it is true ; but we believe his unpopularity arose from a feeling that, however brave in action and cool in danger, his prejudices were enlisted solely in favour of the Royal Service,—that his general policy was devoid of vigour, and founded on error, and that he had sacrificed to a short sighted expediency all that the Army had won by their courage and discipline. And who can deny that the well grounded expectation of promotion which time worn veterans fairly expected from an increase to our regular forces, and which were thwarted by his Lordship's policy, was no mean ground of unpopularity with the Indian Army. In India his Lordship's merits have been appreciated with tolerable justice. In England the day is not far distant, when, unless we greatly err, he will also be rated at his true value, as an Indian Statesman. The public of our native land, are fond to excess of a brief hero-worship, and are not always either very searching or very discriminating as to the claims of the idol, to whom they offer the solid sacrifice of roast beef and plumb-pudding. We feel tolerably confident that the view we have taken of the Hardinge policy, which is only the repetition of opinions extensively held among the best informed portion of the residents of these Provinces for the last five years, will, ere

long, be the settled conviction of the portion of public in England, who take an interest in Indian affairs. Timidity and a short sighted expediency may for a time receive the credit due to the moderation which arises from real prudence and a sense of justice; but not when mock moderation and temporizing expedients are followed by bloody wars, and all their sad and baneful consequences, by deranged finances, by plots and conspiracy, by alarm and uncertainty in all corners of our oriental dominions; though it was made a boast, so sure were the foundations of peace, that no hostile gun would again fire in the Punjab.

When a Kingdom, extensive as many European States, yet declared to be admirably governed by a Captain of Artillery, was found instead of basking in the sunshine of peace and plenty, to be the scene of conflicts more desperate than those of former years; when fresh and urgent demands were made in hot haste on the Home Authorities for troops, which could then ill be spared for distant service, and when it was known that the natives recently discharged from our ranks were again enrolled, to meet us in conflict; when security was proclaimed, but distraction followed; then indeed the bright anticipations of future repose for the Punjab and Hindoostan, melted away like the morning mist on the lofty Himalayas. Men must be truly dull if they do not perceive that political foresight is one of the gifts of a real statesman. Lord Hardinge must have discovered that he would have stood higher on the rolls of fame had he never set foot on Indian soil, or attempted an undertaking beyond his powers,—the government of a great Empire. It is more than a quarter of a century since the last really great Ruler left these shores; since then we have been engaged in great transactions managed by small men, and the results are seen in the protracted, ill-managed, first Burman war; the prostration of our Military strength from views of petty economy, and an ill-judged security in regard to the disposition of Native States towards us; in the Affghan war with its tragical conclusion, or the pitiable results of our first Sikh Campaign; in the disorder of our financial system, our snail's pace legislation, and in our slow progress in practical improvements at a time when all the rest of the world has been rushing forward with Railway velocity. The Annexation of the Punjab was the measure of a Statesman, and the advances that portion of our dominions have made since under our sway, give us sanguine hopes that India, vast and grand as she is, will hence cease to be ruled by small men and small measures. We are now

engaged in another contest, in which the present ruler of these lands will be able to prove whether he was in the annexation of the Punjab guided by necessity more than by the views of a great politician, who sees the distresses of human beings through a nobler medium than the smiles or frowns of his employers, his party, or the public. And if our Mission in these lands be to spread civilization—and pave the way for the extension of our faith, without which no civilization can rest on a sure foundation, a Governor General but ill understands his position, who denies the shield of our protection to any people whose native tyrants may have provoked our armed interference, or who from a desire for our rule, seek our aid, or are cast on our protection.

AMERICA AND ITS SLAVERY.

It is a difficult thing for a Briton to discourse of the American people with strictly impartial justice. It is still more difficult for him to discourse of them to their entire satisfaction. The reasons of this difficulty lie at the very roots from which our two nations respectively derive their greatness. The ruling spirit of Great Britain is a reverent regard for precedent. The controlling impulse of America is its ambition to adventure in untried paths, to profit by the past mainly as a beacon, to strike out something different, higher, and more catholic than has been achieved by the heavy and sluggish conservatism of Europe. Fortunate is it, both for America and for the world at large, that the colossal experiment, now pending beyond the Atlantic, has not fallen into less considerate hands. To the vivacity of the Celt, the American unites much of the sedateness of the Saxon, and more than his endowment of enterprise. A patronizing Gaul has somewhere said, *l'Américain est un anglais renforcé*, by which it may be permitted to understand that Brother Jonathan is only an aggravated John Bull. The American's watchword is work; and, so long as there is an impediment left to surmount, he feels that his vocation to labour is unaccomplished. To control, within wise bounds, this impetuous zeal of subjugation, the influence of a pervading and ever-increasing intelligence is indispensable. But barbarism, at least otherwise than as on the wane, is no distinctive mark of the New World; and the future history of its progress does not menace any spectacle more melancholy than the swarming, from the central hive, of new republics which not even steam and electricity can retain as constituents of the parent Government. The territorial limits of a free people can expand only to a certain extent, consistently with the conservation of its integrity. Where these limits may, in the case of America, eventually be fixed, it would be presumption to augur. But it is undeniable that the present bounds of the republic, exclusive of California, are amply wide enough to afford scope for a nation far surpassing, in numbers, any that has ever flourished. And the pride of Englishmen may find food in the reflection, that these future empires will be one

with his own in speech and, in good part, in blood. In America, the Anglo-Saxon race, with its austere, unimpressible individuality, and its repugnance to fusion, true to its instinct, predominates and carries all before it. When at harmony with itself, it is irresistible and invincible; and, like the polype, it acquires strength by very discord and division.

We have said that it is no easy thing for a Briton to write with perfect fairness about the Americans. Of course it is impossible for an Englishman to bring himself to deal with even the sons or grandsons of triumphant rebels the same as he would deal with honest, jog-trot, loyal subjects of the realm, guttling their beef and guzzling their beer with insular complacency and dogged persistence in the wheel-way of custom. Then, again, there is something very shocking in the idea of democracy. Atheism, guillotines and nude goddesses of reason are, somehow, indissolubly associated with it. America is also a new country; and, consequently, everything about it must be as wild as Niagara, or as barbarous as a bison. The story, once current, that Mr. Clay's razor-strop was made of the shin-bone of Tecumseh, is hardly a hyperbolical type of the rumours that, in times gone by, were credited concerning the United States, and their inhabitants. Such and such-like were the prepossessions of travellers to those distant parts until only the other day; and the apprehensions of observers thus forewarned quite naturally found enough of horrors to prey on to the most desirable satiety. For many years after they attained their independence, the Americans were, rationally enough, left to revel, by themselves, in the heyday of their majority. In the vigour and elation of their youth they laughed at neglect. As they grew older, a stranger now and then dropped in to enquire how they were getting on. The guest was received with open arms, lionized, enlightened, and bid godspeed without any impertinent questions being asked as to his antecedents. Home he went, and he glorified his escape from the gentiles by publishing a book. In this book his good-natured hosts were paraded as laughing-stocks; their hospitality was repaid with ridicule and de-traction; and all that they did, said, and wore was ingeniously perverted so as best to meet the popular craving for something fresh and funny. Fatherly reviewers took the bookling in hand, and nursed it to an impeccable authority; and the bantling, without knowing man's estate, straightway

grew to a giant. Waving, on its behalf, their truculent canons, grave aristarchs vouchsafed to accept it as matter of creed rather than of criticism. Text and homily, in due course, found their way to America; and artless Citizens discovered, to their confusion, that they had harboured a viperous gardener or stocking-weaver in the guise of a grateful gentleman. But what gravelled them most of all was the strange condescension of English critics, who, they had always before supposed, could discriminate as well as work other wonders. Little did they suspect the real consequence of the humble pioneers in vituperation. To the eternal credit of these early satirists, be it confessed, they were the first to strike upon a mine of untold richness. For five and thirty years has it now been assiduously worked, and it has only very recently shown symptoms of exhaustion. The valuable allegation got air, that the schismatics from the political sway and example of England were degenerating into savages, and savages that simply provoked derision, without commanding respect or deserving sympathy. In other words, America was looked upon as a *caput lupinum* to all and sundry; and he was reckoned the best fellow that pelted and bespattered it the most mercilessly. The oddities, especially in manners, of the Americans, rose at once to an enormous premium. Adventurers of all sorts forthwith set out in search of the new golden-fleece;—flippant captains, atrabilious scientists, polysyllabic pedagogues, artisans of all mysteries, heterodox virgins with ear-trumpets, and a goodly assortment of clodhoppers and other choice specimens of the plebeian ranks. All wrote, all were alike believed and be-praised; and, when the Americans saw with what bitter and contemptuous hostility they were regarded, it is not very singular that they should have begun to make reprisals with corresponding animosity. Their virtues and deserts mostly ignored, they were but too often represented as only furnishing food for merriment, though in a way which argued indisputably the consciousness of their growing importance. Is it surprising, then, that, in their inability to confute ridicule, they should have chafed under the treatment which they almost uniformly received at the hands of foreigners? Would not any people have chafed under it? Yet the soreness which they occasionally betrayed, nay, even the calmest attempts at self-vindication, were invariably interpreted as morbid sensitiveness; until, in fact, a ludicrous nicety in taking offence has come to be reputed one of the most conspicuous idiosyn-

crasies of the transatlantics. But the fashion of spying out absurdity in everything American, like all fashions, grew to be vulgar, and passed away; though not before the detection of a new raw in the American character had begun to be deemed a stamp of true genius. The thing had also been overdone; and the result might have been anticipated. Yankeeophobia surrendered at discretion to Yankeeomania; and the reaction was as complete as it was sudden. So much so was it, indeed, that the tone of feeling now displayed towards America, when contrasted with what it once was, is quite irreconcilable with the supposition that the nation's improvement could have been proportionally rapid. The fact is also worthy of mention, that the pictures of America have, from the beginning, been graduated, for favourableness, exactly according to the decency of the artists that have elaborated them. As America, during the last two generations, was misrepresented for the worse, so may it now be misrepresented, in some particulars, for the better. When extremes shall have had their day, the Yankees will, in all likelihood, turn out most disappointingly like other folks. Their merits and their demerits may be peculiar, but even these will prove nothing more, after all, than the counterparts of what we see everywhere else.

On now looking back at the manner in which the subject of America used to be handled by visitants from the English shores, the principal features of the manner that strike one's attention are presumption and narrowness. The American Constitution, for instance, though scarcely the work of visionaries or imbeciles, was wont, after a perfunctory skimming, to be sagely marvelled at for its crudity, and consigned to the dust-hole, much in the same way in which one despatches an abortive moon-calf of the Minerva Press. Scribblers that had never before taken a pen in hand, except to sign a prentice's indenture, trusting to the infallible guidance of their own traitened prejudices, intrepidly passed judgment on millions of civilized men and women, pretty much after the fashion in which they would have canvassed a squad of relegated convicts. The Yankees had forgotten their ancestral reverence for king-craft; they had gone so far demented with conceit as to think themselves capable of self-government; they had held out the right hand of fellowship and fraternity to the world in general, tatterdemalions, scatterlings, and all. In short, they were levellers of all the time-honoured and time-worn traditions of monarchy, hereditary prerogatives, and caste. To

endeavour the cure of such perilous apostacy from conservatism and reason was palpably an act of infinite charity, even at the risk of the patients expiring under the operation. Boldly plied the doctors ; and, on what seemed to be a critical occasion, a Mr. Hamilton with laudable confidence in his own skill, modestly proposed to put the finishing stroke to a task which had been bunglingly retarded. But the sufferer rallied, saw his physician to the grave, and, strange to tell, is to this moment hale and hearty. Englishmen, albejt transplanted and somewhat transformed, are not easily bephrased to death or to despair of self.

One of the topics, connected with America, which has most frequently been misconceived and mis-stated, is the relation of the several States to the general government. Hazy indeed have been the notions entertained on this point, as is equally manifest, whether gouging, repudiation, or slavery has been the subject under discussion. The mistake to which we allude consists in assuming that the States are, in all dependencies of any moment, subordinate to the federal sovereignty, instead of being "co-ordinate integers," pledged, in specific respects, to mutual assistance and harmonious co-operation. The chief authority vested in Congress over the States, as concerned with one another, or with foreign powers, is confined to commerce, coinage, war and treaties. With these reservations and a few others, each State is competent to the entire control of its citizens and their institutions. One of these institutions, as occurring locally, is slavery, the abolition of which, just as much as its retention, is contemplated by the Constitution. Where slavery prevails, it is recognised as one of the bases of national representation. On this ground alone can it be predicated of the United States, in the sense in which they are one nation.

A single paragraph on the origin of slavery in America*

* We throw Indian Slavery into a foot note. The actual posture of this question is, we apprehend, very generally unknown out of a small sphere of public officers. The abolition of slavery in India was decreed, constructively, by Act V of 1843 ; that is to say, slaves are no longer acknowledged by law to be transferable property. This Act makes no provision for the slaves after enfranchisement ; and none was needed. Still, in this strange land of India there are doubtless many men and women who are unapprised that they are free, and who will go to their graves without being any the better, if they could be, for legislative action on their behalf. Their liberation has never been promulgated except through the very imperfect medium of the press ; and so limited is the intercourse between the natives and Europeans, and so utterly indifferent are the natives to the subject, that a person called a slave has little chance of knowing that he is

may not here be inapposite. The United States, while yet British Colonies, strenuously, and time after time, protested against the continued introduction of a servile element into their population. As in the present day, the repugnance to slavery was stronger at the North than at the South. Not that the morality of one was a whit inferior or superior to the morality of the other; but the slave was less profitable for growing wheat than for cultivating cotton and tobacco. The Colonies at last revolted, combined, declined accepting any longer the doubtfully parental care of the mother Country, and achieved their independence. At that time the views, now generally held throughout the Christian world, as to the iniquity of slaveholding, can hardly be said to have existed anywhere. The Northern colonists, who neither saw much harm nor derived any benefit from slavery among themselves, acceded, by tacit compromise, to its continuation by their Southern brethren in rebellion. The result, with reference to slavery, of the consolidation which ensued, has been stated already. That slavery might legitimately be abolished by amending a clause of the Constitution, there is no room for question. But the concurrence, requisite for this purpose, of two-thirds of the States, reckoned nume-

free unless in the event of his appearance in court as party in a law-suit; and such appearance his master will take good care to guard against. But physically speaking, slavery was never very onerous in India. The habits of the natives also rendered it, as a moral evil, exceedingly light. Nowhere, in fact, could it be more so, the master having, from similarity of colour and race, so strong a tie of sympathy with his bondman. The slavery of India was quite a different thing from the slavery which has been imposed on the African. The Indian slave, save in name, was for the most part, nothing but a servant.

The following remarks on this subject, by Henry Thomas Colebrooke, the illustrious jurist and oriental scholar, may not be unacceptable to the reader.

"Indeed, throughout India, the relation of master and slave appears to impose the duty of protection and cherishment on the master, as much as that of fidelity and obedience on the slave; and their mutual conduct is consistent with the sense of such an obligation, since it is marked with gentleness and indulgence on the one side, and with zeal and loyalty on the other. During a famine, or a dearth, parents have been known to sell their children for prices so very inconsiderable, and little more than nominal, that they may in frequent instances, have credit for a better motive than that of momentarily relieving their own necessities; namely, the saving of their children's lives, by interesting in their preservation persons able to provide nourishment for them. The same feeling is often the motive for selling children, when particular circumstances of distress, instead of a general dearth, disable the parent from supporting them. There is no reason to believe that they are ever sold for mere avarice and want of natural affection in the parent: the known character of the people, and proved disposition in all the domestic relations, must exempt them from the suspicion of such conduct: but the pressure of want alone compels the sale, whether the immediate impulse be consideration for the child or desire of personal relief."

rically, will remain unfeasable long after a much larger majority of Americans, than in our days, shall have signified their disapproval of human bondage. The United States men are thus tied, hand and foot; but by an enactment which, while it conspires to perpetuate a single though signal abuse, secures them effectually against the countless evils of intersectional jealousy and aggression. And it is high time to leave off speaking of American slavery as if it were not only a blemish imputable to the republic as a whole, but a pest of its own voluntary contracting, and one which nothing but a universal and unmitigable insensibility to right reason could detain from speedy and utter annihilation. Nevertheless, the incongruity of the existence of slavery in a democratic government, would strike us as something scandalously ludicrous, did we not reflect that the helotry of the Americans was saddled upon them as an intractable inheritance. Among political theories, democracy stands, as to the elevation of the individual, where Christianity stands among systems of religion. The Americans profess to be Christians, and are, therefore, under a two-fold obligation to relieve themselves of an institution which savours of nothing but barbarism and heathendom.

Taking the United States throughout, there prevails as keen and as correct a sense against slavery in the abstract as is felt in any country on the face of the globe*. Where this feeling, however, descends to deal with the concrete,

* In testimony of the tone of feeling, as concerns slavery, prevalent in the free States of America, we have much pleasure in making the following quotation:—

"Let us take courage from the evidences of Progress all around us. It is not half a century since the Slave-Trade was in its glory, and men eminent in Church and State made fortunes, by engaging in it, without reproach or scruple. We have yet Doctors of Divinity who justify laws which authorize the buying and selling of mothers from their children; but this is evidently dying out, and, in a few years, Sermons proving Slavery a Bible institution will be advertised as antique curiosities. So of Privateering, War, and the traffic in Intoxicating Liquors. To our impatient spirits, the march of improvement often seems mournfully slow; but when we consider where the world is, and where it has been—how recently, for instance, a man could only speak against Slavery, however temperately and guardedly, at the hazard of personal violence and defilement; while press after press, on bare suspicion that it would be used to disseminate Anti-Slavery, was destroyed by mob violence, and in one instance the life of its heroic owner and defender along with it—and now, the strolling Abolition lecturer is more likely to be mobbed for asserting that any body in the Free States justifies or palliates Slavery than for condemning it himself—we ought to be assured that the age which has given us Railroads and Locomotives, Steam Presses and Electric Telegraphs, will not pass away without having effected or witnessed a vast change for the better, alike in the moral and the physical condition of mankind."

—*Hints towards Reforms, by Horace Greeley. New York: P. 48, 1850.*

it unfortunately manifests itself, too commonly, in the form of fanaticism rather than of philanthropy. This phenomenon admits of ready explanation. Few men are so constituted as to be able to live without stimulation of some kind or other. Stolen waters are proverbially sweet; and the vulgar American of a certain class is induced to tamper with slavery principally by the consciousness that he runs the titillating risk of being led into something heroically illegal. If his habits or propensities were other than they are, his choice of a stimulant would be different. Labour is the soul of his life, and hence he has a just value of his dollars. His diversions must have little or nothing to do with his pocket. Too thrifty is he to tipple, and he is too moral to fiddle and dance. What, then, can be more reasonable than that he should resort to the camp-meeting and the anti-slavery cabal, as a cheap, sombre, and certain source of excitement. To *get religion*, as he words it, periodically, costs him nothing more than a few spasmodic *amens* and *epigastric glories*; and the process is as irritating to the nervous system as a regimen of national gin-slugs or sherry-cobblers. No less satisfactory to him than the ecstasies of Methodism is the anti-slavery society, which, besides, is just as cheap and nasty. To give a colour of soberness to his delirious hobby, he impiously identifies abolitionism with Christianity, as other enthusiasts among his countrymen have posited teetotalism as the only basis of saving faith. His one idea swallows up all the others; and in his vehement ardour to realize it, he rushes, dry-shod, through the ocean of obstacles that separate project from achievement. In place of discussing abolition, he agitates it. He seeks to propagate inflammation rather than information. He is well aware that debate must precede conviction, but it happens that he cares as little for one as for the other. A vague tumultuous sentimentalism is vastly preferable, in his eyes, to the deductions of candid judgment. He is not the man to be wheedled into the whim that getting into a flurry helps forward neither ratiocination nor reformation. The issue for which he looks, from his infatuation, is action, and action against the prerogatives of foreign states and foreign citizens, with whose internal policy he has no more title to meddle than with the internal policy of Nova Zembla. Neither is he at all scrupulous of the means he adopts to compass his end. His rabid charity takes no cognizance of slave-holders except for sacrifice, provided

they refuse to succumb to his demands on the instant. His piety greatly exceeds his pity; and his most trusty specific for eradicating slavery consists in schooling the servant to instruct his master in the mutual duties, by cutting his throat, or, to be merciful, by only turning him out of doors. And this is the rule, though the master did not create slavery, and though he would rejoice to get quit of it by any practicable expedient. Obviously, innovators of this calibre are not the persons to respond to such a conjuncture as America exhibits at this day. The dismemberment of the Union, with the nameless and numberless miseries which would supervene, is a consummation which they would delight in abetting; and they would be willing to perish, like Samson, in the ruins. The degree of concession implied in the late law providing, at a hazardous crisis, for the remanding of fugitive slaves, is, to his obliquity of discernment, a positive abomination. A proposal, all the same, to devote a fraction for the whole would be quite of a piece with his habitual counsels. By no one conversant with the writings and conduct of American abolitionists of the extreme sect, shall we be charged with exaggeration in what we have here set forth. The upshot of such madness, or misanthropy palming itself off in the shape of insane benevolence, when not suicidal, cannot fail to be nugatory as to all good. It is no marvel that the hue and cry about abolition that has been raised in America, has been instrumental chiefly in stirring up bad blood. The measures that have been set on foot, by these incendiaries, ostensibly to put an end to slavery, have done more than all the breeders of Virginia to prolong its reign. Yet the authors of these measures have almost universally been spoken of, by strangers from abroad, as the purest and most enlightened of politicians, and as progressionists far in advance of their dawdling compatriots. George Thompson, the fire-brand, with whom they are so fond of bandying honeyed compliments, is really almost too moderate to be cited as a representative of his eulogists in America.

But, besides these malignant maniacs, America can justly lay claim to some of the wisest and largest-minded of all reclaimers against slavery. The name of Channing is, in itself, a host; and his writings have become the text-books of a party. Channing's views of liberation are well-known, as alike conciliatory, straight-forward, and politic. Still they have been denounced, by the acknowledged leader of the ultra abolition faction, as "defective in principle, false in

charity, and inconsistent in reasoning." *Ex pede Herculem*; for, to put a strain on the phrase, it may be noted that the head of this faction, itself an infuriate demon, is as vile a member as its heel. The intelligent slave-holder who, whatever be his practice, dares confess that Channing's arguments have fallen short of satisfying him of the hatefulness of slavery, must be a man in whom the sentiment of property has over-ridden both reason and conscience. If not so, he must be a man whose moral judgment has become altogether blunted by the benumbing influence of the poor wretches in whose degradation he sees no sin. But the ordinary slave-owner, in merely consenting to use men like cattle, because he knows that otherwise he would starve, does nothing for which he must be denied the name of a Christian. Certainly he is a very mutilated and imperfect one; and who, with slavery, or without it, is not? It cannot be presumed that, in his heart of hearts, he is convinced that slavery is no wrong. Then let him show his moral courage by doing something, however little, in contemplation of its extinction. His hopes and interests, as a citizen, are bound up in the system; and for this reason he may argue that he sins solely as a member of a democratic Corporation, which is the fountain of all his privileges, and which, like other corporations, is not required to sport a conscience. It is not our present business to expose the absurdity of such a pretence. But is he not responsible as an individual; and may he not effect something as an individual? Might not the force of an unobtrusive overture for the disenthralment of some portion of his own household, weigh powerfully with those around him? What is there to prevent his sounding the opinions and misgivings of the public, which, like his own, perhaps only await a prompter? By well-weighed words he might do much, and by active example he might do more. On such a person we may employ our logic: we would not condemn him unheard. He can even be excused for his backwardness, till he sees his duty more clearly; and he is entitled, the while, to our sincerest sympathy and pity. His spiritual counsellor, however, is, oftentimes, an offender for whom apology would be a sacrilege. And many is the mealy-mouthed, time-serving priest of religion, in the Southern United States, who, unsolicited, cunningly wrests the words of his Master in welcome though unsatisfying arbitration of the scruples hinted by the wealthy and the worldly. Not but that slavery would endure just as long, if he breathed red-hot anathemas

against it; but hypocrisy in black is at all times eminently repulsive.

Profound as is our reverence for man, and firm as is our faith in human progress, still we make no hesitation in submitting that, as no nation, with slavery throughout its borders, ever yet, self-moved, discarded it from considerations of its wrongfulness; so no nation, like circumstanced, ever will discard it from so exalted a motive. In dealing with slavery, each of the United States is plenarily sovereign. Those of the States that still authorize it, will, without question, rid themselves, before long, of an institution which, wherever tried, has unexceptionably demonstrated itself to be a blunder, whether viewed ethically, politically, or economically. A conviction of its impropriety may be alleged as hastening forward its abandonment. This conviction will, of course, grow clearer and clearer as the mercenary inducements to its relinquishment press themselves into notice. The moral vision becomes, usually, as acute as could be desired, when it once catches sight of a full purse dangling in the distance. But the real destruction of American slavery will most probably be wrought by influx and mutation of population, by which, sooner or later, the labour of free operatives will become cheaper than the servitude of bondsmen. From 1840 to 1850 the increase of the slaves was as great as twenty-three and a half per cent; and the same rate of increase might continue for years to come without prejudice to the ultimate chances of abolition. Immediate and simultaneous emancipation can never be realised, unless enforced by the slaves themselves; and such a calamity may Heaven forefend. Humanity and common sense admonish us that abolition must be gradual at the South, just as it was at the North. Off-hand remedies will never answer for chronic ailments. Furthermore, the slave is little fitted to emerge at once into freedom. He requires discipline to appreciate his change of privileges; and his jealous master, who is his only lawful preceptor, likewise, and first of all, stands in need of a few lessons in didactics before he can be looked upon as qualified to teach anything beyond the feelings of a superior for those below him. To let loose upon society, without instruction in their obligations as well as rights, three millions of savages, incapable of valuing their liberty except as an instrument of taking vengeance on their ancient oppressors, is a state of things which the most impatient philanthropist, barring his being a transatlantic lunatic as well, must imperatively deprecate.

Mr. Featherstonhaugh, who spent several years in the United States, judiciously observes, that slavery is a positive blessing to a negro who should receive nothing but freedom from his owner. The introduction of a standing army and martial law would be the inevitable consequence of the immediate enfranchisement of the slaves; and it is very doubtful whether such a perilous modification of a representative republic, even if kept up, would be of much avail. According to the last census, the number of free blacks in the United States amounted to upwards of 400,000; and more than half of these were once slaves of the South who have been liberated by their masters. Are we not warranted, by these facts, in believing that the vicissitudes of population, and other causes, have already begun to operate upon slavery, and in being encouraged to hope for its speedy and peaceable obliteration?

A consideration which should never be lost sight of, is the fact, that the wealth of the Southern States is, under existing circumstances, completely interwoven with the preservation of slavery. The value of land and the remunerativeness of almost all trades rest mainly on the existence of bond-labourers. To look for much aid towards emancipation from moral conviction would, consequently, be idle. A certain amount of aid from such an incitement may, nevertheless, be counted on. The constant presence of slavery, and the possession of irresponsible authority, must insensibly ingratiate the moral sentiments of the most humane. Coupled with this effect, account should also be taken of the proneness, in wrong-doers, when their offences are magnified, candidly to consider themselves as maligned innocents. The American abolitionist cares for none of these things. His assaults are too often directed against men, not against principles; and he sees much more opprobrium in the adventitious concomitants of slavery, such as physical wretchedness, than in that deprivation of heart and intellect which must in every case result from absolute subservience to another's will.* In his stress of argument and in his determination

* Dr. Channing's views on this point deserve quoting:

"I rejoice in the zeal with which the cause of the African is espoused among you. On this subject I have had one fear, that too great stress had been laid on the physical sufferings of the slaves. I apprehend that the slaves of our country suffer less than the peasantry in some countries of Europe. The true ground, I think, is, that slavery is a wrong, be the yoke lighter or heavier, and that, even where it provides sufficiently for the physical being, it destroys the intellectual and the moral being, and utterly extinguishes the hope and capacity of progress. I trust your efforts are to prosper, for nothing can rid us of this curse in this

to make out an atrocious case, the prime end of which is to excite indignation, the habit of the abolitionist is to depict the slave-holder as being much worse than he really is. The slave-holder rebuts and confutes the slander, and ends in making up his mind that he is a much better man than he ever before thought himself. With strong presumption of reason, he looks upon his libeller as a dangerous enemy, and as such he refuses all further commerce with him. And who would not do precisely the same, if it were wantonly attempted to ruin, first his reputation, and then his fortune, it being left wholly to himself to replace them how he could? The abolitionist must learn wisdom and change his tactics, before he can hope to do much good.

In our estimation, the Americans are grievously wronged by the allegation, constantly reiterated against them, of treating their free negroes with anomalous contempt. We have seen, with our own eyes, not a little of American society, and we contest the truth of this charge most emphatically. The Anglo-Saxon everywhere scorns a dark race; and if proof of the assertion be challenged, we simply point to Englishmen in India. The Anglo-Saxon coddles, as curiosities, men of a dark hue, so long as he has to do with but one or half a dozen, but he sickens of his puppets, and loathes them as they multiply upon his notice. If Englishmen here, as a class, do not, from the bottom of their souls, despise the natives and creoles for their colours, what are we to understand the ever-recurring appellations of *nigger* and *black fellow* to signify? An American scarcely goes so far as

country but a strong moral and religious feeling, and this will be aided by enlightened public sentiment in other countries."—*Letter to Miss Roscoe: Life of Channing*, Vol. III. p. 135.

Again:

"St. Croix, March 10, 1831. "I am more and more satisfied that the great evils of slavery are of a moral nature. It has sore physical sufferings, but these may be traced chiefly to moral causes. I believe that the enemies of slavery have exaggerated the bodily pain inflicted by the master on the slave, and the consequence has been, that the master, conscious of being treated unjustly, has repelled indignantly the interference of the philanthropist. He insists that the negroes are in a better condition than the peasantry of most countries; and so unwise and unrighteous are social institutions almost everywhere, that he has too much truth on his side."—*Life of Channing*, Vol. III. p. 142.

* The subsequent passages, which, we conceive, are new to most of our readers, are from the pen of Colebrooke, whom we cited some pages back. By way of comment, it may be lamented that illiberality towards the natives, on the score of colour, which seems to have been restricted, in Colebrooke's day, to low Englishmen, has crept up to the very highest.

"It is not to be dissembled, that the European, that the descendant of the Gothic race, that the white man, and above all the Englishman; is full of prejudice, and governed in his intercourse with men of other nations, and other

this ; and it takes him a long while to become accustomed to these misnomers. The Caucasian physiognomy and strange speech of the natives are almost enough to make him fancy that he has fallen upon a tribe of bronzed Yankees,

complexions, by a repulsive dislike of strangers, an unjust contempt and deep aversion, amounting in an illiberal mind to a contemptuous hatred of men of a dark hue. The conduct of the lower British, in their dealings with men of colour in either of the Indies, is but too often influenced by such feelings. The arrogance of the white man, a serious evil in all countries that contain a mixed population, is aggravated in British Colonies by the arrogance of a truly English feeling, which looks down upon every foreigner and despises every stranger. It aggravates domestic, or which is worse, prædial slavery, in the West Indies: it is the cause of much mischief in the East."

"A gradual increase of the hard race from continual accessions to it, joined with the augmentation of numbers in its posterity, may be expected to take place, and to constitute a progressive colonization in fact, notwithstanding the opposition ineffectually given to it. This, doubtless, is in some degree actually in progress: but it proceeds less rapidly than might have been anticipated. The mixed race melts quickly on either side; into the white creole, on the one part, by the intermarriages of the European sojourners, (for settlers they are not permitted to be); and into the dark native Christian, on the other, by the mixture of the men with native women more swarthy than themselves.

It is to be lamented, that the race of native Christians in India is degraded one. The pride of caste among the Hindus does not singly account even for the contempt felt and shown by the Hindus towards them. No such contempt is manifested towards the Mahomedans, nor towards the European Christians. There are undoubtedly circumstances of diet and uncleanness, which tend to lower the Christian in the eyes of both the Mahomedan and the Hindoo. A man imbued with rigid habits prides himself upon his abstemious and cleanly observances. His abstinence from abominations, his attention to prescribed ablutions become matter of temporal if not of spiritual pride. The habitual disregard of these matters, is a source of contemptuous feeling. The feeder upon things held in abomination is execrated, and he is scorned for his negligence of ablutions. These feelings are not counteracted by any contrary association with sentiments of respect. The European holds himself aloof from the native Christians, and no portion of the veneration which is directed towards him, is reflected upon his humble brother in religion."—*On Import of Colonial Corn.* London: 1818.

Some people seem to think that you can sooner judge, from a casual specimen, of the average character of a nation of democrats, than of the average character of a nation not democratic. The notion is unfounded. America has its phlegm, which, as everywhere, is an unmanly beast, and ever will be till the end of ignorance and olfactories. The low Yankee commoner holds the negro, because not so smart as himself, to be the only acknowledged menial in the land. That people, who ought to show better manners, sometimes imitate his bad example in his treatment of the negro, it is not for us to gainsay. But is not the same contempt shown, every now and then, even in England? "I have heard of a clergyman who was prosecuted for admitting persons of colour to the sacrament at the same time with the whites; of a gentleman who was banished from society for the crime of permitting his own coloured daughters to ride with him in his carriage through the public streets; and, upon the occasion of two gentlemen of colour being admitted under the gallery of the House of Commons, when their own case was under discussion, I heard a Member of Parliament express, in a very animated speech, his disgust at the insult thus offered to the representatives of the people: 'He had hoped never to have seen the day when the laws of decency and of nature might thus be trampled on.'"—*P. 466, of Burke's African Slave Trade and its Remedies.* London: 1840.

swaddled in sheets and chattering gibberish. In his own country, he takes the widest distinction between an African and a red Indian. And the different measures of worth and capacity observable in the two, abundantly justify his discrimination. The red Indian is a noble being, and alliance by marriage with his race is deemed no dishonour. More than one American family traces its descent from an Indian ancestress; and such families are notably proud of their pedigree. Well may they be, too, when sprung from such a romantic union as that of the royal heroine Pocahontas and Thomas Rolfe. The American Indian, though he prefers his wigwam and his forest fires to the amenities of civilized life, evinces no instinct of natural inferiority, in his intercourse with whites. He is the grandest specimen of a savage that we know of. ~~The African, on the other hand,~~ after all that can be done for him, turns out as base as he is unassimilative. We shall not stop to discuss a few trivial exceptions. Much has been said of his religiosity and of his faculty of imitation. The former trait we are happy to acknowledge, though it remains to make good the exorbitant notion of his being so holy that the fires of affliction can only purify him. His imitativeness, again, is a feature which he possesses, in prominent participation, with all the lower types of the human species. Under wholesome tutorage it may be turned to good account; but we despair of its ever originating the slightest innovation in the right direction. In "Uncle Tom's Cabin" we remember several pages of amiable and hopeful nonsense about the possible glorious future of the sons of Africa. None but a writer personally unexperienced in orientals at their homes, and unacquainted with tropical regions and their debasing influences, could possibly run into such fantastic declamation. It is notorious that the distinctive characteristic of the African, in his own deserts, is brutal sensuality, the least remediable of all vices. With this may be mentioned his astuteness, the inseparable companion of timidity, and we have run through the catalogue of his virtues and his defects. To help on the ages, his thick skull, and brawny limbs, and child-like docility will undoubtedly be serviceable. But we fear that he will rarely be met with out of his prophetic and appropriate place, the tents of Japheth, much this side of the millenium.

But we have not yet said all that we have to say about the natives and Eurasians of this country, as contrasted, in respect of social position, with the free negroes and mulla-

toes of America. A stringent necessity is all that has saved the Eurasian from an infinitely worse lot than that of the mulatto,—from being suffered to relapse into the degradation and nondescript superstition of his mother. A deficiency of Europeans compelled the early Colonists to cast about for assistants in carrying on the government. Paternal compassion availed itself of the fruits of the libertine's passion. The new functionary rose, step by step, each remove enhancing his emoluments and adding to his rank in society. Official dignity and rupees legitimated, in time, his pretensions to respectability. He married, reared a family, portioned his daughters liberally, and gave them, in the dearth of fairer eligibles, to the magnates of the land. A fortunate thing was the necessity which we spoke of above. Invited by the same need, the pure natives, by analogous procedures, and by yielding to education, have also, here and there, raised themselves many grades above the level they once occupied. Yet, say what we may, it requires the prestige of great wealth, or of great learning, or of something or other in excess, to extort from most Englishmen even common civility towards a Hindu or a Mahammadan. As for the humbler orders, they are not men, but coolies; and the poor Eurasian is allowed to remain immeasurably lower than the present creole of the United States. Let us now turn to America. The mixed-breed can there, much less seldom than in India, boast of a patrician sire. Still, he would not continue a menial, if he had the energy to labour; and he would not continue ignorant, if he had the ambition to learn. Riches and knowledge are both at his bidding, if he would strive for the one and could profit by the other. But his love of mere animal existence, which outdoes the Asiatics, and his mental imbecility, which is all his own, act as insuperable bars to his advancement. Even the unadulterated black shows greater competency to lift himself out of his original abjectness. Both, however, as for going ahead, lag incomparably behind the Anglo-American, who has no leisure to wait for loiterers. Besides this, they have given proof of a stolid insensibility, to the length of a total want of fellow-feeling even for their own kind. Never, for example, has their appreciation of freedom prompted them to the relief of their enthralled brethren of the South. So far from this, they actually envy them the certainty of their hoe-cake and water, not scrupling at the attendant stripes. Others may assist them, and ought to assist them; but they will never assist themselves. In view

of these facts, we are unwilling to censure the Americans for having established, in some of the States, a moneyed qualification as the condition of coloured suffrage. Acquisitiveness is thus made the touchstone of progressiveness. Enterprise adequate to the accumulation of wealth is rated as a presumption of enterprise sufficient for something better. This restriction has distinct reference to the contingency that the descendants of Africans, whose inability to assimilate with whites has been fully ascertained, might one day outnumber them, secure the balance of elective power, and turn the tables on their former masters. The denial, in other States, of the right of ballot, on whatever terms, to free negroes, is an intolerance for which we have no word to say.

Taste and reason, it appears to most men, protest against crossing the extreme breeds of the human family. An African Venus may have charms for an African Vulcan; but the European's senses are happily slow to find them out. We have no disposition to speculate on the mode in which the African became what he is.* If he has not fallen from grace, since the creation, in figure-head, feet, and fragrance, we can only say that we may humbly take to ourselves the merit of having grafted several very decided improvements on our traditional arche-type. The negro can never recover what he has lost, if he ever had it to lose. On the most superficial glance, and to go no deeper than his hide, it is palpable that he must first undergo a thorough metamorphosis. The sudoriparous and sebaceous glands, and also the hair-follicles, occur, in his skin, in a state of much higher developement than in the skin of the white man. Hence the excretion of a greater amount of the peculiar odorous principle eliminated or promoted by these bodies; and hence the offensiveness of his proximity to any but an inveterate snuff taker. The odour in question, bye the bye, may possibly be influenced by the formation of capric acid,—a much more pungent substance than the caproic acid of the fair subject,—in the passage of the perspiration through the dense pigmental membrane which it has to percolate before reaching the surface of the cuticle. And thankful should we be, on the highest grounds, for this rank distinction. Nature itself has thus provided against the fulfilment of the longings of amalgamationists, who would fain see all the salient virtues and characteristics of the races neutralized into an unmeaning average, so that Father Adam would blush, at the resurrection, to look mankind in the face and call them his children. May not the

peculiarity to which we have just adverted, be the foundation of the contemptuous import attached, all the world over, to to the word black? Assuredly, it has had much force in engendering or confirming the cheap esteem entertained by Europeans, for people of swarthy hue. The tawnier the skin, the more pronounced is the perfume. For this avowed reason, how many servants out of twenty do we in India permit to shampoo us? We gladly turn from this to other themes and less unsavoury.

The modern abhorrence of slavery may safely be called the latest development of Christianity. Christianity, from first to last, has been incalculable to our civilization. It has induced monogamy; it has ennobled woman. It has repudiated judicial torture; it has swept away the belief in witchcraft and kindred delusions, and, with the belief, the penalties which it comprehended. It has alleviated the atrocities of warfare; it has discredited human bondage. It is as propitious to the complete extirpation of any one abuse as of all. It recognises the individual, and it reveals the spiritual world of mortals as democracy. Such is the most recent and the largest exposition of its spirit, in accordance with which it has been ruled that man is born with a right to be free. Glimpses of this truth, as of that of immortality, were not unknown to the ancients. But the light of revelation was needed to clear, to ratify, to vivify, and to proclaim them. The lust of power is strong in man. He has no innate aversion to holding another man in bondage. True he would demur to being enslaved himself; but he must feel as none but a Christian can feel, before he can love his neighbour as himself. Slavery, in the last analysis, resolves itself into oppression. Among the sturdy patriarchs of the Hebrew dispensation, slavery, together with polygamy, was doubtless sanctioned, by the divine will, for some inscrutably wise purpose. We should essay in vain to penetrate this mystery. It is enough for us to know that the divine will has set stricter bounds to our natural appetites. One wife and no slaves are now included in the ultimatum of Christian behaviour. Indubitably, we are on the mending hand. Almost within living memory, the great English moralist defended duelling and apologised for gambling. Paley defined false honour and gave it the name of true, and propounded virtue as a matter of debit and credit. Dundas, Monboddo, and Boswell strenuously raised their voices against the abolition of the slave-trade. Verily, as the world grows in years, it likewise waxes in discretion. .

The Anglo-Saxon's mission is to conquer and to amend. His love of dominion and of freedom mark him out for the mastery. But his inflexibility and his arrogance incessantly intervene to baffle him in his career. Sympathy, the compensation for most faults, he has in plenty ; but, unluckily, he is very apt to look upon real distress as imposture, or upon imposture as real distress. With all his clamour about liberty, he would rather have the whole of it to himself, than share it with others. This assertion holds good of him, both religiously and politically. Of his religious liberty, he is most especially tenacious. A mother, it has been said, cherishes the strongest affection for her weakly and deformed offspring. Similarly, man, in his instinctive gropings after happiness, fastens the more resolutely on his hopes as they look frail and fleeting. He must keep his hand on them, or they escape him for ever. Every mortal has a small category of sublime crotchets which it is not safe to meddle with, and which, further, he insists on having respected. The Anglo-Saxon is, in this article, distinguishably obstinate and exclusive, whether in wrestling for prelacy, or for prophecy, or for Mormonism ; whether in grilling heretics, in vexing Quakers, or in taxing dissenters. For his political rights he stickles but little less pugnaciously, and with much the like disregard of others. Accordingly, he has earned the greater honour by his efforts for the down-trodden African. For what he has done, on this head, in America, he is not altogether unworthy of commendation ; though, as we have before remarked, the slave, where he has been liberated there, has been liberated because his services could not be afforded. Being, not the less, an unharmonizing exotic, and a drag at all hazards, it was all the more difficult to get up an interest in his welfare. But it was got up, and earlier, too, there than in England or elsewhere. The United States were the first nation that interdicted the foreign slave-trade to its citizens. Previously to the War of Independence, the Assembly of South Carolina enacted a law against the further importations of slaves into its territory ; but it was annulled by the British Parliament. Virginia, now the cradle of American slavery, took the initiative, among civilized communities, as early as 1778, in prohibiting the slave-trade to Africa. The equipment of vessels for traffic in slaves was forbidden by the general Congress, in 1794 ; and in 1800 it was made penal to be concerned in any way in the importation of Africans for enslavement. England did not follow, in this

measure, the example of America until 1807. That slavery has subsisted, in America, to this day, may be referred to circumstances of climate and population which no morality nor ingenuity could materially have withstood or ameliorated.

If that legislation is the best which consults the greatest good of the greatest numbers, America, in spite of its slavery, commands our admiration. For it may be said, what can be said of few countries in Europe, that it has no white slaves. And what solemn mockery it is, to contend that there can be any charm in being called freemen, when they that are so called are forbidden to dis- over that they are even as well off as slaves. It is sheer balderdash, too, to talk about the yearning for liberty of those that can but dimly compare their slavery with anything else. We are much too prone to consider slavery subjectively. The African slave cannot feel as we feel; and the American slave owner is slightly less guilty than he would be if the object of his indignities were his equal in intelligence. Yet this is a slender palliation of his culpableness, which he must cast away, root and branch, before we can call him a right man. As his own ways are unfettered, he should strive for the exemption of those within his influence. Let him cast his eyes on other countries, and learn the measure of his privileges. Primogeniture he has none, nor entail, nor the social burthens of pauperism and mendicity. His religion is too deep-seated to endure that he should be reminded of it by insatiate lawn sleeves and grinding tithes. He is not called upon to support a pampered priesthood, whose forte is the illustration of infinite truths by trumpery squabbles about infinitesimal fictions. Thus unshackled, can he do nothing for the slave? We do not ask that, in his charity for his species, he should forget his country. We merely implore him to enlighten his conscience. Let him be appealed to with conciliation, and not with ridicule or menace: and the result will speak for itself.

It is a popular error to believe that the United States are supine and remiss with regard to slavery. No subject is there a source of more constant and harassing solicitude. They are poignantly sensible of the curse weighing upon a portion of their land. In repressing factious fanaticism they seek only to secure the stability of the Union. Once and again has it been shaken to its centre by zealots who would glory in embroiling the North with the South. The alienation of these two divisions cannot be protested against

too urgently. Their consanguinity would envenom their mutual enmity with deplorable virulence. Each would despoil the other, and neither would be benefited by the plunder. All progress and all lofty aspirations would be extinguished. We hope that slavery may receive its death-blow before things come to such a pass as this ; and such a pass would only entangle the question of emancipation ten thousand fold. Argument and persuasion, to illuminate and to suggest, are the only lawful weapons that the Americans can use against slavery. Yet a little while, and it will have become a tale of the past. Neither will it have existed as an unmixed evil. The negro, by being servilized has not been worsened, but helped out of a fouler mire than he is now floundering in. His thralldom may be the redemption of his father land : it may inaugurate an African nationality.

[Thinking it will add to the value of the foregoing article, we use the permission, kindly given us, of mentioning that it is from the pen of an American gentleman.—ED. *L. M.*]

GURH BEETLI; OR, A TALE OF AJMERE.

The bigotry of Mahommedan conquerors has almost entirely destroyed all the relics of Hindu antiquity in Ajmere, and with the spoils of heathen architecture, created their own *eedgas*, mosques and mausoleums. Few are the edifices which have been spared, and they are chiefly of such make and character as could be easily converted to other use. Over the rest oblivion and desolation have been allowed to cast their portentous shadows, and a few little fragments of stone and brick, to which time and weather have given one general tint of a dirty, blackish green, is often all that survives of grandeur and glory which, could those crumbling ruins speak of what they had witnessed in their palmier days, we would know, have never been surpassed. Ancient ruins are quite common in Ajmere, and one, to all appearances the oldest amongst them, is reported to be the wreck of Gurh Beetli, the fortress tower of Manick Rae.

The palace and towers of Manick Rae have long been in ruins—the hands of the profane having reduced what even all ravaging time had spared. With antiquarians even the very site where they stood has come to be doubted, so utterly have even their ruins been defaced. But tradition still points to the spot with unerring hand, and there are associations connected with it that prevent its being forgotten by general observers.

In the days of Kalif Walid, the conquest and conversion of Hindustan was entrusted to a zealous and godfearing follower of the faithful, named Rooshun Ali, who landing at Augar, marched through the very heart of India, and besieged the citadel of Ajmere. Manick Rae was then its king, and the heir to his throne was Lot, a young and valiant prince, worthy of his illustrious father. The period is one of such total darkness in the history of India, that it is impossible to discover the reasons which led Rooshun Ali to invest Gurh Beetli, in preference to the other great fortalices of the day. Popular tradition asserts that woman was at the bottom of the whole affair, and, as the hypothesis is a shrewd one, we make no apology for transplanting the tale.

“It is a sweet, pretty place we have landed at,” said

Khodabux addressing his general, and making his humblest salaam; "but we don't see enemies to fight with, my liege, unless we are going to fight the cormorants there, that are battling with each other over yon dead antelope."

Rooshun Ali made no reply to his followers, but he cast his eyes in the direction that was pointed out, and saw an old antelope, evidently worn out with age, lying within a few hundred yards off, in a dying state, the cormorants fearlessly lacerating his living flesh.

"To the eye of faith," said the general musingly to himself, "that old antelope is a type of the vicious old country on which we have landed, and the cormorants are the zealous children of truth feeding on her vitals." Then raising his eyes towards heaven, and stretching out his hands supplicatingly, he cried "God of Mahomed I accept the omen, give me the triumph it prognosticates, and I will people thy hell with the souls of unbelieving Kaffirs, if I cannot convert them for thy heaven."

The pious zeal of the general found a ready echo in the hearts of his attached followers, and a council of war was immediately convened to determine the direction of their course. The opinions and suggestions expressed on the occasion were manifold. One chief was for repairing to the walls of Delhi and gaining possession of that important citadel; another suggested the capture of Canouj in the first instance, as the most important place of all; a third was for desultory excursions in every direction, and so on. At this juncture, a *fakir* from Medina arose to address the meeting. He was one of those saintly men who kept constant vigil over the sepulchre of the blessed Prophet, and the chiefs prepared to listen to him with that becoming deference which his holy character entitled him to receive. His appearance was humble, and his habits poor and tattered; but a sword still graced his thigh to mow down the enemies of the faithful, and it was a sword of extraordinarily large dimensions for a fakir to be armed with. His eyes, also, emitted a sharp light, showing that, with the harmlessness of the dove, he united in his character the cunning shrewdness of the serpent.

His address to the council was short, but comprehensive. In the cause of the Lord and his Prophet, he had before visited the land of the heathens. He had visited all its principal cities, and even howling wildernesses which the foot of man had never penetrated before, and he could speak

from experience that the Chohan empire at Ajmere was the most powerful of the independent principalities of India. He had also seen Manick Rae its king, and spoken to him, and he believed him to be the most inimicable to the propagation of the true faith; and his heir Lot was the proudest and most arrogant of infidels. To chasten them, therefore, he said, should be the first object of their mission, and he assured them that, at every moment, the Prophet himself was watching over their deliberations from the upper horn of the moon.

The words of the friar were like red wine to the spirits of the chiefs.

"Another hour has struck in the destinies of empires!" shouted Rooshun Ali, starting from his seat. "Mount, cavaliers, set on. I feel the conqueror in my heart already. Forward for the Koran, or to death."

Nor were the shouts of the chief unresponded to. Panting for glory the soldiers armed themselves in haste. Home and country they had left behind to fight for the goodly cause of Mohamed, and danger and they were long known to each other: and their goodly steeds of Bussorah soon panted under the burden of gaunt and stalwart veterans, heavy from the rich panoply they wore, perhaps, heavier from the strong and determined resolution that swelled in each bosom.

"Let the friar have the Crescent, and he shall guide us on," said Rooshun Ali; and the friar, with the standard in his hand, led the way; and within a few moments, to the sailors on the beach, the trumpet's yell and the voice of the drum became fainter and fainter till they died away.

It cannot be necessary for us to follow the army through all the difficulties and perils of the desert and route. Leading through fields of sand and mountain defiles, so skillfully did the fakir unravel all the mazes of an Indian route, that Rooshun Ali could not help believing the saint as one peculiarly favoured of heaven, perhaps the Prophet himself in disguise. Here and there small parties of heathen robbers, or skulking savages, were now and then encountered unawares; but the odds were fearful against them, and, too eager to escape, they offered no opposition; and the army marched on un-reduced in number and full of confidence. Where villages were passed by, the villagers were in utter wantonness shot at or cut down; but these scenes of slaughter and atrocity were by no means of common occurrence, for the path was wild, and not much studded with villages—so wild in fact, that but for the able lead of their sacred guide, it

had been impossible for the host, as every leader frankly admitted, to extricate itself from its dreary and desolate windings. But the darkest day hath an end, says the adage, and so hath the longest path, after a difficult and adventurous career, the army issued forth upon the beautiful and romantic valley of Ajmere, dotted with innumerable villages, and teeming with life and activity. And now, in earnest, began their errand of blood and rapine. The unfortunate heathens were everywhere provoked and hunted to death. Men, women and children were pursued down like wolves; and in true Arabian style, with bloody hands and dripping blades, they approached the capital of Manick Rae.

The citadel of Ajmere stood on the summit of a hill a noble pile of barbaric magnificence. There is a tradition that the King who built it was skilled in the occult sciences, and the whole work it said to have been erected in less than three complete days. However that be, certain it is, that it was one of the most magnificent specimens of oriental architecture ever seen, for, even at the present day, the stranger who wanders amongst its ruins, oft gazes with astonishment on the little vestiges of art which yet survive the ravages of time. At the foot of the hill was spread the city with its delightful gardens and silver fountains, and enclosing a wide circumference, and before it now stood the Moslem army, bent on the fulfilment of their bloody mission, and impatient for the fray.

When the proud procession of Mahommedan chivalry approached Gurh Beetli, the Hindu warriors looked out of their castle with an indifference and contempt which their condition hardly justified. Their numbers were so few compared to those of the enemy, that we should have imputed this to dogged fool hardiness, had it not been well known, that at that age, in high soldierly spirit and daring, the Rajpoots were second to no nation on the earth. Manick Rae affected surprise that even in such numbers, Kafirs should dare to hunt him in his hole. "Is the Chohan name so little in their eyes," said he to his men, "that they dare come so far on such an errand;" and he insisted on giving them instant battle with all his disadvantages against him. His walls and towers were of vast strength and in perfect repair, and his magazines were well stored with all the munitions of war, and yet he would not entertain, even for a moment, the idea of standing a siege. Prudence and judgment the Rajpoots despised as womanly virtues; valour was the only accomplishment for men, and even against

overwhelming numbers he was determined to take his stand.

But if the old King was valiant, his heir was like him too—aye, every inch a Prince; and the prodigies of valour performed by him were numerous to tell. Even veteran warriors delighted to speak of his deeds, and not many were the youths in the land who cared to meet him alone in arms.

“Let me challenge the bravest of their chiefs, my father,” said he to the King, “ere we meet in general fight. We have been ever famed for exchanging chivalrous courtesies with our enemies; and in tilts and tournaments is much glory to be won.” And by dint of entreaty he obtained permission to have his wish.

The announcement was accordingly made to the invading army, and Lot lost no time to present himself before them. For the strong-heart and stout arm the brave every where have great regard, and the sinewy frame and apparent nerve of the Prince, drew forth loud praises even from his enemies. Many were the Mahomedan Princes anxious to wrestle a fall with him, and they rose up instantly to claim the dangerous and honorable distinction. But great was the astonishment of all when they found the holy friar from Medina step forward foremost before them, and, drawing himself up to his full height, assert his prior claim.

“Warriors,” said he, addressing his valiant competitors, “you have all won distinctions by your valour ere now; and for those who have not done so yet, the hour for it will shortly arrive. To me this is the only opportunity of winning renown, and I have old scores to settle with the Prince of Ajmere.”

He did not wait to observe what impression his address made on his hearers, who all stood still and motionless with amaze. With eyes fiercely glaring on his opponent, he marched forward to meet him with the rapid strides of a warrior, and approaching him, he whispered something in his ear which made him take two steps backward in surprise. Lot looked keenly at the *fakir's* face, examining his features attentively, and without speaking a word. He even seemed anxious to avoid the personal encounter he had himself, provoked, and taking his opponent kindly by the hand, said to him almost beseechingly.

“Let bygones be bygones, Mullinath. Be the past forgotten, since we are met again.”

“No, it shall never be forgotten,” said the friar, “tell me

if she is dead. My name is Mullinath no longer, but Ali Mamood."

"But thou wert a noble heart. Thou shouldst forget and forgive."

"I am not what I was, and, villain, thou hast made me what I am."

"I have done thee wrong—I have injured thee much, my brother, and I would fain avoid the guilt of taking thy life. Forget and forgive the past, come to my bosom as my childhood's friend, and I will heal the wounds I have inflicted. My father's empire will I divide with thee, and we will reign like brethren, and like brethren die."

A bitter smile curled on the lips of the friar.

"Thou acted a brother's part, no doubt," said he, "when thou wrenched my beloved Heera from my arms. Why dost thou waste words with me. Come, leave this trifling, and bare your sword."

"But she is dead, Mullinath. Art thou not avenged? Heaven has punished me already for the violence, and snatched her away."

"Dead! didst thou say?" and the fakir staggered back for a moment, as if in consternation, and his eyes stared with a vague expression of sorrow. He, however, rallied quickly, and demanded when she died.

"Within a month after I was married to her," replied Lot, the tears rushing to his eyes.

But tears came not in the eyes of the raving friar. They glared like those of the tiger on his foe.

"Turn hell-hound, turn," he said, addressing the Prince. "The broken heart calls on me to revenge her wrongs;" and flashing his sabre from the scabbard, he struck his antagonist on the face with the flat of the weapon, and drew back his arm to repeat the blow.

The pain and insult roused all the soldier in the Rajpoot Prince. He also bared his sword, and the weapons clashed together. There was no more forbearance on the part of either. Lot's brotherly affection had now changed to fury. Both the combatants were strong men, both, from their skill in arms, were formidable in single handed conflicts; the contest therefore was much prolonged. The friar, however, seemed to be endowed with superhuman strength for the occasion. The strong and vigorous Prince almost lost consciousness in the furious attack, and now his adversary's steel flashed high above his head, and now it descended, and was buried in his heart. His huge frame

quivered strongly, there was a film over his sight, his head became lower and lower, and he fell down a senseless corpse.

A cry now arose from the ramparts of Gurh Beetli, the shriek of a bereaved father for his only son. It was the signal for immediate war.

"Why wait ye further my men," shouted Manick Rae; "Behold there the blood of your Prince calling out for vengeance. Follow me, my best and bravest, and avenge his fall;" and, blind to danger, with a handful of men he hurried down to the plains below. The friar was still by the side of his fallen adversary. He appeared to have forgotten the grudge he had borne to the dead, for he had closed his dying eyes, and was now kneeling and praying beside him for his soul, when the Rajpoots, exciting themselves by their own yells, rushed down to join the fight. Then had the friar been for ever lost, if Rooshun Ali in person, and at his back the whole of his host had not hurried to his aid. The charge was sounded with the general and the *fakir* at the head of the troops, and where the opposing armies met, the struggle was terrible. But the disproportion of numbers was very great for this terrible encounter to last long. The Rajpoots fought every where with their characteristic valour. Every man was equal to a score, and seemed to multiply himself, as it were, to face the surrounding perils. But, in vain. Those that were foremost in danger were also the foremost to die, and it was evident, that neither courage nor fortitude could much longer avert the issue of the field. In one quarter only the Rajpoot troops were invincible. It was where Manick Rae with a select band of his men was striking terror in his enemies, by his desperate valor. There rested all the hopes of the Rajpoots—on that point was bent every yearning eye. At this moment the friar singled out the king, and snatching a crescent in his hand, he rushed to the post of danger crying aloud.

"Ye warriors of Islam. Behold your crescent is in danger. Rescue it if you can."

"Forward, forward," shouted Rooshun Ali, "Lo! our ensign is in the midst of the enemy."

All eyes were turned to the spot, and then there was a rush for fame. Heroes illustrious and unknown, dashed with equal ardour upon the hitherto compact party of the heathens. Manick Rae did all that a soldier could do. But he was wounded in several parts by several assailants, and from loss of blood, which flowed profusely from his

wounds, he sunk to the ground, and was crushed to death beneath the feet of friends and enemies. His fall at once decided the fortunes of the day. The Rajpoots fled not, but the national palladium of safety was gone. There was nobody now around whom to rally, and heart-broken and sad they made an ineffectual resistance. Over the atrocity that was perpetrated that night in the capital of Ajmere, we throw a veil.

The reduction of the fortress followed the capture of the city, and as soon as the work of destruction was completed, and its formidable bastions and turrets reduced to ruins, the drums beat for departure, and the Muhammedan army moved off to other quarters for glory and distinction. One only of that vast legion went not back from the bloody sod. The drums beat to fall in and march, but he heeded them not. Where the houses were broken and ransacked, where the utter wantonness of destruction stared at him in everything around, he stood alone. It was the *fakir* that had accompanied the Moslem host; and he dwelt long among the ruins he had made. His principal occupation was to extol the fame of the late Prince Lot in ballads and songs, and so much did his exertions succeed, that up to this day the name is mentioned among the lares and penates of the Chohan race. Who the man was was never discovered; but when he died, a curl of dark raven hair was found next to his heart, the relic perhaps of some disappointed or frustrated affection.

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

MARCH, 1853.

SEPTEMBER MORNINGS.

Who has not felt the beauty of a September morning? The peculiar freshness and fulness of life, the promise, and the cheering brightness that pervades everything? Nature rarely gives us anything to surpass what she offers on a fine morning in early September. The swallows range themselves in long lines on the eaves: the sun shines steadily, though not fiercely, above the heavy masses of forest foliage. In the valleys a curtain of mist is slowly withdrawing itself, and disclosing fields dripping and sparkling with dew, and brooks babbling on their stones. Everywhere there is an aspect of cheerfulness. The crows that are coming to their feeding grounds from the great woods where they sleep, the cows snuffing and coughing with the fresh air, and the sharp glad beat of our old favorite horse as he takes his morning exercise make us rejoice to the bottom of our heart, and own how much the animal kingdom adds to the riches of the kingdom of man.

Of course September mornings have peculiar charms of their own, charms which *they* only relish, whose chief delight in the animal kingdom consists in putting it in a masterly way to death and bringing it down right and left. He loves not September a right who has not known what it is to look out on the beauties of the morning from the windows of a breakfast room, when he and an old friend are fortifying themselves with huge supplies for the long walk to come and talking of the best beat, and reminding each other of former memorable days,—who has not responded silently and perhaps secretly to the pleased look with which the impatient dogs hail his arrival among their regions, who has not stood in a soaking turnip field, and heard the sharp whiz of a rising covey and sent his leaden hail with sure effect into the midst.

Such are the joys of a September morning. But the joys that at present happen to rise before us are not precisely either those of the external loveliness which the aspect of nature presents nor those we obtain from a Joe Manton and a brace of pointers. These fine autumn mornings sometimes awaken

in our mind a train of thought, which centres on the peculiar tone which a country life can sometimes give to the mind and character of man. We do not mean the country life of hawthorns and eglantines and blushing dairy maids. Nor do we refer to the character, fine and precious as it is, that is associated pre-eminently with the best of country life up to the Squire of Bracebridge Hall and the Sir Roger of the Spectator. Such men are real jewels set on the crown of English rural life, we may rejoice to think that every county can shew many specimens. But there is a character on which country life has set its seal, and which has imbibed from a hearty enjoyment of country pleasures and country ways, a fund of fresh and buoyant spirits, and which nevertheless is connected on other sides with all that wins fame and rules the hearts of mankind. The tie of such men to the country is something far different from that of the poetic enjoyment of scenery, or the love of sporting, or a fondness for well known spots and faces. They seem as if the country and its charms and pursuits had seized on their minds in childhood and made them simple, straightforward, genial men, leaving all else that serves to distinguish them untouched, and permitting them perhaps to play the foremost parts in the busiest scene of life. Such characters come in perfection very rarely. But the thought that there have been some, and the memory of their lives, and the fancying how they felt on particular occasions which we know must have much affected them, constitute pleasures for which the early hours of a September morning gives fitting time. We know how *they* must have welcomed such bright and cheering seasons.

Perhaps the kernel of these men's excellence lies in their never thinking about themselves. They never moralise about what they are, and how they come to be so, and what the country has done for them. They have too much to do for that: they have to discharge daily duties and enjoy daily pleasures and then when these are over, the day is over too, and so they go on till the sun rises for them no more. This escaping from all self-reflection is a piece of good fortune. It is like the luck of an ugly woman who has never come across a looking glass. In these days most of us hold looking glasses up to ourselves and to each other so liberally, that this happy kind of ignorance is almost out of the question. The very thinking about a September morning is perhaps to rob this morning of one great charm—that of careless unreasoning ease. But it is of no use trying to help it. We

are beginning to find the world is fuller of honey than we thought in more ways than one. And we must try and look about, and examine every corner and every secret place and cannot refrain from bringing each morsel of sweetness we come upon, to light, nor from dishing it up and eating it on the spot. Hence, among other things, that love for biographies of all sorts now so prevalent. We like to see how our neighbour got all his fine taste and sweet savour. We wish to know his interior, and love to have the secrets of his heart brought before us for our leisurely inspection, and selfcomplacent momentary edification. And then, as we know that what is called the tendency of the age is too strong for us, or in simpler language that the current of the thoughts which float along the minds of all the men we know and look up to, will bear us along with it, we may as well make the best of it, and be thankful if taste and happy chance direct us to consume our little supply of oil in working on a subject that deserves our labour. We may make up our minds that we do not enjoy September mornings quite so well as men that did not prose about them. But as the dread necessity of prosing masters us, we shall be glad to summon before us men of character in harmony with the scene, and to make their visionary influence pass upon the spectacle that gladdens our eye.

Now among these September morning men, these genuine, sterling, strongest, hearty country heroes we have two especial favorites. Their names sound rather odd coming together, and our pen somewhat trembles as we write them in close juxtaposition. They are Cato the Censor and Sir Walter Scott. We only think of the first as a Roman, distinguished chiefly as not being the Cato who fell on his sword, and furnished Addison with a hero for a tragedy: and we think of the other as the Ariosto of the North, the writer of ballads and romances. But we may look at them in rather a different way, and yet in a light perhaps as true. Cato was an Italian and Scott a Scotch landowner, and if you had taken either of them and placed him on a September morning with a horse and a dog near him and a good-axe in his hand, the Italian would have willingly agreed never to see Rome again, and the Scot would have consented to see his paper and pens thrown into the fire. We think that if our reader will kindly call before him the aspect of an English September morning, and while the eye of memory is feasting on the rich banquet, will listen to a few biographical details of our two worthies, he will

perhaps come to think that there is something very much in harmony between the scene pictured by his imagination, and the men of whom he is hearing.

"Cato" says Plutarch, "from a little village and a country life, launched into the Roman Government, as into a boundless ocean." And his little boat bore him very gallantly onward and was never dismayed at the tossing of those great waters. He did every thing that a Roman could wish to do. He fought battles, and pleaded causes, and mixed in the administration of public affairs, all with indomitable perseverance, fiery ardour and prompt activity. Both in public and in private life he was distinguished by the same warmth in action and cool calculating shrewdness in his counsels. His ambition was military glory, and he was born in an age when there was enough of fighting for the laurels of war. Hannibal was the master of Italy when Cato first went into the battle fields, and the youth, whose breast was covered with scars before he was seventeen, could boast that he had done something for his bleeding country. There was a touch of the conqueror of Scinde, in his soldier-like contempt for rational comforts. He always marched on foot and carried his own arms, followed only by one servant, who carried his provisions. He was as temperate as a repentant epicure or a water patient, never being angry or finding fault with his slave, whatever might be set before him, and assisting in the cooking himself when military duties permitted. All the time he was in the army his biographers assure us he drank nothing but water except that when almost burned up with thirst he would ask for a little vinegar or when he found his strength and spirits exhausted, he would ask for a little wine. When in later life he was governor of Sardinia and a great man and might have dressed in purple from head to foot if he had pleased, and travelled with horses and tents and a great suit he preferred walking quietly from one town to another, attended only by one officer who carried his robe and a vessel for libations. And indeed his manly, warlike, hardy nature brought him safely to the goal for which he panted and he was honored with a triumph, and slaughtered thousands of unfortunate Greeks and Asiatics, and did the state great service, for which he was well rewarded, by enjoying whatever honors his countrymen had to bestow. For when they had got a great man, the Romans knew it, and made use of him and his powers. Cato's tongue too was as ready as his sword, and next to a man who could fight, the Romans most admired

a man who could speak. He had begun early in life. While he was still almost a lad he used to go in the mornings to the little towns in the neighbourhood, and defend the causes of such as applied to him. Yet even after he had begun thus to seek his fortune, though on a small stage, he was never tempted by the applause and the joviality of village admirers to abandon his habits of thrift and hardihood. He used to go back to his farm where, in a coarse frock, if it was winter, and naked, if it was summer, he would labour with his domestics, and afterwards sit down with them, and eat the same kind of bread, and drink the same wine. A kind of excellence hard to attain, and out of the reach of many who love to copy, and to emulate the graces and fire of a great speaker. Cato came to Rome and was called the Roman Demosthenes, and the young tried to walk in the steps of so notable an orator, "but few," says Plutarch, "could be satisfied with a plain dress and a poor cottage or think it more honorable not to desire the superfluities of life than to possess them."

It is in the details of a man's private life that we always wish to see him exhibiting his character, if we seek to know what he is really like. We want to picture to ourselves this shrewd hard, gallant Italian as he stood before his house door on a September morning, and surveyed his crops, and frightened the hearts of the lazy slaves that were at work on his farm. We should have found him, could we have seen him, to be a mixture, as all men are in one way or another, a compound of harshness and tenderness, sense and eccentricity, generosity and meanness. He used to look after family matters with a minute care that must have occasionally tried the temper of his wife. And when he had a son born the fond tiresome, obstinate father would allow no business, however urgent, except the interests of the public were concerned to prevent his being present, when his wife washed and dressed her baby. As the boy grew, the stern, rough, tender hearted man took incredible pains to bring him up as it seemed to him a boy ought to be brought up. He did not trust to the teaching of a slave. He would not have so mean a person pull his son's ears when stupid, or instil into him his first lessons in morals and polite literature. Cato himself taught the boy to throw a dart, to fight, to ride, and to swim,—hammered into him the rudiments of law and grammar—nay, was so zealous a pedagogue that he wrote histories for the lad in his own hand in large characters "so that without stirring out of his father's house, he might know what ancient

Romans had done, and what coming Romans might do." The teaching was very successful, and his son turned out a glory to his old age.

Cato liked to turn a penny as well as any man then living, and was not only scrupulous, but very shameless in doing so. Plutarch inveighs against him for a method, he invented of getting usurious interest from loans on ships. The scheme does not seem to have been very flagitious, and is rather a proof of the power which a cool sharp man with money in his pocket can exert over hot headed needy adventurers, than of any baseness in the Censor. He certainly tried to make his son a worthy successor of his thrifty self, telling him that to diminish his property was not the part of a man, but of a widow-woman. He carried his notions indeed pretty far on the subject, and even went to the length of asserting that the man really worthy of admiration and divine, and fit to be placed in the lists of glory, was he, by whose accounts it should appear at his decease that he had more than doubled what he had received from his ancestors.

The amusements in which he passed his leisure hours were writing books and cultivating the soil. And he did both with success. His book '*De re rustica*' has come down to us, and we gain from it some knowledge of what its writer was like. Among other things, we find there displayed the love of petty minute regulations which is so often found in men of active mind, of great experience, and who feel themselves much superior to the circle in which they move. He gives rules in this treatise for making cakes and for preserving fruit. He is said to have written another in which he set down his method of cure, and the regimen he prescribed, when any member of his family was indisposed. Perhaps he had one piece of success which does not always fall to the lot of physicians much more skilful than he could boast to be. It is probable his patients really took what he prescribed, for his biographer says "he never recommended fasting, but allowed them herbs, with duck, pigeon, or hare." Perhaps it is not to be wondered at that he found his invalids were "very apt to dream."

The sayings of the Athenians flow from their lips, but the words of the Romans come from "the heart," is said to have been the remark which epigrammatically expressed the impression produced by a speech made by Cato at Athens. Cato loved pretty sayings. He had a homely ready mother-wit, racy of country life, and as sharp and clear as a frosty morn-

ing. Several of his laconic bon-mots have been preserved, but they will not be very likely to suit the palate of the modern reader. Translated from Latin into Plutarch's Greek, and then re-translated into English, how is it possible, they should retain much of their pungency or effect? Besides there is always something flat and poor to our tastes in the good sayings of antiquity. They are generally only the sharp shootings of a sterling common sense winged with light words, and pointed very decidedly at some individual, who was intended to suffer under them. A few of Cato's best may serve as specimens. Complaining of the luxury of Rome, he said "it was a hard matter to save a city when a fish was sold for more than an ox." The question being agitated in the senate, whether some Achæan exiles should be restored, Cato rose and said "as if we had nothing else to do, we sit all day debating, whether a few poor old Greeks should be buried by our grave-diggers or those of their own country." The exiles were permitted to return home, and an advocate of their cause, wishing that the senate at another meeting should be persuaded to restore to them all their lost honors, sounded Cato on the subject. He answered "that it would be just as if Ulysses should have wanted to enter the Cyclops' cave again for a hat and a belt he had left behind."

Every one who remembers Cato's name at all remembers how he plagued all his rich countrymen who shone with their carriages and plate and finery which ill became the descendants of the Cincinnati and the Curii. He tormented in one way or other a considerable number of people in his time, being a restless uncompromising man, very positive in his own opinions, and very intolerant to the opinions of others. But such as he was, with all his virtues and all his faults, he is the best representative history gives us of the true Italian landowner in the days when the city attracted without having yet absorbed the country. He is a man who is worth thinking of: he seems so firmly rooted in his native soil, and so full of all its vigour and its energies. We can fancy him on a September morning the life and soul of all that was going on throughout an Italian farm. There would be no languishing admiration of nature, no "looks commencing with the skies," no lotos-eating laziness within the range of his old sharp eye and iron fist. We do not mean to say he was a hero; we do not say he was worthy of any very great admiration, though many an idol has been hewn out of a baser stone. He was not what can properly be called a great man. But if while

we are gazing at the beauties of September scenery, and lending ourselves to the poetic feelings it inspires, there comes across us the recollection of the prose side of country life and we are willing to picture to ourselves its strong and native excellence, then if we summon before us the name and image of Cato, we shall feel that ancient Italy has filled up the foreground of our landscape with a figure that has a real claim to be there.

From the Italian to the Scotchman is an easy transition. It was indeed the striking resemblance to Scott that first made Cato a favorite with us. As we turn over page after page of Plutarch's quaint but picturesque life of Cato, we seem, if we are familiar with the history of the author of *Waverley*, to have our old feelings renewed, and our old sympathies re-awakened. Both had the most keen relish for out-of-doors life, both loved practical success, both shone in their domestic circle, and both liked to know and to feel that when they passed into the larger world without, they could show as brave a light as any. Cato's fondness for pithy sayings finds its counterpart in Scott's endless store of anecdote, and his enquiries into every subject that could be said to come naturally before him, from the origin of the different Italian nations to the minutiae of the farm yard and dairy, run parallel to the knowledge antiquarian, geographical and agricultural which Scott amassed with respect to every nook and corner of the Border. Scott's was perhaps the softer and tenderer nature, and his sympathies were more widely diffused, and more easily aroused than perhaps it was possible that those of a Roman should be. But within the sphere and to the degree permitted to the affections of a Roman, it would probably have been hard to find a man of his day more diligently and systematically amiable than the great Censor. Never was there a better father; never one who thought more anxiously what his son ought to be, or who strove more earnestly that his son should be what sense and an honest heart pointed out as right. In estimating the true character of Cato, we must place clearly before us the real position of an Italian proprietor in his time. There was no knowledge of art, scarcely any of Greek literature, no acquaintance with another language—for Cato only learnt Greek in his old age,—no regular system of education, still more, in domestic life, there was no female society, deserving of the name, and there was the system of slavery, although in a comparatively mild form, to make the heart hard and the temper imercious. Who that pictures to himself such a

state of society as this, and reads the life of Cato but feels, that if his own lot had fallen in those days, he would have lived well if he had lived as the Censor lived.

The life of Scott is too well known to need any sketch here. There is scarcely any work of this century except the "Waverleys" which has produced more heartfelt delight than his biography by Lockhart. What is the chief impression produced in the reader when he closes those fascinating volumes? Is it that Scott was a Poet, a Romancist, a Reviewer, in short a great literary star? assuredly not,—Scott is before all things a country gentleman. He knew what to do on a fine morning as well as any man that ever breathed. It has been most happily said of him "that his life was like a long summer day." We go on from one scene to another of hearty merriment and well ordered activity and of the full play of every energy, bodily and mental, just as on a bright July day we glide from hour to hour bright with a rich flood of sunlight, and bathed in an atmosphere of warmth and life.

We have spoken of Cato's country pursuits: but if we once spoke of Scott's we might fill sheets on sheets. His horses and his dogs seem part of his family circle, and many a chapter of his best novels owes its charms to the reminiscences of days of sporting in which the author had himself taken a distinguished part. Familiar as the story of his life is, we shall we think be easily pardoned if we extract a few lines from the record of the days when he was writing "Marmion" and "The Lay."

"Scott was far too zealous a dragoon not to take a principal share in the stable duty. Before beginning his desk-work in the morning, he uniformly visited his favorite steed, which would not bear to be fed except by him. "Brown Adam" was indeed intractable in other hands, though in his the most submissive of faithful allies. The moment he was saddled and bridled, it was the custom to open the stable door as a signal that his master expected him, when he immediately trotted to the side of the "leaping-on-stone" of which Scott from his lameness found it convenient to make use of, and stood there silent and motionless as a rock, until he was fairly in his seat, after which he displayed his joy by neighing triumphantly through a brilliant succession of curvettings.

"Camp" was at this time the parlour dog. He was very handsome, very fierce and very intelligent. Scott always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it, in particular it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that

his master considered him a sensible and steady friend.

Every day we had some hours of coursing with the greyhounds or riding at random over the hills or of spearing salmon in the Tweed by sunlight; which last sport moreover we often renewed at night by the help of torches."

But we must not prolong our quotation, though the bright joyous picture of country life and its pleasures and dumb companions lures us on. Here was the antidote to all the poison of over anxious study; here the source of a well balanced mind and an even spirit. What makes Scott great in our estimation? Is it his "Lady of the Lake," and scene paintings of Loch Katrine, and knowing Scotch dialogues, and tournaments in the days of King John? It is not these things, themselves, but that a man who could and did write these things, a man who was fêted and caressed because he had written them, a man who really loved to write them, cared more for an hour of a September morning than for them all. Scott had got a real hold on Scotch soil. Think of him, and look on the land where you happen to be, and consider what your trees and hedges, and white-stoned brooks and sloping hills would be if you had but half so strong a hold on them. All of animal enjoyment, much of the intellectual enjoyment which the country can give, Scott had secured to himself in the utmost perfection.

We turn from scene to scene and we find him ever the same, whether leaning on Tom Purdie's arm, having "a bit of a crack" with the labourer to whom he had given the Parisian snuff box, hacking down trees with his strong arm and sharp bill, or beating out the breath of poor dumpling-shaped booksellers, as he led them over mountain and valley, he was always the man who of all there shone out with the healthiest, heartiest, soundest frame of mind and body. When he went to the Orkneys and there picked up materials for the "Pirate," or to Staffa and put together the "Lord of the Isles," he did indeed shew that though he could not afford to see fine scenery without making it pay, yet he was alive to the whisperings of a feeling, if not a great, poetry. And when he wandered through the grounds of Rokeby, having first stated that he wanted "a ruin and an old Church" for he was ever business-like and practical, he could find it in him to sit still, and examine all the details of the scene before him with a minuteness which excited the wonder of his host. But still, though he was thus manifestly a man to whom the muses whispered something more than

they do to most men, yet his truer self always seemed to be present, when he was occupied with much more ordinary pursuits, when in fact, he did nothing but imbibe unconsciously that spirit of free and simple manliness which is, at least in our imaginations, the peculiar attribute, and most precious jewel of a country life.

If we were inclined to pursue the parallel we might find many points in which the tides of these two stalwart "*terræ filii*" approximate. Scott, alas, was as unheroically fond of a long purse as his Roman prototype. He would not sell his wares beneath the market price. When Constable offered him £700, for the manuscript of the novel the authorship of which was to become a title of honour to his name, the canny "laird of Abbotsford and Kaeside" replied that £700, was too much if the work turned out a failure, and too little if it were successful. He would have a handsome sum down before he would part with a goose that might lay golden eggs. We feel sure that if a predecessor of the Socn had offered a true publisher's price for the manuscript of the "*De re rustica*," just so would the Censor have answered him.

Scott's love of his children was as prominent a part of his life as we have seen his marked affection for his son was in that of Cato. "He was not one of those (says Mr. Lockhart) who take much delight in a mere infant (Cato with his assistings at young Marcus's ablutions beat him there) but no father ever devoted more time and tender care to his offspring than he did to each of his, as they reached the age, when they could listen to him, and understand his talk. Like their playmates, Cæmp and the greyhounds, they had at all times access to his study; he never considered their prattle as any disturbance, and he would take them on his knee, repeat a ballad or a legend, kiss them, and set them down again to their marbles or ninepins, and resume his labour, as if refreshed by the interruption." In fact no one who was not fond of children can fill that place in our minds which the aspect of bright country life makes ready for a hero like Scott or Cato. Do they not grow all over the country, like the hawthorns in the hedges and the daisies by the way side, reeking of the fresh earth and ruddy with the breath of morning?

Scott had too an appreciation of the "hypocrisy of business" which would have endeared him to the straightforward soul of the Censor. By this expression, which is his own, Scott meant to rebuke the pedantic conceit which plumes itself on doing every thing in a laborious way. Scott's pen that

never got blunt, and his hand that never rested, and his head that spun out metrical Romances in six weeks and other concurrent metrical Romances unacknowledged appearing at the same time to entrap reviewers, all this diligence and easiness and flow provoked book worms, and the tribe of careful writers who comply with the suggestion of Morace, and let their poems lie by nine years before they venture on print. But said the common sense Lowland laird, "why should I play at finding writing laborious, when really I find it very easy? When I can sit down and coin all these golden guineas so smoothly, why should I pretend that the machine works stiffly? I can write off two volumes of Waverly in the summer evenings of three weeks, and why should I be a hypocrite in business and make-believe that each page requires a month's study," and so he floated down the current gently enough and did not wish any one to imagine that he was pulling against the stream. Cato too knew that he could fight and plead causes, and swim rivers, and throw a javelin, and write a book, and speak in the senate and manage a farm, and he did not make any sham difficulties about any of his performances, but went straight a head like a master of every art. Nay he even liked it to be known how few difficulties the several branches of practical life had for him, and liked to talk about himself, and was something of a boaster, and was very willing to hear the trumpet blowing which told Greeks and Italians what a fine brave old man Cato was, and how varied and excellent were his powers.

In this respect he fell short of Scott who is in no way more admirable than in the good humour with which he endured the crowd of lion-hunters, and his absolute indifference to the bubble of such reputation as the vulgar can give. How much does it say for him that he was never the great Author to his family. He did not wish that they should know he was "*the Scott*." Hardly any stories of those told in any part of his life have such a relish for our taste as those two anecdotes of his children shewing their absolute ignorance of their father's pretensions to fame "I remember," says James Ballantyne "going into the library shortly after the publication of the '*Lady of the Lake*,' and, finding Miss Scott there by herself, I asked her 'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the '*Lady of the Lake*?' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity, "Oh, I have not read it: papa says there is nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry." Again one of Scott's colleagues of the Clerk's table having said to his

eldest boy "you cannot surely help seeing, my man, that great people make more work about 'your papa than they do about me or any of your uncles; what is it do you suppose that occasions this?" The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered very gravely. "It's commonly *him* that sees the hare sitting." In the lives of how many shining, literary, or other lights can we find anything to match this?

But as we have selected one point in which Cato was the inferior, we must, before we conclude, mention one in which he was greatly superior—what would Scott have done as a Censor? He would never have earned *himself* the name of *the* Censor par excellence. Cato could run counter to the generation of men among whom he lived. He had a theory about how they might be improved and he went and thrust his theory in their faces and made them swallow it, careless and unmoved when they screamed out, and invoked all the powers of heaven and earth against him. It must be confessed that there is no symptom of any such heroisin in Scott. He would never have put down carriages at Rome. At the most in a gentlemanly friendly way he would have advised a quiet livery, and a neat plain colour and build. Cato had something much more fierce and determined in him, and could roar very unlike a nightingale when anything or any person crossed his path.

But we will not set them "one against another." They were true, brave, men both of them; and the more of such men a country has the better and happier is it. The September morning leaves little to wish, but it would be *quite* perfect if one of such men were but a country neighbour within an easy walk. We should know that, when the easy walk was accomplished we should come upon a spirit in unison throughout with the day and the scene. But the vanity of wishing has been taught us by every moralist, from Johnson to Mrs. Barbauld. We must not let the present moment pass us because we could fancy something better. While we have been "daundering along the green lanes" of pleasant thoughts, and letting our pen run on, the September morning has been wearing away. Let us out into the broad sunshine and the green grass, and the yellow stubbles. The sun is getting high and will not stay while we think of dead men. We will breathe fresh air, and if the fancy is still strong on us will imagine ourselves for a moment in the company of one or other of our favorites. Here are the Meadows by the Tweed and the

Gala—Hallsa Camp! “Quiet there, Rover—who can hear a word “the Sherra” says, if ye make such a senseless blatherin?” Here is the white Italian farm, “Heus tu, Marce, heus Publi; venite omnes; dulcis in vinetis labor.”

HORÆ INDICE.

No. 1.

"When Bickeringajet, Rana of Mewar was deposed, his only brother and heir Oody Sing, then a minor, was placed by the nobles under the guardianship of a bastard of the house of Runmul.

"Power," says the bard "breeds ambition, and ambition brings, on crimes." The new regent proved the truth of the saying. Tasting the sweets of command he longed to be settled permanently on the throne, and having laid his plans with caution, a few days after his elevation, he murdered his deposed Sovereign, and sought to destroy his ward. But the nurse of the child was faithful to her duty, and willing rather to sacrifice her own interests for those of her master, as soon as she heard of his design, she laid her own child in the royal cradle, and telling one of her agents to remove the Prince in a basket outside the city, calmly awaited the issue.

Things turned out as she expected, she saw her own son murdered in her face, and escaping with difficulty from the hands of the assassins she went outside the walls and took into her arms the Prince for whom she had sacrificed all that she held dear. After encountering many dangers and wandering for many days, she succeeded in placing the infant under the care of Assasha Governor of Komulmere a strong fortress in the mountains of Mewar, where Oody Sing passed the days of his youth. In the course of time, however, the usurper was slain, and the Prince was called by his nobles to accept the crown of his forefathers.

He ascended the throne in S. (1597), and the song that was composed on his leaving the place where he had spent the days of his early youth, is still a favorite at Odipore, where on the festival of Isam the females still chant in chorus, the "Farewell" to Komulmere." (History of Rajasthan by Charun Appa Runseet M.S.S.)

*Farewell to thy fountains, farewell to thy shades,
To the songs of thy ruins, and the dance of thy maids."*
Song of the Huguenots

1.

Farewell to thy turrets, farewell to thy bowers,
To thy dark winding vallies, thy mountains, thy flowers,
To thy rich ev'ning meadows, where mingles the breeze
With the pipe of the swain, and the whisper of trees,
To thy light flashing fountains, thy soft chiding rills,
And the sunshine of even, that gladdens thy hills.

II.

The morning shall dawn, and the roebuck shall bound
Through the dark linden forest, that girdles thee round,
The dew drops shall glisten like pearls on the thorn,
And the hills shall re-echo the wild hunters horn,
But the heart that leapt wildest those echoes to hear,
Shall follow no longer, the track of thy deer.

III.

The haunts of my youth, the white beechen bowers,
That conceal but in part, thy assemblage of towers,
Where the lark pours his music, ere morning is bright,
And the Bulbul complains at the hush of the night,
In spring and in autumn, they'll bloom as of yore,
But the youth that they sheltered, shall see them no more.

IV.

And the lake by thy mountains, where my shallop is seen,
Which shines like pale silver, when the moon is serene,
And the night in deep sorrow, sits brooding and still,
Like a lady that weeps for her love,—on the hill
No longer shall echo the dash of my oar,
When the breeze shall come laden, with songs from the shore.

V.

On my head now the crown, of my fathers I wear,
In my hand the proud sceptre of empire I bear,
Henceforward, nor pleasure, nor peace shall be mine,
Nor quiet, that made thy dark groves so divine,
But sorrow, and danger, and strife, shall be near,
For thy music, thy sunshine, oh calm Komulmere.

Calcutta, 20th January 1853.

DELTA.



ONE FALSE STEP.

Why dont you publish that story? said a friend of mine, it can do no harm now, he continued; a couple of years in India makes an incident old enough to write upon. To this proposal I shook my head, and puffed away vigorously at my favorite No. 1. I won't run the risk of being misunderstood, I replied, after a few minutes pause; every one has a right to pull the story to pieces, and the writer too, for that matter.

My friend left me alone with my Cheroot, which straight-way become a very suggestive companion, and as its gauzy wreaths floated away in the evening air, I gradually changed my purpose; with every column of thin smoke that disappeared, my difficulties seemed to decrease; at last, when I threw the remains of the once cherished and friendly weed on the ground, it was to provide myself with pen, ink, and paper; and here they are before me. •

I pause to recal all the incidents of my story; they deeply affected me at the time; it requires but to dwell on the events, and they will stand forth (with all the feelings they produced) fresh and clear on the tablets of memory.

I am a medical man. Medical men do not indulge much in light writing. Since the days of Smollet and Moore no novelist has risen from their ranks. *The diary of a late Physician*, we all know is the production of a Barrister, and yet few men have such opportunities of studying human character, as the members of the medical profession; for although the lawyer, and the statesman have to make man their peculiar study, the first often sees him under the shade of crime, and the last in the glare of ambition; and perhaps in consequence, they do not arrive at that knowledge of human character that a medical man has it in his power to attain. Observe a man when sickness grasps him, he throws aside the fancy dress he may have found it his interest or pleasure to have assumed, and as he thrusts the fevered wrist into the doctor's hand, and turns the bloodshot eye upon the doctor's countenance, he is then in all his weakness—man—not the courtier, the soldier, or the politician, but simply man, afflicted and seeking alleviation from one of the “thousand ills that flesh is heir to.”

What strange, what romantic events occur in this land of India, yet in no country are they so soon forgotten, chiefly because we want men with sufficient time and energy to narrate the circumstances and deduce the moral.

I have my story to tell, it must be a “plain, unvarnished tale” the incidents are interesting in themselves, and if the story

do not amuse or instruct, it will be in consequence of the homely garb in which I have clothed this bantling of my leisure hours. Blow not too keenly, ye critics, on its half clothed proportions, but rather throw the cloak of charity over its many inaccuracies.

About two years ago, although I lived carefully and methodically, I fell ill of a fever which had filled my hospital, and in the successful treatment of which I rather piqued myself. I had a very good opportunity of practising upon myself, and noting all the symptoms of the disease in my own proper person. Though fond of my profession, I was not very thankful for the experience I was then gaining: in short I retreated before the foe, and entrenched myself upon the mountains; I found myself an inhabitant of Rosebud Cottage "retired and elegant with a view of the snowy range" as the advertisements worded it. I need not say in which of our Hill stations my temporary residence was situated. I arrived in the midst of the season, gaiety was at its height, and people had paired off for the season's flirtation. My first walk was on the Mall, and here let me advise my invalid friends to take warning from my experience. Illness had rendered me weak and nervous and it seemed to me, as I clung to the railings bounding the road, that an accident must inevitably occur. Horses, and Jampans, children and nurses seemed to be mixed in a most dangerous confusion. Truly thought I (when after the lapse of half an hour, no accident *had* occurred) truly there is a special providence over life and limb in our Hill stations. I passed a disturbed night, for my dreams pictured the road as still more narrow than it was in reality, the horses more numerous and more unmanageable, and the children so plentiful as to require more Papas and Mamas than the station afforded.

From that day I made up my mind to choose a more retired locality for my walks. My object was health, not gaiety, and so the morning sun, if he had looked would have observed me a regular frequenter of a very picturesque mountain road. In my daily walks I used often to meet a remarkable looking man, he had one of those faces which can never be seen without the feeling that its possessor has passed through heart stirring scenes, a face each line on which seemed to have been traced by the hand of sorrow.

At first when we met, he appeared as though he would gladly have shunned me, but finding that I was as regular a frequenter of the path as himself, he seemed to become more reconciled to meeting me. I was without objects of interest,

my bad health debarred me from seeking society, and society was not inclined to come out of its way to see me. It is therefore not to be wondered at that I should begin to take an interest in my daily seen, though as yet unknown, neighbour. I often found myself weaving out his probable history, a fresh one every day, in short he was actually becoming a source of inspiration to me. I observed each time we met his increasing feebleness, his step was less firm, his head less erect, one morning just after I had caught sight of him, he staggered and fell against the railing that separated us from a precipice. I rushed forward and seized him just as the wood work gave way. As I supported him in my arms, he raised his eyes languidly, and looked at me vacantly. I fear you are very ill, I said, let me take you home; he disengaged his arm from mine, and making an effort to recover himself thanked me for my kindness and assured me he could proceed by himself,—he did this in so nervous and anxious a manner as to convince me he was in no way desirous of my assistance.

Not wishing to intrude my attentions, I let him advance a few paces by himself: he had (as I had anticipated) overrated his strength, and feeling he could not proceed, he accepted my second-time-proffered aid. After leaving him at home, with a promise to call in the course of the day, I retraced my steps. During the day I made enquiries regarding my patient of the morning; I discovered him to be an invalid officer of the Cavalry, a Captain Wilmot; he had but lately arrived and though evidently a great sufferer, had refused all medical advice; he was spoken of as a melancholy and hypochondriacal man, who avoided forming intimacies, and appeared to exist in the gloomy world of his own thoughts. It was to the abode of this singular being I turned my steps on the afternoon of the day I have already alluded to. He allowed me to prescribe for him, and expressed his thanks to me for the assistance I had rendered him, I took the greatest interest in his case, but alas I had the mortification to observe that in spite of all my efforts he gradually grew weaker, the disease he suffered from was plainly mental, and beyond the reach of physic.

Who can minister to a *mind* diseased? It was the close of a day: I was seated beside Wilmot in his verandah; as usual I was revolving his case in my mind, and unconsciously had fixed my eyes upon him, he seemed so uneasy under my gaze, that I was recalled to a sense of the seeming rudeness of my stare. Why do you look like that at me, Barnet, he said in

a pettish tone of voice. Is there any thing strange in my appearance? he continued. It seemed to me that this was the time to solve my doubts regarding Wilmot, indeed, I felt, that until I had some clue to the cause of his anxiety I could be of no real use to him, I therefore said, without removing my eyes from his face, Wilmot, if there ever was a man being hurried into eternity by some deep and anxious mental sorrow, you are that man.—As I spoke a look of horror passed across his face. What? he said, not content with searing my heart, is my misery stamped on my brow in such legible characters, as that you the acquaintance of a day can read it? Oh Barnett, he resumed in an altered, and less excited voice, you are right. The continued agony of years is killing me, do you remember how Coleridge's Ancient Mariner felt an ungovernable impulse to tell the story of his crimes? Such an impulse has often nearly mastered me, never have I felt so great a desire to communicate to one who will perhaps sympathise with me, the history of my sin and its consequences.

I lit a cheroot leisurely, and prepared myself to attend, this I did chiefly to give him time to collect himself.

He commenced abruptly, I am not what I appear, I am a living falsehood, he was going on in this excited way, when leaping from my chair I requested him to talk no more that evening. It was his turn to be calm now, he quietly assured me, that, his commencement had been sudden but that if I would patiently hear him to the end, his story would prove that he suffered from no monomania with regard to his own identity.

I allowed him to proceed with his story which he narrated, as nearly as I can remember, in the following words.

My father had two sons, I was the elder, but not the favorite, I never had a domestic birthright, and was grudging that which the law accorded me.

My mother died when my younger brother was born, perhaps she would have loved me,—as it was, I commenced the world in the nursery, and while still a child had learned to struggle for my rights. My father brought me up to the profession he himself had embraced, which was that of a solicitor in a country town on the East coast of England.

I will not enter into the details of my early life, but one incident I must not pass over, I loved, and was beloved, by one superior to me in social position, but who in the ardour of a first passion thought of nothing, but that our attachment was mutual. Olivia Waterton, was both accomplished and beautiful, and above all had a mind deeply sensitive, and

alive to moral right. The first love of a boy is generally most worthy of acceptance, pure as the object he adores, he tenders a feeling she herself might own without a blush, but our first loves are frequently unfortunate,—I thought my case was an exception, all seemed smooth and I was hopeful for the future, when my father's views with regard to me changed, and he suddenly expressed his intention of sending me to India to commence life in one of our Mercantile houses in Calcutta. This blow, so unexpected, overwhelmed me, but my father was inexorable. In vain I pleaded for delay even, in the execution of this sentence of banishment. I was told in reply, I had but a month to prepare for my departure. I will not dwell on my parting with Olivia, we plighted our troth, and half broken hearted I left her, I had still a ray of hope, that I should yet meet her in the land to which I was bound. Miss Waterton was the orphan daughter of a Bengal Officer; her uncle was a Colonel in the service to which her father had belonged, and he continually urged that his niece Olivia should come out to him,—should she accept this invitation, I might yet hope to renew the intimacy which existed between us.

There were no railways in those days, so I left my father's house by the coach which daily ran between our town and the metropolis. About half way to London we stopped at a Lodge gate, where a young and fashionably dressed man, was standing; around him were grouped, those whom I took to be his mother, brother and sister, he bade them adieu, and the next moment was beside me on the coach; I can never forget the expression of the mother's face, as she watched her son out of sight, so full of love and deep anguish was it, that it haunts me to this very hour. I found my companion notwithstanding his recent separation from his family full of life and spirits, we soon got into conversation, for he was frank and open-hearted, and before we reached our destination we had mutually discovered that not only were we both going to India, but that we were actually going to the same Presidency. We thought this a strange coincidence, and determined to be friends. He was destined for the army and expatiated largely on his prospects, and when I compared my future with his, I felt envy gnawing at my heart, and a foreboding of my great crime, swept across me like a shadow. We agreed to leave England by the same ship. All was arranged, our passage taken, and we spent the last few days of our English life at Portsmouth. The morning dawned on which we were to leave England, —never had I seen Wilnot in such good spirits.

Wilmot! interrupted I, surely you mistake, that is your *own* name.

A deep groan was the only reply my patient made to this, then after a pause he said, Hear me out quietly, and he resumed, I had never seen Wilmot in such good spirits as on that ever to be remembered morning. It was very cold, and his coat was buttoned up to the throat, he held his pocket book in his hand. Carry this for me like a good fellow he said, you can place it securely in your waistcoat pocket, and give it to me when we reach the ship. On this trifling incident hung my future fate, a fate fraught with misery and sorrow. I did as Wilmot requested and left the Hotel, and repaired to the beach, where lay the boat which was to convey us to the Indiaman. The sea was rough and occasionally a wave broke over the bow of the boat. One of the sailors observing this, requested Wilmot to come aft: he rose up to do so, but before he had gone two paces, a heavier sea struck the boat, and Wilmot losing his balance fell over into the boiling and surging waters. With a cry of horror I seized the end of a coil of rope and plunged after him but in leaping dragged the whole coil with me, and in a moment I became entangled in it. Every movement I made to free myself seemed but the more firmly to entwine the rope around me.

Clarence's description of the horror he felt, when he dreamt he was drowning, is true to nature, I remember a suffocating and struggling spasm and after that nothing more until on languidly opening my eyes I discovered myself in a cot in the cabin of a ship. I was surrounded by comforts, but no where could I see my own luggage and outfit—everything appeared adapted for one in better circumstances than myself. I raised myself on my arm, and saw the green sea, its small crisp white headed waves leaping upwards in the sunlight—I slowly recalled all that had happened, but I could not understand why my companion's baggage should have found its way into my cabin,—I was too weak to follow up this train of thought and lying back in my cot I fell asleep. When I again awoke a stranger was stooping over me,—he addressed me as *Mr. Wilmot* and asked if I felt better. I did not correct the error he had made in my name, I felt too feeble and drowsy to do so, I replied I was better and asked after my companion. The doctor (for so he was) replied Poor young fellow, he is gone, your gallantry was unavailing, he was drowned. You should be thankful *Mr. Wilmot* for your escape, your pocket book, revealed your name and address, which under the cir-

cumstances I thought myself justified in consulting, and lest your relations should hear of the accident, I wrote by the Pilot to inform them of your safety,—and without awaiting my answer he left the cabin. Then arose the fearful temptation to personate my late companion. At first the idea overwhelmed me, but it recurred again, and again, and seemed to exercise a fearful fascination over my soul. At last I yielded and determined to pass myself off as the deceased Wilmot. One very strong motive for giving way to this crime was the morbid sensibility I felt, with regard to my position in society. The girl I loved was a step above me in the social scale, and I knew that the only bar to our happiness was this inequality in our relative positions, but why give the train of crude and false reasoning by which I arrived at the conclusion that the end justified the means. I was even wicked enough to try and persuade myself that Providence had cast this chance in my way and that what at first had seemed a temptation might in reality be an inspiration. Having taken my resolution I acted promptly, I sprang up, locked the door and at once betook myself to looking over all Wilmot's papers, and correspondence. For three days I pleaded illness as an excuse for not leaving my cabin, and occupied myself incessantly in discovering all that I could of his past life, in which search, I was greatly assisted by a journal, he had regularly kept for the last four years of his life. He had besides miniatures of his family, and these did not escape my attention. I carefully studied his handwriting, and in short applied every faculty I possessed to fit myself to sustain the part I had guiltily chosen to act, and by the time we reached Calcutta, so much had my mind dwelt on the subject and so consistent had been my imposition, that there were times, I almost identified myself with my lost friend, but this was only occasionally, and when I realized the villain's part I was acting, I was filled with a remorse that would have driven many to suicide. Wilmot had commenced a letter to his mother, it breathed a spirit of love and devotion, this letter I finished and despatched from Calcutta. I lingered two days, before I could summon courage enough to sign Wilmot's commission and official documents; at last I did so and presented myself before the authorities. I have never, no not for an hour known happiness, since the day that accursed thought first entered my guilty soul, and now Barnet as I feel death approaching, I realize that I have mistaken life, and am not ready for the grave. But to proceed with my story, after spending a short time in Calcutta, I found my Regiment at one of the large stations up country. *

The recollections of the past was so blended with fears for the future, and dread of detection in the present world that my face was an index to the struggle constantly going on in my soul, and I was, and felt myself to be an incubus on Society. The sound of laughter ceased when I was present, and every one eyed me with as grave a look as though they knew of my crime, but time proved to me that the fault of this conduct lay with myself. I made an effort, I became one of the loudest amongst a noisy and jovial crew. If I knew that a horse was savage, and vicious, I mounted him with a wild and desperate glee. Every daring feat my imagination conceived, I put in practice. Despair endued me with a reckless courage, and I became notorious for what among ourselves we called pluck, and courage. My society once shunned, was now cultivated by men who looked on my daring as something almost supernatural. I have observed through life, that personal prowess, and activity and skill in manly sports carry away the sympathy and respect of those who judge men by outward appearances, and who are ever alive to such perfections, as are palpable to their senses. I began to forget, and the sting of conscience was becoming feeble, when an incident occurred which revived afresh my sense of guilt and misery. I had never forgotten Olivia Waterton. Time and absence, had but increased my regard for her, but alas I could not conceal from myself, that the passion I then entertained for her, was very different to the sunny, hopeful, happy love of my boyish years. Olivia formed the only link that connected me, with my old and comparatively innocent self. If it had not been, that a recollection of her bound me to the past, I really believe I should eventually have lost sight of my own identity. But to return to the incident I was about to narrate, our corps gave a ball of which I was elected steward, and the management of which had chiefly devolved on me. I was going leisurely round the room after the first dance, when I recognized a voice I had not heard for years, a voice I could never hear without a thrill through my whole system. I paused—could my ears have deceived me; no I still heard the liquid sounds, I stepped into the room from whence the voice proceeded, and there beside an old general officer sat Olivia Waterton. I advanced to the centre of the room, faltered, and turned abruptly away, a whirlwind of agony rushed through my soul as I stepped out into the verandah, and leaned my throbbing brow against one of the pillars. Love for Olivia, my first love, and fear of detection, and detection from such a quarter, by turns distracted me, but by degrees reason resumed her sway, and I thought carefully over the chances.

A habit of being constantly on my guard for so long a time made it an easy task for me to collect myself, and prepare for this emergency. I recollected that a dark moustache, and cavalry uniform would (when coupled with the ravages remorse had made on my face) have so altered me, that I might safely dare the scrutiny even of the girl who had loved me. I returned to the ball room and drank several glasses of Champagne, after which I rejoined the dancers and obtained an introduction to Miss Waterton. I seated myself beside her, and the first words I uttered, made her start visibly, and the color rushed to her pale cheek, and then retreated, leaving her paler than before. She looked long and earnestly at me, and then, with some embarrassment entreated my pardon for her strange conduct. But Mr. Wilmot, continued she, your voice is so similar to that of a very dear friend, that I was taken by surprise. This was the commencement of my acquaintance with Olivia in my assumed character. If I had loved her before, I idolized her now.

One day I sought her to tell her this,—I found her seated alone in a Verandah overlooking a beautiful garden, in which tropical plants, and English flowers, were growing side by side. It was the delightful cool season, so suggestive of home to the weary exile. I drew my chair to where Olivia was seated, and ere I was myself aware of it, I had burst forth into a rapid, and perhaps eloquent avowal of my love. She heard me to the end but ah! so calmly that I felt, I was lost. At last she spoke, it was to tell me she loved one long dead, to tell me that with him, was buried all the affection she once could have given, and that her heart could no longer recognise any power in love. A scorching agony seemed to sear my heart, as the idea crossed my mind that perhaps it was the memory of my lost self she lamented so touchingly. I seized her hand, and gazing earnestly in her face I exclaimed, Tell me, for God's sake, for pity's sake was his name——? and I mentioned the name I have so long disgraced, she looked at me with glassy eyes, for a moment, and with white and trembling lips murmured that it was. I know not what was in my look but terror seemed to have petrified the young girl, I fancy she began to recognise her old lover, perhaps some trace of my former self still lingered on my countenance, but before her mind could fully grasp this idea, I eagerly clasped her hand, and in a few words told the story of my crime. I raved out my protestations of agony, and remorse, until tears flowed from her large blue eyes—Would to God, she said, it had been I as thought it was, would to God

you *had* died. I am so horrified that I can realize nothing but your crime, you are not the idol I shrined in my heart. I love the boy, who left home as innocent as myself and to whom I plighted my troth, but not the man stained with such a crime as you confess.—I entreated her as I cast myself on my knees before her to love me still, I said if I had one hope left, it was to atone for my crime, and become more worthy of her, to this she made no reply, and I buried my face in my hands. When I looked up Olivia had fainted. In horror I rushed into the house, and called for assistance. They carried her to her room, and this was the last I saw of Olivia. The next day, I was raving in a brain fever, and here, Barnet, as a medical man, it may interest you to know that in my wildest ravings I never hinted at my secret. It had become a second nature with me to conceal. Weeks after when I recovered, I asked for Miss Waterton, they told me she had left the station the day after my illness commenced.

I could not resume my old habits. Remorse had sharpened her tooth and conscience regained her sting. I felt that it wanted but little to fill my cup of misery to overflowing. I had not heard from the lady, who, supposing herself my mother, used to pour out every feeling of her heart to me—I had not heard from her for some time, when one day, a letter with a black border was handed to me. It was as my fears foreboded, from Mrs. Wilmet, she had lost her eldest son, and she entreated me, her now only surviving child, to return to be her support and stay. Can you not fancy my remorse at this time, it seemed as though my punishment had reached its climax, and yet at the eleventh hour, I could not retract; my moral courage, always feeble, was now absolutely wanting,—I felt myself a coward. The most wretched feature in my crime, has been the barriers I continually threw up between myself and the road to repentance. Again I dissembled. I said I wanted not the fortune left me by my brother's death, and that for some years, I would not relinquish my profession. Months passed, but I never forgot, no not even in my sleep; I rose in the morning to misery, and lay down at night to re-act in visions the duplicity I had been guilty of in reality. Had I been more or less a villain, it would have been better, I should either have revelled in the success of my schemes, or never have acted as I did in the first instance. Months had past when I one day observed in a newspaper I held listlessly in my hand, the name of the town in which my father resided. Imagine my feelings on reading that my father had just had a baronetcy

conferred on him; he had always been an energetic and useful man, but he at length made himself so necessary to Government that to secure his services for the future and perhaps reward past usefulness, they had bestowed this baronetcy upon him, and the paper I was reading mentioned him as one who would not disgrace the dignity conferred on him and alluded to his "princely fortune". All this induced a train of the most dismal reflections, as I recollected what I had thrown away. I had indeed sold my birthright, it was too late to return like the Prodigal, how could I disgrace a family so lately raised in dignity? Had my father been poor or in want I could have confessed that the hand that supported him was that of a repentant son. Surely I have been sufficiently punished, I murmured. Is there no mercy? there seemed to be none, for in the same paper was notified the death of my supposed mother—"suddenly" was the word used. I staggered back to my quarters—my brain whirling. I remember mounting a favorite horse, and riding wildly from the station. The fierce hot wind was blowing its eddies of fine dust into my face, yet, on, on, I rode the reining neck out stretched, and widely expanded nostrils. A vast plain was before me, the sun was setting, the station left behind me, nothing was with me but my sore agony. I yelled my curses aloud, and drove my spurs into the flank of my charger. Evening succeeded—still I sped forward. The startled jackalls sneaked off into the thicker jungle, the wolf avoided me as I thundered along. My eyes burned with the glare they had suffered from. Confused visions of things long past began to overcloud my brain. I fancied that I was with Olivia. I turned to address her, and of a sudden an unspeakable horror seized me. Where was I? who was I? all appeared vague and terrible. The jungle around me seemed to teem with mocking fiends, and I could have sworn I heard their laughter. I remember no more until I regained my senses, and found myself in a native village, stretched on a rude charpoy, a hideous old crone was mumbling to herself as she ground corn, and two or three naked children were peeping at the strange sight of an European. I was carried back to cantonments and after a short time I appeared before a Medical Committee and invalided. When I first found myself in these Hills, I experienced some relief: nature here puts on so gigantic an appearance, that crime seems dwarfed by comparison. Man, good, or bad, seems such an atom that I feel comfort in my insignificance. Often too I have felt repose stealing over my troubled soul, as I looked down into the peaceful valleys, and heard no sounds save

the hum of bees, and the murmur of distant water, which seemed but to remind one that all else was silent, and then some fleecy cloud would partly shade the scene, and like the veil of a young bride add to the beauty of the Half-concealed. He paused—and turning towards me, said, This is my story, the termination, Barnet, you will yourself witness before long.

How could I speak comfort to one so distressed and so wretched, what words could alleviate such misery, speech would have been mockery, and I think there is a silence more expressive than language. I grasped his hand before leaving him and assured him that his story had secured him my warmest sympathy; it seemed also a fitting time to remind him that although *man* could speak no comfort to a heart so distressed as his, yet that there was *one* word, *one* name that conveyed in itself a hope of mercy and pardon, and sympathy for his sore distress. Something like this I said to him, and left him in a calmer mood, with a promise to call the next day.

It was a lovely morning and I felt that if any thing could inspire fresh life and hope, it would be such a day as this. The servants were lounging about as I entered Wilmot's verandah. Telling them I would go alone, I passed into his room. There was a silence unbroken even by the sound of breathing—I opened the shutter partially—a ray of sunlight fell direct on Wilmot's upturned face, Great God! I was rooted to the spot with horror. He lay *dead*! his hands clenched as though warding off some frightful object, and the look of terror he had died with, frozen on his countenance.

* * * * *

A year elapsed, I had occasion to visit the house Wilmot had died in. I was shewn into the very room, now furnished as a drawing room, and on the very spot where his bed stood and where he had died in his misery, was a piano, at which was seated a young girl, who was singing a joyous Italian air.

* * * * *

I draw no moral. I think the story carries its own with it. I have given in in simple and I hope intelligible language, and I now lay it with all its faults, both of style and expression before the reader, with the earnest hope that he may prove an indulgent one.

JUANPOOR.

The winding Goomtee glides along
Through scenes which, if unknown to song,
Possess an interest and a power,
To wake a deeply thoughtful hour,
Nor can I heedlessly survey
It's banks and shores, with ruins grey.

The time has been when all I view,
So mouldering now, was bright and new ;
Those ruins then could boast the trace
Of orient sculpture's every grace,
And Goomtee's breast gave back their gleam
Reflected freshly from her stream.

The shattered Fort, which yonder rears
Its battled front, and proudly bears
Th' assaults of time, whose conquering power
Shall yet destroy each wall and tower,
In days of yore contained the train
Of Monarchs of a mighty reign.

The *Nowbat* drums no more declare
The presence of the Sovereign there,
Nor heralds with their pomp proclaim
The glories of the royal name,
But owlets' hoot, or bats' shrill cry
Now dismally their place supply.

The embrasur'd ramparts now are lone,
Their warlike guardians dead and gone,
Nor horses' tramp, nor armour's din
Arise the silent walls within,
But prowling jackalls haunt the place
On which were warriors wont to pace.

And Halls, once graced with splendor rare
And high born chiefs and damsels fair,
No longer from their roofs rebound
Mirth's laugh, and Music's joyful sound,
But passing gales now wailing sigh
As grieving that such scenes could die.

And distant, see, with solemn gloom
Yon mosque erects its hallowed dome,
Beneath which humbly us'd to stand
The Prince and Nobles of the land,
Adoring that great Power above
For all his mercies and his love.

Now waste and desolate is its sound,
It's sculpture crumbling strews the ground,
And hardly is a votary seen,
Where erst a countless crowd had been,
For storms and rains have failed to spare
The sacred pile, the house of pray'r.

And close beside its western gate,
Beneath their tombs' cold sullen state,
Commingling with their kindred dead
The royal race are mouldering laid,
Till on their quickening ears shall fall
The judgment day's loud trumpet call.

Oh could all this to me impart
And give the lesson on my heart,
That sharers of an equal fate
We all must die or soon or late,
Less firmly then this world might bind
To fleeting joys my heart and mind.

But soaring high, those temples bright
Should burst upon my ravished sight,
Which, beaming with immortal light,
Nor time nor storms can scar or blight,
And hailed in them a welcome guest,
My soul should find eternal rest.

TEMPLETON'S STORY.

With what delight did I return on leave of absence to England ; several years' service in India had materially impaired a constitution naturally feeble, and compelled me to seek repose and amusement in one of the crowded watering places which are thronged with visitors during the summer months. Any one who has had the good or ill fortune to have witnessed the great yearly ablution of the Hindoos, at the holycity of Benares, may have been inclined to smile at the apparent devotion with which the pilgrims of both sexes hasten to the ghauts to lave themselves in the sacred waters of the Ganges, but, in truth, in our own happy land there are many places by the deep where the same interesting ceremony is engaged in, not indeed with the religious feelings impelling the Hindoos, but with feelings prompted as forcibly by custom, and indeed by pleasure ; for, the latter engrossing sensation is in many ways the origin of the happiness felt, on these occasions, both by the fair complexioned maidens of Britain, and by the dark but no less gracefully formed Hindoos. The bathing, however, and its pleasant accompaniments of joyous faces and sociable converse, is not the only *agrément* of a watering place so engaging to the weary invalid from Hindostan, sick and tired of its monotony and exhausting climate : there are other pastimes to wile away the hour, which however in these smiling scenes seldom hangs heavy. After your " dip," as the young ladies call it, there is the stroll along the beach to the music of the foaming, roaring surf, the lounge on the pier or quays to see the disembarkation of the arrivals by the last steamer, the ramble with some chosen party, mounted on donkeys or other rude conveyance, to some well known sequestered retreat dignified by such names as the " Lover's seat" or the " Dropping well"—every one endeavours to appear *déjà* in mind and habiliments, free from care and thoughts of the morrow, if indeed, there be not present some love sick swain dreaming of the honey moon,—then in the evening the Library and its uncertain raffles and lotteries, or the " Rooms" replete with all that is new in novels and periodicals, or perhaps the strains of Strauss may prove more attractive to the lovers of the spirit elevating dance, but I find myself already digressing from the tale I intended to relate, but like all old staggers I must be somewhat digressive or I shall never come to an

end as Paddy would say, but who does not love to dwell on the pleasant hours of the past. Snugly ensconced in an arm chair with my feet on a footstool I was in the habit of watching for hours together the raging surf and the labours of crowds of laughing, screaming children, who were employed in building fanciful embankments with sand, only to be washed away by the encroachments of the advancing tide. Often have I pictured in my imagination the future career of these little people, while meantime, their attendant guardians, mammas and nursery maids were perchance conjecturing "with what on earth that sickly cadaverous looking gentleman could possibly find to amuse himself," during the many hours I spent in this *dolce far niente* existence. I cannot say that I did not feel jealous of my dog Neptune, who was exceedingly popular with the fair and happy girls who paraded up and down the beach or employed themselves in crotchet work, or in the perusal of the latest novel, and scarcely deigned to regard his Master with any other glance than that of commiseration. This was the more galling to my vanity, when I reflected, that, not long ago, they would not have despised my practised powers in a polka or deux-temps. Ah! said I to myself, I suppose I must be growing old, and I made a determination, that if I did not find a grey hair in my next visit to the looking glass I would use every exertion to recover my former health and appearance, in order to bring these pretty, indifferent damsels to their bearing, and convert their looks of pity into others of a more valuable nature. I consoled myself however, in no small degree, by reflecting that I could afford to think lightly of their humiliating consideration, for time had galloped a pace with me, and I felt an internal satisfaction when I reverted to the retrospect of a gay and stirring life.

Yet I could not refrain from concluding, how true it is, that instruction of some kind or another may be sought and found in every trifling incident that occurs within our view, if we happen to be in a mood to benefit by our reflections—thus for instance, the miniature forts of sand which these children were constructing in their playful industry, and which the tameless waters sooner or later, erase and cause to mingle with the surrounding sand so that not a trace of them can in a few minutes be discovered, is but a fair simile of the futility and fleeting existence of the hopes and visions we form in early life of the future happiness we so enthusiastically anticipate to enjoy at a more advanced period of age—bright prospects of glory and renown, which the biography of dis-

tinguished characters, pored over in our boyhood, induces us to delusively imagining may be our lot, but which fade away, alas ! too speedily in the dull common routine of ordinary life.

We find at length, that all we can possibly arrive at, is but a shadow of such false, but glowing anticipations, that in performing steadily, and honorably the duty which we owe to our Queen and country we settle down into placid contentment, and learn to forget in useful, although fameless occupation, those schemes of power and ambition which were never doomed to be realized, and soften the bitterness of disappointments which all must be prepared to meet with in this varying pilgrimage, by the consciousness of at least doing well that which is required of us in our different stations of life. As a military man of sufficient standing to have learnt and appreciated the value of this truism, I did not permit my spirits to be much depressed by unavailing regrets, but endeavoured on the contrary to make myself happy in whatever position I might by hazard or design be thrown. I had loved sincerely and devotedly, and had been deceived, and disgusted by disappointment, had sought to win a name, and had been equally unfortunate, had contracted friendships only to find that they had been constructed on too weak a foundation to stand firm against the inroads of selfishness, and heartlessness, had vainly desired glittering affluence in the delusion that it could confer happiness, only to discover that the more affluent I became, the more my wants and extravagancies increased. Thus I was finally tutored by irresistible circumstances, harsh and unpalatable, it must be admitted, to a most perfect state of resignation and philosophy. A sycophant would perhaps term it indifference,—be it so. Now, in this *laissez faire* mood I sat day after day, sometimes reading, and at other times reflecting on what I read : my studies and meditations being however often interrupted by the curiosity and admiration with which I watched certain fair ladies who amused themselves by proving Neptune's title to be godson of the Monarch of the deep, by sending him in pursuit of pieces of wood, which they threw beyond the breakers, to entice him to exercise his courage and powers of swimming. I know not what the faithful animal thought of these teasing belles, but their usual exclamations of real or affected fright when he returned successful, and sent them flying in all directions to avoid the wringing which he invariably gave his shaggy skin, was a pleasing reward to his morbid master for the attention he bestowed on the tormented dog and his fair tormentors. On a bright sunny morning

when there was scarcely a breath of air, or "cats-paw" as the sailors call it, to raise the sails of the lazy-looking fishing boats and pleasure skiffs which were fruitlessly toiling to convey their freight to some neighbouring seaport, the sea, as if wearied of its exertions, broke in contemptible little ripples on the beach, the sea fowl swam securely close to the shore and the groups of children ventured without danger up to their knees in the water. I had strolled down to my customary lounge on the sands with one of Marryat's novels, fancying myself in a studious humour. While engaged in reading, some dispute among the children attracted my attention, but finding that they were contending as to the shape of a tiny fortress in progress of construction, I was about to take up my book again, when a gentleman who was passing my chair stared, rather fixedly at me. I thought I remembered his face, and his handkerchief dropping at the same time, I took the opportunity of pointing it out to him,—he turned and thanked me and stood for a moment as if anxious to engage me in conversation. Making some observation about the fineness of the weather—*sicut Anglicus est mos*—regarding me at the same time with a quiet, melancholy glance, he said, "you will pardon me, but your features remind me of an old friend and school fellow who joined the army about the same time with myself." Hesitating for a minute to recollect, I replied, "you must be my old friend Templeton, but what in the name of the saints have you been doing with yourself, how changed from the handsome, intellectual Templeton with whom I have spent so many happy hours," "Yes," he said "you have probably cause for surprise, but in truth, some years' service in the east, and deep mental misery have reduced my frame to the shadow, you now witness. I have come down here by the advice of my physician as a *dernier resort*, but am told that there is but a faint hope of my recovery, and am now awaiting, with calm expectation, a release from an existence which for me, has long lost all its charm."

"My dear Templeton such a decision must surely be premature, your constitution was always robust, it may carry you through this danger," "No! I feel it is not so: there is a burning heat in my brain and whole frame which warns me that the medical men have reason to predict my early dissolution, indeed, when you hear my history you will scarcely wonder at my indifference to the near approach of inevitable death, for which I have almost prepared myself—but accompany me to my lodgings, and you shall hear my sad tale and judge for

yourself." As we walked along, I had an opportunity of more closely scanning my friend's appearance, and was shocked to notice the change that had taken place within eight years. When last I saw him his age was about twenty, tall and slight, his figure and face were such as the fair sex love to contemplate, chestnut hair shaded a lofty forehead, blue eyes with eyebrows of a darker hue than the hair, aquiline nose with a mouth combining with masculine determination an expression of feminine softness—but now, although an erect deportment bespoke the soldier's training, his figure was wasted, as he himself said, to a mere shadow, his hollow cheeks on which the hectic flush betrayed the presence of that fatal disorder—consumption—wore a haggard aspect. At intervals a short dry cough distressed one by its ominous sound. When we had at length reached my friend's quarters, as I am still accustomed to term one's dwelling place in England, and had seated ourselves at a bow window in a well furnished drawing room, with a fine view of the harbour and shipping, we resumed the conversation which had been mutually deferred on our way from the beach, and I requested my friend to relate the cause of his despondency and precarious state of health. Leaving his chair to recline on a sofa which was placed close to the open window, for it was the month of July, Templeton thus commenced, "You were well acquainted with me at school and at the University up to the time you entered the army for which I was not, as you are aware originally intended. The reason of my changing the black for the red coat forms a painful subject to dwell upon. I had returned from Cambridge to Beverton to spend the vacation term at the old parsonage which you may remember as a quaint building in the Elizabethan style of architecture—it had been in our family for many years.

Non vide il mondo ai leggiadri rami,
Ne mosse il vento mai ai verdi frondi.

The world affords not such a charming scene
Of gently waving trees, and hedge rows green.

Sweet Beverton! would that I had never left your shady groves and peaceful glades, for, far as I have travelled in many climes, I have never once seen a place so emblematical of that paradise in which alone we are told, the soul can find peace. How I loved to wander in "fancy free" along its silent walks and through its dells of evergreen, or by the brook with its mossy banks affording grateful repose to the contemplative idler, if idler he can be termed, who would find heart-instruction in the solitary contemplation of the variegated beauties and secret mysteries of animated nature, who

would watch the glad some stream as it now glided smoothly and uninterruptedly along, or at another time hastened with indignant murmurs over the pebbly inequalities of its channel, or danced from rock to rock with wild music—while here and there, the Trout with vari-colored scales glistening in the sun's rays, would dart in pursuit of some doomed insect—and then its lanes bedecked with wild violets and strawberries, where the blackberry and bilberry offered a tempting feast to those rural songsters so well remembered from our childhood—and with whom thoughts of “home and those sweet days” are ever blended. If, my dear Compton, you have a partiality for the pleasant “haunts and homes of old England” go once more to Beverton; would that I could again visit the home of my youth with the same fresh unsullied buoyancy of hope and truth, which cheered and enlightened my early days when I was wont to ramble in the surrounding woods and green meadows walking, or playing cricket with some of my juvenile neighbours,—this was when I came home from Eton for the holidays—but at the time I now allude to, during the Cambridge vacation time, my amusements consisted in hunting and fishing, principally the latter, for I was a zealous disciple of the “gentle Angler.” On a cloudy summer's day, while industriously whipping the river which flowed in the vicinity of Beverton, having almost despaired of any ample reward for my labours, I was carelessly imitating the rapid motions of the May fly by jerking the bait along the surface of the stream, which seemed to flow by in gloomy but haughty contempt of my abortive cunning, its dark deep mass of moving liquid seeming to say in mournful tones, “I have thus rolled on, and shall continue to roll on for endless ages, what doest thou here, brief—lived mortal, invading my dominion with thy trifling toy.” While thus engaged, a wherry containing a party of persons “on pleasure intent” came round the bend of the river, it was floating with the current as the rowers were resting on their oars, the whole party seemed in high spirits, their peals of laughter echoed along the usually deserted banks. I was about to take in my line to adjust the fly, when a startling scream made me throw down rod, line and all, and turn my attention to the wherry, which I observed had been upset by some foolish freak of one of the party. Without a moment's hesitation, I ran along the bank opposite to the scene of the accident, and seeing some ladies immersed in the water the lightness of their habiliments giving them temporary support—I plunged in at once, and being a practised swimmer ma-

naged to extricate and convey one of the ladies to terra firma. Imagine my horror or surprise, I scarce remember which, on recognising in the fair but lifeless form reclining in my arms, an old playmate, Fanny Riversdale of Beverton Hall, her cottage bonnet had fallen off and her long flowing ringlets hung in moist disarray from the drooping head, the roses which were wont to grace her lovely face, had now vanished and a deadly paleness occupied their place. I fancied in my fear and misery that she had become irrecoverably senseless—Pardon my dear Compton, these wearying details.

I said, "pray proceed, I can fully enter into your feelings."

"I was confused," he continued, "and scarcely knew what to do, or what remedies to apply, I pressed her to my heart thinking that the warmth would restore her. I breathed incessantly into her mouth, as I had heard it was a valuable method in cases of persons insensible from drowning. After a distressing delay, the moments of which seemed an eternity, to my inexpressible delight she revived, the sweet breath of her young life, was exhaled faintly from the "lips like lilies, dropping sweet scented myrrh." As if the spirit in returning had passed over my heart—from that moment, I learnt to love. Yes from that mere atom of time, existence presented but one bright entralling object, on which and in which was collected and concentrated all earthly—all spiritual attractions. Whether it had its germ in the mysterious unfathomable powers of electric sympathy, attracting, by its magnetism, soul to soul—and lighting into flame by its wondrous spark the inflammable composite materials of love, which lie dormant in every breast until the attraction of some other spirit awakens them to active operation, I know not, but I felt that I loved—perhaps my dear Compton will imagine that this theory which I adduce to explain the unaccountable cause of my suddenly acquired love is too imaginative, too germanized, but when we reflect, how far modern discovery has enabled us to learn the peculiar state of which all bodies are susceptible, and which we know depends on a substance called the electric fluid, may we not as sensibly conclude that the soul which is pure spirit, may be governed by powers assimilated to those of electricity, as the substantial body is by the electric fluid. But be this theory true or false, I have not hitherto found that its belief is injurious to the understanding—and have perhaps, too earnestly and fanatically endeavoured to account for the instantaneous creation of the spiritual impulses of the most heavenly attribute implanted in the human mind.

Yes, she revived, and opened those mild blue eyes, of which the fascinating langour even now haunts my memory. She inquired in a low feeble voice, where she was, and who stood by her. Kneeling by her side, I said softly, "do you not remember Cecil Templeton." Regarding me for a moment, a slight blush suffused her countenance, she answered "oh! yes: how much I am indebted to you, dear Cecil, what has become of the rest of the party?"—"I cannot inform you, if I would, the boat drifted down with the stream, and I dare say they are all safe—I have sent my boy for assistance and if you can walk to the parsonage which is quite close, my mother will take every care of you, as it is, I fear you will be laid up with a cold." I raised her in my arms, and half supported and half walking she reached the ivy covered porch of my antiquated home. My mother and sisters immediately recommended repose, which advice notwithstanding the industrious endeavours of a respectable maiden aunt to administer powerful restoratives in the shape of brandy and salt externally—with treacle posset internally—was at once put into execution—and as Fanny felt very faint from the nervousness occasioned by the fright, and from the weakness caused by the swooning fit, I had the inexpressible pleasure of carrying her up stairs to my sister's room—where I left her to the care of the ladies, and proceeded to enquire the fate of her friends, who consisted of some visitors from Beverton Hall,—her cousin Emily, with the governess and some gentlemen. Emily was saved by a fox hunting squire, who had long been an unsuccessful suitor for her hand, the unfortunate governess became entangled in some way under the boat, which prevented her from rising to the surface and thus at an early age she became the victim of the thoughtless folly of a would be fine fellow who took into his head, that it would be something to boast of, in frightening a few women, although he had not either the courage or the skill to save one of them in the moment of danger produced by his own vain imprudence—the gentlemen of the party all managed to save themselves.

Fanny Riversdale was soon convalescent, great was my vexation when her mother's carriage drove up as usual to our picturesque entrance, and I heard the thanks—heartfelt thanks given to my mother and sisters for the care and attention they had bestowed on their fair patient, for I guessed that it was but the preamble to the removal of her who now engrossed all my time and affection. And so it was, Fanny was to return. With tears in her eyes she bade me adieu but her

mother in gratitude to her preserver, said, "Cecil, I hope you will consider the Hall open to you whenever you can find time from your out-door amusements, and that you will not prove such a stranger to us as you have hitherto been." How earnestly I accepted her offer, so much so that my merry little sister Ainy laughed outright as if she was half possessed of my secret. It is needless to tell you, that I took advantage of Mrs. Riversdale's invitation, I was indeed a constant and welcome visitor at the old Hall. The squire troubled himself but little about domestic matters, being devoted to fox hunting and to politics, the latter gave him abundant occupation, as he was a sworn enemy to Free trade and Chartistism. How often have Fanny and I studied the rudiments of botany in the conservatory, or roamed in search of the picturesque through the woods and copses scattered over the demesne, and when she rode I seldom quitted her palfrey's side,—our friendship (as it appeared to them) caused no anxiety or alarm to our friends. Naturally reserved and diffident in my manner, I passed unheeded and unnoticed among the tide of visitors which flowed and ebbed during the summer months at Beverton Hall. The London fashionables looked upon me as an unsophisticated student, dreaming of Porson and Paley, and Fanny was not sufficiently "out" to be tied down with any degree of formality to the conventionalities of their circle. Besides, there were many occasions, when we could enjoy each other's society without the dread of having the eyes of the world fixed upon us; my sisters were very fond of Archery, and Fanny was their constant companion at this agreeable and healthful exercise. I was their cavalier, and always accompanied her home. It is but a sad retrospection, yet, I sigh to remember how we used to linger along the pathway which was a short cut through the park to the Hall, my arm encircling her graceful figure. How thoughtlessly but innocently we permitted our hearts to be entrammelled in the meshes of love.

When she went to sketch I carried her chair, need I say, how soon she wearied of her drawing. Playfully she would say that the landscape was too cloudy, or the paper damp, and I would then take advantage of her mood and close the book. Arm in arm we would wander through the most secluded nooks of the park, * stopping now and then to rest on

* Al bel seggio riposto, ombroso e fosco,
 Ne mai pastori appressaro, ne bisolce,
 Some sweet recess within the dusky shade, *
 Which shepherd swain, nor cowherd e'er approach,

some rude rustic seat, or to watch the herds of deer. We did not converse much,—our hearts were too full, too wrapped up in each other. In truth she was a being of light and life sufficient to engross the intellect of an angel. That graceful form is, alas! too deeply engraven in my memory. In those dark blue eyes, what a mine lay hidden, of love and innocence, and confiding trust! The clear fair brow that betokened genius and nobility combined, the dimpling smiles of a mouth unknown as yet to care and misfortune,—smiles which grief had never attempted to subdue. It was one of those countenances upon which the bright sunshine of happiness loves to dwell and ever,—now and again,—from eye or lip, shone forth the glowing radiancy of the sweet and joyous spirit within, like the rays of an April sun, and yet, after all, she was but a child in heart and scarcely more in years.

Sometimes we read together, or I would read to her, some favorite author—St Pierre especially. I remember well, even now, how much we dwelt on that passage where he describes the effect of love on two unsophisticated beings, and heaven knows we were that. "In the season of love all the affections natural to the heart of man unfold themselves. Then it is that innocence, candour, sincerity, modesty, generosity, heroism, holy faith, piety express themselves with grace ineffable in the attitudes and features of two young lovers. They betake themselves to flight from the tumultuous assemblies of the city, and far from the corruptive paths of ambition, in search of some sequestered spot, where upon the rural altar, they may be at liberty to mingle and exchange the tender vows of everlasting affection."

But alas! all human bliss is too frail and fleeting. It is well perhaps, that it is so, otherwise we should learn to look upon this present life as the theatre of our fancies and enjoyments, from which there was to be no exit, when the curtain dropped, the voice of the actors having died away in the distance, and the music of the orchestra of life ceased to charm—or as a course over which a perpetual race was to create the intoxication of pleasure and excitement but to which there was to be no goal, no winner to rejoice, and no loser to mourn his defeat. One day while returning slowly to the Hall, Fanny said "some dreadful presentiment of coming evil weighs down my spirits, some voice of warning and sorrow tells me that we are soon to part, but dear, dear Cecil, how agonizing it is even to think of such an event." I endeavoured to calm her, and explained how unlikely it was that such a contingency should occur, since I was,

not to leave Beverton for Cambridge for some weeks, and even then I should return after two or three months." "It is not a temporary absence which I dread, I have every confidence in your oft-repeated vows of affection but I feel, I know not with what reason, that the happiness I now enjoy in your society, is too great to be permitted to endure—besides I have read in some book that the greater the degree of happiness the more limited is its duration"—"There may, or may not be some truth, dearest Fanny, in the quotation, but all forebodings are uncertain and, by hoping for the best, we generally do, or at least are, I think, more likely to, obtain success in our undertakings, for how often do we see that despondency leads to failure and misfortune"—She shook her head as if in doubt, an unnatural crimson flush mounted to her fair countenance. "Dearest Fanny you are unwell." "It is nothing, I feel slightly feverish." We reached the house and I bid her farewell praying of her to mention to her mother that she felt indisposed—she promised to do so. On my way homeward I could not help reflecting on the cause of Fanny's low spirits for she knew perfectly that there would be no obstacle to our union if we remained constant to each other, and could scarcely prevent my thoughts from sinking into that despondency which I had endeavoured to extinguish in Fanny's mind, for even then I could in my young life, recall to my recollection how many of those who loved and were loved, had passed away from the scenes of their love, ere the fond anticipations of happiness, had been realized—happiness so earnestly pursued, so incautiously and implicitly believed to be certain, where all things, all hopes, all joys, and all regrets, are but as the leaves of the trees, which flourish a while, during a brief spring and summer, but which fade, fall and are dispersed by the lightest Autumn zephyrs,—and I shuddered to think that perhaps this sweet child of creation—my first and best beloved—foretold by her sad looks, so pale in that wan light, that her doom was sealed. I prayed of Heaven to spare her to my love, but still imagined that hers might be an early untimely fate, such as is so pathetically described by Virgil.

"Purpureus veluti cum flos succisus aratro
Languescit moriens, lassove papavera collo
Demisere caput, pluviâ eum forte gravantur."

In moments such as these, sad, sweet superstition stealing over us, prompts us to imagine that the skies and stars contain omens, replete with weird significations, their varying

surfaces and shapes possessing some mysterious magic to sadden or delight. And Oh! I longed,—it was a wish alas! but too often repeated by others as unhappy as myself—I longed for a resting place in one of those brilliant but peaceful stars where we might dwell for ever in undisturbed happiness—but when I remembered that I was the sole cherished object of one human heart, a sacred responsibility tended to make me holier and wiser, and enabled me to fulfil the not distasteful task it enjoins, and so it was, that I endeavoured to shake off the melancholy which oppressed me and to rally my hopes of brighter hours.

When I reached the vicarage I found that there had been an arrival, which caused no little bustle in that usually quiet habitation. In crossing the hall I asked one of the servants, who had arrived; and was told that my cousin Harry Dormer had come down for the shooting season, which I however, almost guessed, from the appearance of two leash of setters and pointers which were struggling against their chains, and by no means adding to the regularity of the place by their erratic movements. I was, however, too much engaged with my own serious thoughts to ask any further questions. As I changed my dress, I could not refrain from conjecturing the cause of his visit to Beverton, as the preserves on my uncle, the General's estate were much more likely to reward his trouble than those in the neighbourhood of Beverton—however, I did not ponder much on the matter—but descended to the drawing room, where I found the new comer the centre of attraction to the whole family circle, relations and guests. Although some few years had elapsed since I had met my cousin, he was but slightly altered in appearance. Tall and powerful and of perfect proportions in his figure, he was a splendid specimen of the genus homo, and species, lady-killer. His fair florid complexion, with flaxen coloured hair and slight moustache of the same hue blended softly with a mild blue eye of a gay sunny character. His costume was of the extreme style of what is termed sporting, but without that of the gentleman and man of fashion, for who had a more extensive acquaintance at the Clubs at Ascot or Cowes than Harry Dormer? Frank and open hearted in his manner he made himself agreeable to all, more especially to those of the one sex who would flirt with him or with those of the other who played and betted with him. His juniors looked up to him as an authority on every subject, and every sport, in and out of doors, for he never treated them

as juniors, but considered them all as being masters of the same amount of knowledge and experience possessed by himself, but this was a matter of habit, and a consequence of his own dearly bought experience. His courage was unquestionable; the winning powers of his address surpassingly persuasive, when he sought to gain the good will or affections of another. Such was the bright side of one, whose fellow I have since more than once encountered in other scenes and other lands. But, on the other hand, the balance in the scale containing qualities the very reverse of these, was considerably over weight—he had no natural or acquired conception of honour or virtue. This was not, nor was indeed his general and real character, read at a glance.

“Slight are the outward signs of evil thought.
 Within, within, t’was there the spirit wrought!
 Love shows all changes: hate, ambition, guile,
 Betray no further than the bitter smile;
 The lip’s least curl, the lightest paleness thrown
 Along the governed aspect, speak alone
 Of deeper passions; and to judge the mien,
 He, who would see, must be himself unseen.”

He would strip his dearest friend of his last garment in the excitement of play. He acknowledged indeed, what the world calls friendship, but could neither comprehend nor practice friendship in its true acceptance; the companion who enabled him to pass an hour pleasantly would be as dear to him, as one who had afforded him aid in the hour of need or danger, even to the defence and salvation of his life. His ideas of friendship were those which incline us to regard another as a friend according as he is necessary or accessary to our views for temporary purposes; when that convenience no longer existed, he treated the friend as he would have done a garment which had been made to decorate his person for the season, which having passed, the said garment would be cast aside as the perquisite of his valet. Educated at Sandhurst, he was at the age of eighteen fully as versed in the corrupt ways of vice as many far his seniors, who had not received the advantages of being brought up at a public seminary such as our Military colleges, where the pliant unformed mind of youth imbibes with mathematics and the goose step more knowledge of hoary headed wickedness than is often acquired in a life-time by men whose occupations intimately connect them with the world. All that was required to give the finishing touch, and make him a perfect man of the

world was rapidly gleaned at the Head Quarters of the—th Hussars, the regiment to which he was appointed on passing for a commission at Sandhurst—but, however, this final polish to his education was not applied without the erasure of the few remaining sterling qualities latent in his disposition. Fleeced more or less at play by gentlemanly sharpers who did not scruple to take advantage of his ignorance or want of skill at billiards and *carté*, and who would quietly lie by, until they found him in a mood to back, at a high rate, his own mean but self-exaggerated abilities, and then placidly and carelessly accept his bets and pocket them with well feigned indifference. Some of his mistakes, also, in the purchase of quadrupeds, led him to conclude he was not the clever experienced fellow his own vanity induced him to imagine—these dearly earned lessons, together with the ridicule with which his remonstrances were received, when complaining of the infidelity of a highly paid danseuse whom he fondly but delusively allowed to infatuate him with the delightful notion that she loved him alone, but who amused and consoled herself in his absence with the whispering, breathing “soft nothings” of his soidisant dearest friend—urged him in ill concealed bitterness to change his tactics, to become the deceiver in place of the deceived, the injurer instead of the injured—to metamorphose his natural good nature into a well disguised complacency towards mankind in general and his friends in particular—which ordinarily practised system enabled him to assume the weapons of the persecutor, and which gained him in the accustomed course of events, his due proportion of victims. I have dwelt probably at too great length on this portrait, my dear Compton, but such a picture you perhaps will admit requires to be limned with more than ordinary care, if not as a warning, yet, as a reminiscence of the past which is not consigned with facility to oblivion—but believe me it is not too highly coloured—nor is it a sketch, wrought by a too imaginative fancy, of one who, had he received a different education and training, and adopted another career in life, might have displayed in brilliant relief, those eminent talents which he in reality possessed. Do we not all however, struggle on in the pursuit of pleasure, for can it after all, be deemed other than a struggle—where, in the vortex of sensual indulgence and morbid excitement—we contend for each other’s destruction—thus rendering our existence similar in a great measure to the existence of animal creation as taught us by the discoveries in Entomology and by the observation of the characteristics of the scaly inhabitants of the ocean world, who

subsist on and delight in the prey and annihilation of the different species of their own genus. I am no morbid Philanthropist, you know, but may I mention proofs of this remark, in the state of the operative, and the over worked slave of luxury, the young but wretched milliner, who earns the bread she eats, which is scarcely sufficient for her maintenance, by the sweat of her brow ; but has no experience of the pleasures to which she ministers.

Yes, the pursuit of pleasure, which we falsely denominate happiness, engages us all in the so-called fashionable life. Seniors and juniors, high and low—and especially in our profession—the contest for the means whereby we may enjoy this ruinous delirium of pleasure, gives rise to a cruel, inconsiderate disregard of the feelings and welfare of our fellow men, and at the same time loosens the rein to our selfishness : if it increases and brings into play, our industry and untiring energies, it acts at the same time as a clog to the secret fountains of benevolent impulses, and is an insuperable obstacle to the workings of the finer feelings of the heart. On my entering the room my cousin came forward and shook me warmly by the hand, addressing me in his usual free manner, and styling me “dear fellow”—hoping that my mare Cinderella was in hunting trim, and that I would inspect his stud in the morning—which I promised to do. Making frequent enquiries as to the state of the country hounds, and of the neighbouring preserves—throwing out at the same time sundry remarks of surprise at my remaining so long “boxed up” as he expressed it, in such a quiet place as Beverton, he expatiated on the gaities of the season in the metropolis, and was about to institute a series of questions concerning his “old acquaintances” in and about Beverton, when to the delight of the hungry country folk, dinner was announced.

(to be continued.)

THE CURE FOR A WOUNDED HEART.

A BALLAD.

"What is good for a wounded heart?"
Asked the youth with clouded brow,
Then answered the Priest-Confessor
"I would bid thee make a vow."

"Vow to visit the grave of James
At Compostella's shrine,
And that, perchance, may heal thy heart,
O gentle Master mine."

"Perchance? Sir Priest," the youth replied,
"Canst thou not tell me sure,
Is there for woes that wear the heart
No never-failing cure?"

"Alas!" the grave confessor said,
"One heart I knew at least
That was wounded many a day ago,
And still hath found no rest:"

"Hath found no skill in leech or saint,
In Gilead no balm,
In earth no joy, in prayer no peace,
Nor yet in slumber, calm.

"For it wooed a rare and lovely maid,
But a proud maid and high—
Bitterness on her ruby lip,
And scorn in her courtesy.

"She wrung that heart with cruel words,
And ah! may she never know,
By sad experience herself,
A bruised affection's woe!"

"And what?" cried the youth "if a father's heart
Had lent that maiden scorn,
And what if that maiden fled her home,
In a pale autumnal morn."

"And what if she pierced the lonely wood,
From a cruel father freed,
And sought the side to become the bride
Of Sir Hugh of Rosimede?"

The stripling blushed—the Priest grew pale,
Such a venture had never been,
Sprang to his side, a willing bride,
The haughty Geraldine.

- He doffed his cowl—he dropt his beads
The Priest rose up Sir Hugh,
He donned his rhenish of sable furs
And his tunic of dark sea-blue.

He borrowed a horse from Yeoman John,
He flung him a purse of gold,
They scattered the leaves in the gloomy wood
And skirted the windy wold.

They swam the river—they clomb the knoll—
They scoured o'er down and lea,
And never pulled bridle till far away,
Far, in the south country.

L. MOYLE.

OUR MOHAMMEDAN LITERATURE.

To many of our readers it may perhaps be unknown that there exists at the present day a very considerable contemporaneous Mohammedan literature in the North West Provinces of India. We have said "it may perhaps be unknown;" but, had we been addressing any others save our own enlightened subscribers, we should never have troubled ourselves with employing the dubitative. To bestow on John Bull the praise he so richly merits we must say that he is not only, for the most part, most philosophically indifferent to the condition, mental and physical, of his neighbours whenever his own pocket is not concerned, but he also entertains a mortal aversion to any thing like undue intercourse with others of a different or inferior *caste*:—dear reader, do not start at the use of this opprobrious term; but, on the sabbath evening, when the solemn service of the Christian church is yet sounding in thine ears retire to thy closet and ask thyself, before the *one*, if the term be misapplied.

But we must not proceed in this strain: our business is not to preach but to write humble prose. Well, whether our readers are aware of it, or no, there now exist, amongst the Mohammedans of the North West, a great many writers and a great many readers. Of course the subject generally discussed is religion, but there are also books written, and being written, on a variety of other subjects. We now hold in our hands a list of nearly two hundred books which have been published, within the last few years, in Agra, Delhi, and Lucknow alone, and, as the list contains only those books which came to our notice in our very limited enquiries concerning general literature and religious controversy, we have no doubt it might very easily be trebled. The most fertile authors on our list are Syud Hosein and Syud Mohammed both brothers, and prelates, so to speak, of the Shia sect in Lucknow. The former has written ten, and the latter eight treatises on religion. Moulvee Kureem-ul-deen of Agra, and Moulvee Imaum Buksh of Delhie tread on their heels. The former has written nine treatises on a variety of subjects; religion, grammar, and virtue, besides attempting a kind of Encyclopædia. The latter has commentated on seven different well known Persian works on *Ilm-i-adab*. Next, on our list, comes Mufti Mohammed Kullee, late Sudder Suddoor of Meerut, who, in addition to his legal duties, composed no

less than five treatises on religion. The authors formerly mentioned yet live and enjoy the laurels they have won, but we are unable to speak as to the last. Four or five years ago he retired from public life to his native city of Lucknow, but whether he yet lives and enjoys the blessing of light on the earth we are unable to certify. Moulvee Zahoor Alee, of Delhi, and Vajid Alee Khan, of Agra, have, each of them, attempted a kind of Cyclopædia. Grammars, easy readers, and treatises on Arithmetic abound in profusion. Moulvee Syud Mohammed of Delhi has, besides the composition of a Hindoos Dictionary, written, in Urdu verse, histories of late transactions in the countries of Cabul and the Punjab. Syud Ahmud, Moonsiff of Delhi, has written an elaborate archæological and historical treatise on the ruins and remains in that neighbourhood, and, wonderful to relate, a chronology of all the reigning powers in Hindostan from the time of Fudishtira till that of Queen Victoria. The archæological society to which, the Delhi Gazette informs us, it has been presented, ought to embalm and preserve it in *perpetuam memoriam rei*. No such achievement has ever been perpetrated before.

Besides these already published we know of several works that are at the present time being written, or compiled by Mohammedans. For instance, the above mentioned Syud Ahmud is revising and greatly enlarging his histori-archæological work. Khan Jahan Khan, son of Nawab Jahan Khan, of Delhi, is compiling a geography both in Urdu and English, a general collection of Persian and Urdu poetry is being made at Cawnpore, and, to crown the whole, there are now a host of educated Mohammedans, in Agra engaged on a controversial work which is, according to their own account, utterly to extinguish Christianity, and to establish for ever the truth of Islam. As far as we have been able to obtain information the line of argument about to be adopted will be exceedingly ingenious; and we thus early call the attention of our readers to the work hoping that some of them may be ready to reply, in Urdu, immediately on its appearance. Many controversial books of this description have been lately published, and, remaining unanswered, have been deemed unanswerable.

But we must give over our enumeration of authors, although it is really a very curious subject in itself and well worthy the attention of those whose object it may be to direct and reform the current literature and make it flow in new channels: our present object is to give some account of the different

sects of Mohammedans in and around Delhi, and of the peculiar views of the Wahabees, the rise of which reformers has produced a horde of controversialists.

In dipping into any book on the Wahabee and Biddatee controversy the first thing that strikes the reader is the number of sects enumerated and the endless variety of superstitions that prevail. The Mohammedan, just as much as the Hindu, is the victim of superstition from the day of his birth to the day of his death. From superstition he derives his name, and with the ceremonies of superstition he is laid in his last resting place. He believes in unalterable and inevitable fate, the decree of the Supreme concealed from mortal ken, yet he spends a great portion of his time in endeavouring to discover, and, more extraordinary still, in endeavouring to avoid it. It is this which has given rise to those sects and practices which are so unsparingly ridiculed by the Wahabee doctors. Yet these sects are, perhaps, more akin to the different orders in the Roman Catholic Church which follow different patron Saints, with this exception, that amongst the former there are some slight differences in their modes of performing worship and in their superstitions.

Leaving out of consideration the *Sunnis*, whom, when denuded of the superstitions engrafted on the Koran and the Hadces, the Wahabees pronounce orthodox, and the *Shias* who, in addition to the impiety of denying the three first Khalifs, have invented the enormities of the observance of the Tazeah in the Mohurrim, of the singing of elegies and wearing of mourning therein, the beating of the chukchukkee and the throwing of chaff on themselves and, moreover, have established the festivals of Eed Ghudeer, Eed Baba-Shaja, and Nouroz, and have changed the proper methods of fasting, calling to prayer, and prayer itself—leaving these two grand divisions out of consideration we will enumerate some of the subordinate sects in the neighbourhood of Delhi.

The *Tufzeeleeah* sect who esteem Alee the most excellent of the first four Khalifs, but recognize the other three at the same time.

The *Kharjee* sect who deny the Khalifate of Alee altogether but recognize his posterity.

The *Nasbee* sect who deny both Alee and his posterity.

The *Motazillee* sect who believe that no intercession can be made with God for sin, who deny God's providence or that he takes any immediate notice of the concerns of men, and that great and unlawful crimes of themselves for ever exclude from Islam and from salvation. This sect appears to have

borrowed some of its opinions from the Hindus.

The *Mushayick* or Peer sect—as they are styled by the Wahabees, who are, for the most part, hermits and have abandoned all interference in worldly affairs and employ their time in contemplating, chiefly, on the state of things that will exist between death and the resurrection, but who, nevertheless, are employed in writing charms, in observing omens and auguries, in making propitiation, removing and imprisoning Jinn, in performing the *urs* or annual commemoration of the dead; who have also invented new modes of performing devotion, such as reading the prayers with their feet fastened to something above and their heads downwards, who go for the purpose of contemplation and devotion amongst the tombs of dead saints, and from the hearing of a peculiar species of music pretend to enjoy heavenly rapture. Many of the practices of these are common to the Fukeers.

The *Chistee* sect are followers of Khwaja Murdood, who lived in the town of Chist in Persia. These are very numerous about Delhi and they pretend to be entranced by music.

The *Kadirce* sect, the followers of Abd-ul-Kadir of Baghdad. These are very numerous, but they never excite devotional feelings by listening to music. Both the above sects claim to be the disciples of the disciples of Alee.

The *Nukshbunde* sect, the followers of Khwaja Buha-ul-deen, styled Nukshbund, who was so holy and so devoted that the impression of his pious thoughts was made upon whatever material object he was employed upon during his contemplations. He was a Persian. His followers are, for the most part, fukeers but much devoted to learning, and they forbid the hearing of music and praying aloud. They pretend to be the disciples of the disciples of Abu Bkr.

The *Sohurvurdee* sect, the followers of the learned Shahab-ud-deen of Sohurvurd in Persia. These pretend to be the disciples of the disciples of Alee. Formerly they were very numerous as may be conjectured from the many tombs of that sect that remain, but now they are very few.

The *Rifayee* sect, the followers of Syud Ahmud Rifayce of Arabia, styled *the great*. Of this sect there are two divisions; one composed of people of the better class who are comparatively free from superstition; the priests of the other and their pupils, are believed, when in a state of rapture, to be capable of taking fire in their mouths and applying it to any parts of their body without sustaining injury. In fact they appear to be a set of priestly conjurers.

The *Madarrah* sect, the followers of Shah Budee-ud-deen

styled Shah Madar. These, besides never cutting the hair of their heads, make large turbans of the hair of men and animals, and shave their eyebrows and the upper lip, and wear very tall caps, a *kufnee*, and a necklace. They are sometimes styled *Julaleeah*.

Many other sects we might enumerate, but these are the principal—the Chistee being most numerous—and it is against these heretics and their practices, unwarranted by the Koran or the Hadces, that the Wahabees have taken upon themselves to contend.

Moulvie Ismaeel, the great Wahabee doctor, goes far beyond the strictest puritan or sternest Cameronian in laying down the fundamental axiom of his creed. He sets out with saying that “ * all persons ought to be the servants of God, and the duty of a servant is to do service ; whoever doth not so cannot be called a servant, and the very essence of service is to hold the right faith. He, whose faith may be erroneous, even in a slight degree, can do no acceptable service ; but the smallest service, from one whose faith is right, is of great avail. It behoves, therefore, every man to labour strenuously that he may have a right faith, &c.” Lest there should be any doubt as to the author’s meaning he returns to this subject and, by a quotation from the chapter *Al-ustaghfâr* of the *Mishkat*, he informs us that † “ in this world all sorts of sinners have committed sin ; Pharoah was in this world and Hamân ; moreover Satan himself is in this world ; yet it is necessary to understand that should any one man, whose faith is right and who is free from *shirk*, be capable of committing all the sins, how great and how many soever, of all these individuals, yet God would forgive him.” Apparently, however, he saw the absurdity of his own position for he attempts by a commentary to soften it, the gist of which is to assert that the conduct of him who holds good principles must be good and that he only errs by the way of *Bhoolchook*, or through the infirmity of human nature. The opinion of the Wahabees on this point seems to lie midway between the naked faith of the Antinomians and the tenets of those who are generally believed to hold the most orthodox views of practical Christianity. The Antinomian believes that he, who holds a sound faith, is absolved from the observance of the moral law ; the Wahabee, that he, who holds a sound faith, can, from that very cause, commit no errors

save through the infirmity of human nature, which errors are always repented of and always pardoned; the orthodox Christian believes that not only is the possession of sound principles necessary, but also good conduct naturally springing from these principles. If man were all understanding, the Wahábee were right. In moral and religious independence, however, he far transcends the Roman Catholic or the Puseyite. He fully recognises the right of private judgment, and he sees no merit whatever in rites and practices not ordained by his Scriptures, and the nature and object of which he does not understand. We beg the attention of some religionists to Moulvee Ismaeel's enumeration of the different ways in which men choose their faith. "Some," says he, "without enquiry follow in the footsteps of their ancestors; some embrace, without investigation, the opinions of famous men of yore merely on account of their celebrity; some, the opinions of learned Moulvees of their own day; and some strike out new paths for themselves." "But," he asks, "is it not better to follow the word of God?" To the objection that the word of God is difficult to be understood he quotes from the Soorahs *Bakrah* and *Juma* of the Koran. The translation of the latter Soorah and the Moulvee's paraphrase of it may be summed up as follows. The grace of God was such as to send a prophet to warn the careless, to instruct the ignorant, to cleanse the impure, to impart wisdom to the foolish, and to lead those, who had strayed, back into the right way. Lo, whoever, after hearing this *ayet* will begin to say that no one can understand the words of the prophet, save the wise, and that no one can walk in the way of God, save the elders, that man denies the truth of this portion of the word of God and understands not the greatness of the mercy of God. For the ignorant man to deny that he is capable of receiving enlightenment from the word of God, when that word itself states that it is for the purpose of communicating enlightenment, is as absurd as if there were a very great physician and a very sick man, and one should say to the sick man 'employ this physician and be healed' and the sick man should reply, 'it is for the whole to employ this physician and be healed, how can I do it seeing I am very sick?' The Moulvee, very naturally, concludes that the sick man is a great fool and that as great a fool is he who thinks he cannot profit from the Koran, since it is very plain and easy to be understood. Having, in this way, reduced all authority in religious matters to the Koran and Hadees, which latter, since they record nothing save the

sayings and doings of the prophet, are also considered the word of God, he goes on to divide faith into two parts, *Tauheed* and *Ittibâ-i-sunnat*. *Tauheed* is the full comprehension and acknowledgment of the unity of God who has no fellow nor partner, and the opposite to this is *Shirk*. *Ittibâ-i-sunnat* is the complete recognition of Mohammed as the prophet of God, and the complete submission to the guidance and direction of his word as contained in the Koran and Hadées, and the opposite to this is *Biddat*. And conformably to this he divides his work into two parts; the first concerning *Tauheed* and *Shirk*, the second concerning *Ittibâ-i-sunnat* and *Biddat*. He then after a great deal of prefatory matter and no little repetition, proceeds to divide *Shirk* into four kinds. First, *Ishrák-fil-ilm*, or the idolatry, so to speak, arising from believing any one a partner with God in the knowledge of hidden things. Second, *Ishrák-fil-tussuruf*, or the idolatry arising from believing any one a partner with God in the dispensations of Providence. Third, *Ishrák-fil-abâdat*, or the idolatry arising from associating any one with God in worship. Fourth, *Ishrák-fil-âdat*, or the idolatry arising from various customs and manners.

Before entering on the subject of *Ishrák-fil-ilm*, however, he considers it necessary to prove that *Shirk* was a sin forbidden by God in all ages and that no man could excuse himself at the judgment day by alleging that the enormity of the offence had been unknown to him. To shew that men are inexcusable since the revelation of the Koran, he quotes from the Soorahs *Nisa* and *Lukman*. To shew that even before that time men sinned against knowledge, he quotes the Soorah *Umbya* in which it is revealed that all the prophets, whom God had formerly sent to admonish mankind, had denounced *Shirk*. To the same purpose he quotes from the chapter on hypocrisy in the *Mishkât*; but the great argument with which he completely prostrates all his adversaries we must give in his own words being his paraphrase of that passage in the *Mishkât* which explains the meaning of the text in the Soorah *Ahras* of the Koran:—"And when thy Lord drew forth their posterity from the loins of the sons of Adam, and took them to witness against themselves, saying Am I not your Lord?' they answered, 'yea: we do bear witness.' This was done lest ye should say at the day of resurrection, verily we were negligent of this matter, because we were not apprised thereof &c." In a note by Sale on this passage we are told:—"This was done in the plain of Dabia, in India, or, as others imagine in a valley near Mecca." The Commem-

tators tell us that God stroked Adam's back, and extracted from his loins his whole posterity which should come into the world until the resurrection, one generation after another that these men were actually assembled all together in the shape of small ants, which were endued with understanding; and that after they had in the presence of the angels, confessed their dependence on God, they were again caused to return into the loins of their great ancestor." Both the Commentator in the *Mishkat* and Moulvee Ismaeel preserve a laudable silence as to the whereabouts of this celebrated assembly of all mankind, but they differ from the Commentators of *Salé* as to the forms under which they appeared, as will be seen. Let us hear Moulvee Ismaeel. "In the explanation of this *ayet*, Abee-bini-kah has said that God collected together all the posterity of Adam, and then separated them into different tribes, such as the tribe of prophets, the tribe of saints, of martyrs, of pious men, &c., which constitute the true believers; also the *kafir* he separated into different tribes, such as the Jews, the Nazarenes, the Magians, the Hindoos, &c. And moreover he bestowed on them the same forms, features, natural beauties and natural defects, which he had predestined to bestow on them in this world. Some he made beautiful, some ugly, some deaf, some dumb, some one-eyed, some totally blind, &c. Moreover he conferred the power of speech on them all and thus spake in their presence; '*Am I not your God?*' To which forthwith they all answered; '*Without doubt thou art our God.*' Then from them all he demanded a promise that they would acknowledge no other master nor Lord, and would obey none else; to which they all gave answer that no one else would they acknowledge or obey. And of this promise of all people, God took to witness the seven heavens and the seven lands, and their progenitor Adam. Moreover God said; '*To keep you in remembrance of the promise, which ye have this day promised, I will send unto you prophets who will bring unto you my Scriptures.*' In this way, then, all men promised to adhere to *Tauheel*, and to abandon *Shirk*; and let no man, in this thing, submit his judgment to the guidance of any teacher, or progenitor, or king or moulvee, or elder; and let no one think in his heart to say that when he came into this world no man had any personal knowledge of such a promise having been given and that he was therefore excused from obeying it. How many things must a man believe on the testimony of trustworthy persons, although he never can have any personal knowledge of them. No man can have any remembrance of his own birth, yet he never

feels any doubt as to the person of his mother from the testimony of the common people around him, And should any one deny his mother those rights, which are hers by gratitude and the ties of natural affection, he would be esteemed a great sinner; and, were he to allege in his defence that he had no remembrance of his birth and knew not who his mother might be, all people would esteem him a great fool. If then from the common report of the common people many things are firmly established, why should any be allowed to disregard the language of the prophets who are of such trust and dignity."

The Moulvee evidently dotes on this (as he considers it) clenching argument, but we fear that his conclusions are not in exact accordance with the doctrine of probabilities. Certainly, if an occurrence of some six thousand years ago can be as easily and as certainly established as one of yesterday, and, if men ought as readily to give credence to a thing that can, from its nature, occur only once, as to a thing that does and must, from its nature, occur every day, there is no room for scepticism on any point of ancient history or as to any recorded miracle. The conclusion, however, as the Moulvee puts the argument, is not illogical. If the evidence be trustworthy, the thing is proved. Whatever has been handed down by truth-speaking persons, who had a competent knowledge of what they wrote about, must be accepted as fact. But the Moulvee, having laid down his major proposition properly enough, *assumes* his minor, and then triumphantly establishes his conclusion; or, as a mathematician would say, having assumed his proposition, he proves his corollary. Yet, with all its absurdities, such an assemblage of the posterity of Adam must be accepted by every pious Mussalman as he dares not call in question the nature of the evidence. Not long ago we had a conversation with a learned Moulvee on this point, the substance of which was as follows. "Ours.—Do you really believe that all the posterity of Adam were pressed from out his loins and collected together? Moul.—Why not? The prophet has said it. Ours.—Then what was the use of their being collected together and of their making such promises, when it was known to God that afterwards they could have no remembrance of these things, and that it would just be as necessary to send prophets to teach them their duty as if no such assembly had ever taken place? Moul.—Man cannot, in all cases, understand the works of God, but he is, nevertheless, bound always to believe the words of the prophet of God."

(to be continued.)

STANZAS.

Where is the vision
That seemed so lovely then—
A bay-leaf for the forehead
A name in mouths of men?

Where is the vision
Of wisdom, deep as bright,
Of Lore the great world's wonder
And fancy—its delight?

And still a heart so humble,
So tender and so brave,
To cherish inward goodness
And triumph in the grave.

Where is the vision
Of One to win the smile,
To feel each shade of sadness
And chase each thought of guile?

Where is the vision
Of flowers and shady trees,
Of sunshine on our cottage
And fragrance in the breeze?

Lost is the vision!
It is not Time's to prove
Each phantom hope—forewarning,
Or teach the heart—its love.

COLLEGIATE ARCHITECTURE.

THE BENARES COLLEGE.

It was with no little satisfaction that we availed ourselves of the opportunity afforded us of visiting the new College at Benares on the recent occasion of its having been opened, for rumour had spread far and wide the most glowing accounts of this marvel in architecture; our imagination had pictured an edifice the very stones of which breathed forth the scholastic philosophy, a goodly pile perfect in its arrangements, stern and simple, yet classically beautiful in its decorations, durable in its materials and a lasting memorial of the good taste, the liberality and the enlightenment of our present rulers. Has it not been a cause of regret that our government has hitherto persisted so long in adhering to that "penny-wise pound foolish" system which rears up building after building, not only of perishable materials, which are liable to decay in a few short years unless subjected to incessant repairs, but they have suffered the face of the country to be covered with buildings,—mere stone upon stone without the slightest desire to encourage anything that might be called decoration. Thus has architecture as a fine art been neglected. Plain walls with apertures for doors and windows has been the prevailing style of construction, while, here and there, a verandah supported by columns of indescribable character, or a portico with an anomalous pediment, excites ridicule and disgust. We consider that something beyond mere utility and convenience should be thought of when public buildings are being erected. Materials when arranged with skill and taste reflect honor upon the nation, while a rude heaping up of brick and stone only excites contempt. As expressed by an able writer "the masterly dispositions of a skilful artist will dignify the meanest materials, while the weak efforts of the ignorant render the most costly enrichments despicable." And who will say that the beauties of architecture do not influence the mind? Design is of universal benefit and stamps additional value on the most trifling performances; it converts the commonest materials, into stately productions of human skill, and so beautifies and enriches the face of the country. Look at the Civil public offices—what a disgrace are they to the country. Such buildings are essentially permanent, why then should they not possess a becoming exterior: it is not sufficient to say that anything will answer the purpose,—the natives of this country are as susceptible of

admiration in matters of architecture as we are ourselves. There is not a Mahajan who builds a house but will show his taste for the beautiful by the addition of a well carved window, or balcony. It would be indeed well if we confined ourselves to the native style rather than that we should cause such monstrous, barbarous specimens of English taste as we see at every Civil Station to be erected. Need we refer to our churches,—frightful compositions that baffle description. Turn to our barracks,—to everything indeed with which our government has had the directing hand,—one would imagine that economy and bad taste were inseparable. We know that cheapness was a grand consideration, and so long as rates were low, and the treasury was likely to suffer but little, it mattered not whether the design for a church was like Newgate or like a sugar factory. Who cared whether the composition was appropriate or not? We have seen lancet windows between Grecian columns, we have seen a Roman Doric church surmounted by an excrescence like that on a Hindoo temple, we constantly see triglyphs as interior decorations. We see Gothic columns, something between the Oriental and the Birmingham pencil-case styles. In fact we vainly try to discover something that is free from incongruities and anomalies. We ask whose is the fault, but that of the Government? If encouragement were but given to Architecture as a Fine art, our builders would take an interest in designing their works according to principles. Must it not be disheartening to find that after much thought and actual labor, a design has been rejected, simply because a trifling expense will be incurred in ornament, whilst some abomination replete with inconsistencies is ordered to be built. What architect would again expend his time and talents when they are so treated. From this want of encouragement, few are the architects who devote any portion of their time to the study of the details of their art. It cannot then be thought strange that vile inappropriate edifices frown upon us from every side. We are of opinion that for any extensive work, no particular architect should be selected, but that the design should be open to public competition, and more than this—a selection should not be arrived at hastily. We have before us a report on a harbour constructed in Scotland; it appears that not one celebrated Engineer was applied to for his opinion, but many. Sir John Rennie gave no less than three designs, Mr. Telford was next consulted, after him Mr. Walker and finally the modified design of Messrs. Walker and Burgess was adopted. Such should be the system carried

out in this country. Is the Government for ever to cramp the energies and misplace the talents of their own architects and Engineers and are buildings to be always so many standing monuments of illiberality and bad taste? we trust not, we hope for better things, and it was this then that afforded us great pleasure some time since when we heard that a new College was in course of construction at Benares in the neighbourhood of the Holy City, a building upon which expense was to be a secondary consideration, inasmuch as a large sum was sanctioned for the purpose. It was to be a building to display the beauties of English Architecture, and to be so constructed as to be an enduring memento, worthy of our Government,—a College in which thousands and tens of thousands of the natives of this country should receive an education, which being disseminated throughout the length and breadth of Hindostan should for generations yet to come, redound to the glory of the British name.

Before we proceed to make any observations on the Building itself, it may be as well to review very briefly what preceded the erection of this College. So far back as 1790 Lord Cornwallis at the recommendation of Mr. Duncan, the then Resident at Benares, devoted the sum of 14,000. Rs. per annum (subsequently increased to 20,000) for the establishment of a school for Sanskrit, "as a means of reconciling the Hindus to our rule and endearing them to the British Government." From the date of the opening of the school in 1791 up to the year 1844, the Establishment was carried on under various superintendents; different distinguished Oriental scholars, such as Captains Wilford, Fell and Thoresby were successively Secretaries to the Committee of Public Instruction. In 1844, for the first time a European gentleman was appointed as Principal, in the person of Mr. Muir of the Civil Service—he was succeeded by the Revd. Mr. Wallis and in 1846 Dr. Ballantyne, the present talented Principal, assumed charge of the appointment.

There had long been felt a difficulty, nay more, an impracticability in rendering a free translation of European works of a scientific nature, into the common language of the country. The poverty of the vernacular tongue was a bar to every attempt at literal translation,—a more classical language was a desideratum. This was found in the Sanskrit, and so to extend a thorough acquaintance of this language among the natives, was giving them a key by which they might readily acquire the hitherto unfolded regions of scientific knowledge. The self-opinionated Brahmin, the modern self suffi-

cient Pharisee, who deemed himself and his race to be the sole masters in every thing appertaining to learning, would now find, through the medium of the Sanskrit, that his race were no longer walking in the broad light of truth and science, but groping along in the mists of superstition and ignorance. To dispel this darkness was a subject worthy of the British Government even without going to the extent of endeavouring to enlighten the heathen on matters of saving Faith,—without even attempting to unmask the idolatry and senselessness of their religion. It were indeed an object worthy of a heavy sacrifice to expand the minds of the young Heathen, to raise their nature from the depths of barbarism to the enlightenment of a civilized race, to give them a taste for such scientific pursuits as might tend to direct their thoughts from “nature up to nature’s God,” and from thence the transition to a better creed would be comparatively a matter of little difficulty. In Dr. Ballantyne’s own words, the design of the College was for “the development of a language adequate to the reproduction of European thought, and the instruction of a literature rightly adapted to our educational purposes by being in forth congenial to the Hindoo mind and free from barbarisms of speech,” and again “it has never been contemplated that in the Sanskrit the result should be locked up.” The object, then, of the College is to impart secular knowledge to the Heathen, it is not destined for the purposes of conversion, it is not a Christian Collège; prayers to a Christian God are not to be heard within its walls. The building is essentially Pagan, and under its roof will be instilled into the minds of heathen boys through the medium of the Sanskrit, a knowledge of every thing that appertains to modern science and its astounding discoveries and whatever is calculated to enlarge the understanding and improve the mind.

Let us now turn to the subject with which we have more particularly to deal and make a few remarks on the building itself.

Considering principally, the object and purposes for which this pile has been erected and after a careful examination of its arrangements and effect, we reluctantly but advisedly come to the conclusion that the Benares College, as a College, and as a Pagan College, is a failure.

We do not wish to be misunderstood. To Major Kittoe the architect we give very great credit, for with indefatigable industry and extreme physical labor, even to the loss of his health,—with great difficulties to contend against—with

considerable opposition and want of support,—with many petty obstructions from some who should have rendered him every assistance,—has he, nevertheless, succeeded in producing a building of a particularly beautiful order of English Architecture, accurate in detail as almost to defy criticism, and which will long stand a monument of his energy, his genius, and his skill.

But it is not with the beauty, or even the solidity or durability of the building with which we have to deal. We see before us what is supposed to be a “College,” but the passer by, ignorant of the purposes for which it was designed, would pause, and it is more than probable that he would be led to inquire whether it was a *Monastery*, an *Asylum*, a *Mausoleum* or a *Church*. Let us inspect it closely and see if there is any thing *Collegiate* in its character. We approach and find a building bearing throughout, the distinctive peculiarities of a Christian’s House of Prayer. We enter the Porch, a sort of Cathedral’s galilee, on each side are cloisters. We pass in and find a magnificent nave with transepts, aisles, chancel and chancel aisles, we look up and see a tower, clerestories and stained glass windows. We read Biblical texts, we only miss the rood screen and the lectern,—perhaps they are to come—And is *this* the school house for Pagans? Is *this* the model Heathen College? *this* the wonderful work of art that is to shed lustre on our times,? is *this* the *ne plus ultra* of Collegiate constructiveness, that we are to build a Cathedral with all its characteristics for a Pagan school house? Is it for this that so many thousand of rupees have been expended on an Ecclesiastical edifice in which Heathen boys might study Sanskrit?

We shall be told we are hyper-critical, we shall be referred to the opinions of the thousand and one visitors who have visited and admired the building. That it is a pretty edifice we confess, that it is appropriate, we as distinctly deny. Visitors *are* charmed with the College,—their eyes dwell upon the rich carvings of the doorways, the flowing traceries, of the windows, they are delighted with the stained glass, recalling to mind the churches at home, and the days of youth,—they are enraptured with the fountain and the subtle swans,—they gaze on the Victoria tower with delight—rave about the crocketed pinnacles, the foliage and the scroll work, point to the flying buttresses and the fantastic gargoyles. They are bewildered at the splendour of the nave, notice the rich mouldings and the lofty arches,—are charmed with the open timber roof with its delicately carved pendants,—mark the cunningly devised ornaments—speak approvingly of the moral texts that decorate the walls,—enlarge upon the gilded enrichments

and heraldic devices that they see around—note the quaintness of the character and then sum up by thanking the ever attentive architect for the rich treat he has afforded them, they give him his well merited praise, and then they go away and say “oh how beautiful is the College, how well worth seeing, how delighted you will be; it is the finest building in India out and out; it is all *Gothic* and so pretty.” And what does this mean—what have they said,—why they admire greatly, what they call the Gothic Building? they speak in raptures of what no one will differ from them in, and that is the beauty of its component parts, but they say nothing of its adaptability, its suitableness for a College, few give *that* a thought: they look upon it as a fact, admire the combination of its carved stones and rapidly jump to the conclusion that the building is perfection.

The architect having devoted many years of his life to the study of Church Architecture, (and not theoretically only but practically, in as much as during his residence in England he was engaged in the restoration of ancient Parish Churches), would naturally be anxious to seize the first and a very rare opportunity of carrying out, on a large scale, in this country, the details of a style to which his taste inclined; he has consequently introduced into a lay edifice and one from which religion is to be entirely excluded, the peculiarity in all its grandeur, of an essentially religious and ecclesiastical style of architecture. A very trifling alteration would readily convert the so called College into a remarkably handsome Church. We ask then, why such an ecclesiastical appearance should have been permitted in a building destined for non-ecclesiastical purposes? we ask, why in an edifice destined for Heathens a Christian temple should have been selected? we ask, why a building in which prayers to a Christian's God are never to be offered up, an edifice rich in the decorations of a Cathedral, and bearing in its every form and character the peculiarities of a Christian's Church was particularly chosen? The style is one that has now received the almost universal designation of “Christian Architecture;” it is a style that sprung up and was developed in the services of the Church and carried out on Christian principles by professedly Christian men. Had Major Kittoe been engaged in erecting a Church, the details of the style would assuredly have been correct. Churches, and Major Kittoe will confess it are his forte and if he were to select a building for construction, he would unhesitatingly say it shall be a Cathedral in the pointed style of English Architecture.

But why should a Civil College and for unbelievers

be, of all structures in the world, a modified Christian Temple? Is it that the symbols of the Christian faith, typified as they are in the details of the Gothic style, are to spread their hallowed influences over the minds of the young Brahmins? are they like us, to understand that large windows symbolize the pervading expansion of the light of truth, while the small doors typify the humility of the truth seeker? Is the prevailing perpendicularity of the style to impress upon them the necessity of directing their thoughts upward to the consideration of a Christian's God? If not, then why introduce Heathens into a believer's house of prayer?

For a Christian edifice, there is no order of Architecture so admirably calculated to excite deep religious feelings; its influence in promoting holy thoughts is magical; but while in a sacred building it is the perfection of the beautiful, in a Heathen College it is excessively inappropriate.

And here we do not mean to imply that the Gothic style, in itself, is to be discarded from all but Ecclesiastical buildings; it is not the adoption of the style of ornament that we deprecate now, it is the cruciform Church character of the Building. The Gothic is beautiful even in a lay edifice, but it must be modified and adapted to circumstances; there is a domestic Gothic which we usually find in structures not devoted to ecclesiastical purposes. If we called upon an Architect to build us a College in the style of the Parthenon, we would not expect him to raise a mere temple,—a single large room surrounded by columns,—no, he would modify the form, whilst he would retain as far as possible the impressiveness of the order, and by his treatment of which, we should be able to form an opinion of his taste; he might preserve the portico and retain the proportions of the columns, whilst the details of the mouldings, flutings, dentels, modillions and other ornaments, might be strictly accurate in detail. In the general management, he would consult the requirements of the College and not pertinaciously adhere to the Greek formula. So with the Gothic, when we require a College in the pointed style of Architecture, we do not look for a small Cathedral, with unmeaning towers at the four corners clubbing the whole into an incongruous pile:—a building of an equally impressive exterior, but with far greater capabilities and advantages might easily have been erected, an edifice as attractive as the present one but dispensing with its Ecclesiastical proportions. For instance, let us turn to the new palace of Westminster, the style of architecture being exactly similar to that of the Benares College, and we ask is there anything ecclesiastical

in its character? The Abbey which it adjoins is of the style of architecture; a single glance declares the latter to be ecclesiastical, the former domestic. In the houses of Parliament, the Architect has displayed the poetry of the style, if we may so call it, he scorned to be the mere copyist, he would not condescend to take the Abbey as his model,—his design was original. Look at the magnificent chambers in which the Lords and Commons debate, could any one for a moment imagine that they saw in them the slightest characteristic of a Church interior; a nave and transepts and central tower were by no means found to be indispensable. What would have been thought of an Architect, how would his poverty of conception have been derided if he had designed for the new palace of Westminster, a second abbey cut up into compartments and flanked by four towers? Had the originators of the Benares College been the select Committee, they would probably have approved of the scheme; what better, would they say, than that the Lords should deliberate in the nave, the Commons in the chancel, the aisles should be sub-divided into Committee rooms, the transepts would form excellent libraries, and the cloisters would serve as admirable promenades in which Hon'ble Members might smoke? And certainly they might answer all these purposes, and thousands of country cousins would gaze with delight on the new building, and should any unfortunate wight, imbued with a love of art and blessed with taste, perchance express an opinion as to the inapplicability of an Abbey Church for the purposes of a house of Parliament, he would be instantly set down as hyper-critical and abruptly informed that he knew nothing about it, that it answered very well,—it was all mediæval and so pretty!

If it is asked, why we should not introduce the ecclesiastical style into lay edifices, we answer that from our infancy and from the nation's infancy, peculiar forms and peculiar characters are set apart for particular purposes; a Church has from the remotest age, been built of a certain form and every feeling in our nature prompts us to confine ourselves to that which is conventional, although we know full well that the prayers of a congregation are not heard and answered from on High, agreeably to the nature and disposition of the walls of the building from which they may be breathed. What would Major Kittoe, the lover of Church architecture, think of the architect who would be so barbarous as to erect a Church in the exact form of a modern Theatre? would he not stand aghast and be horrified at the sight, but why? the architect, might reasonably retort and say, "my Thespian Church is not a;

whit less anomalous than your Pagan Cathedral College, indeed I admire the style greatly, I have repaired and restored several Theatres, now I have got to build a Church I will adopt the style of the stage. The boxes will make excellent pews, the charity children shall sing in the gallery, the harmonium shall be in the orchestra, the free seats in the pit, we will put the clerygman on the stage and clap the clerk into the prompter's box" and would this not answer? We reply, yes, it would, but it would not be orthodox, it would not be congenial with our accepted notions of what is correct, the cruciform plan is essentially religious, the horse shoe theatrical style pagan. We desire to see buildings like every thing else, in harmony and appropriate, and we affirm that nave, transept and aisles are as much misplaced in a College as would be a spire on a gin palace or a fountain in a Church.

And now let us examine whether any positive advantage has been gained by using the cruciform ground plan: let us see if the architect had any sufficient reason for deviating from the wonted College style and trespassing on the ecclesiastical, and to do so let us first state what are own our notions of a Collegiate edifice. We look upon it as a building or number of detached or connected buildings in which are to be found, according to the requirements of the establishment a certain number of studies or class rooms, contiguous but entirely distinct from each other, we should expect one or more lecture rooms of suitable dimensions and semicircular in form, then a hall for general assembly and if for Christian purposes, there should be a chapel. We should expect to see suites of rooms for the accomodation of the principal and one or more of the professors, nor should we omit a spacious reading room or library, where out of College hours the students might have the opportunity of reading undisturbed. As we are strongly of opinion that healthy bodily recreation is beneficial also to the mind, we would establish in the College grounds, or rather in the school grounds (for College is a term applied more particularly to establishments for young men, and not for boys and children who are to be educated at the Benares Institution) we would establish a gymnasium. The whole should form either an extended range of buildings showing a good front or there might be wings, in fact as space in India is a thing not to be considered and as the benefit of fresh air is derived from each building being well exposed, there is no question but that to heap up and club together in one confined area, a number of rooms is a grievous mistake, as we shall show. [presently, portions of the new College are

entirely deprived of air. With a long range of building a College might have been reared with as much exterior ornament as has been lavished on the present pile : the effect would have been better and the advantages derived from a superior ground plan would have been unquestionable.

His Honor the Lieutenant Governor in his opening address alluded to the influence of architecture on the minds of the young and referred to the beautiful Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. But his Honor must be well aware that the only ecclesiastical part of those Colleges are the chapels which are supplementary, when they were built does he imagine that the fellows prosecuted their studies in them, no they studied as they do now in rooms, which externally bear the style of architecture common to that of the chapels, but are widely different in form. Let us look at the new Gothic Colleges at Cheltenham, Brighton, Victoria and many others recently erected. Is there one that bears the impress of a Church and are they not all, as described above, domestic in appearance. Again look at the Military Colleges of Sandhurst, Woolwich and Addiscombe, and notice the arrangements ; there are class rooms entirely distinct as they are detached from each other, there are Halls and Chapels and Lecture rooms and Libraries, and all are so arranged as that no inconvenience should arise from proximity to each other. Now let us remark upon the novel plan as approved of by the Committee on the Benares College. The nave, which is apparently some 160 feet in length by 30 wide, is bounded on either side by aisles, which are divided into a certain number of compartments or bins separated from the nave and from each other by screen walls, these bins are destined to be the receptacles for the senior students, where they are to prosecute their studies, with a single door opening into the nave, and two doors leading into the verandah. These compartments are so arranged that while they are separated from each other by a screen wall, they are notwithstanding so exposed as to admit every sound from the adjoining class rooms. Those on the eastern side are closed from the benefit of the westerly winds, for there is a verandah, a class room, the nave and three walls intervening which will pretty tolerably exclude every particle of benefit derivable from a tattie, although there may be open doors. Then we find that the nave is assigned to the mass of juveniles. As a school room it is absurd, as a medium of communication to the other class rooms, it is ridiculously large. Here in this vast hall are to be located hundreds of small boys with their loud shrill voices,

and he who has witnessed the system of learning adopted by the young dusky aspirants, will readily imagine the din and buzz sufficient to drown Dr. Ballantyne's "intellectual thought," and certainly far from advantageous to the elder students in the contiguous cells who will be distracted by the avalanche of voices pouring in from the multitude in the adjoining nave. This is the arrangement by which a swarm of little inattentive urchins, who can with difficulty be brought at any time to mind their books, should be placed in a public thoroughfare 160 feet long. And where is the Principal to remain? Is he to stay in the Library or in the Museum among the bottled snakes and other East Indian preserves, or is he to vegetate in one of the aisle bins? why has not the architect to complete the delusion provided a brazen spread eagle from which his learned disquisitions might be set forth? for the "European gentleman, our Principal" must discourse in the nave, while for ourselves we should prefer some cool retreat, redolent of tatties, and subjected to the soothing influences of a punkah, where in tranquillity, cool and collected, we might argue subtle points with our Pagan antagonists, for as in the strain of Elia "It is a confusion of purpose to tax the brain with a forehead moist from excess of temperature." One transept is set apart for a Museum, and one for a Library. Three of the four corner towers contain small, close, hot rooms, better suited for the reception of brooms and such like purifying instruments than for human beings, although, by the way, one of them might be set apart for flogging operations, if the application of birch to the native frame is allowable. The fourth tower carries the water that is required for the fountain.

Such is the novel plan for a College: we have heard that the original design approved of by Lord Hardinge was very very different, that there was nothing ecclesiastical in the exterior, and that, moreover, the ground plan was entirely different: we have reason to believe that the plan of the College at Agra was given as the idea which was to be modified and improved. The Agra College consists of a central passage (which is nothing but a passage) bounded on each side by class rooms which are entirely unconnected with each other. This we conceive was the arrangement which His Honor the Lieutenant Governor approved of, and we have been credibly informed that in some other quarter, it was discovered that the central passage was the coolest portion of the building, and consequently, that the men who pulled the punkahs enjoyed this pleasant temperature all to themselves. This was

indefensible and such a system must not be repeated, this central passage enlarged might make a central class room, and so the architect with Churches ever in his eye grasped the idea, broke the length by transepts, and thus the school house merged into the Church. We acquit the architect of having led the way, if the central Hall system was forced upon him, he cannot be responsible for the ill arranged interior: on his shoulders we can only throw the blame of adhering to the ecclesiastical style in the superstructure, and we scarcely know which was the greater mistake. It is now only a matter of regret that there is not a Bishop of Benares with influence enough to obtain possession of this building and by knocking down a trifling tower here, and a wall there convert the College into the Benares Cathedral. We see so and so rendered immortal at the trifling outlay of a hundred rupees, his names Christian and surname carved in quaint letters on a doorway for the edification of an admiring posterity, which will doubtless speak approvingly of the generosity and disinterestedness of the donor? then what an opportunity is now here, who will give the spire?—what noble minded individual will bequeath his name to the Hindoo future on the pinnacle of a College? Is there no Rajah who can be talked into transmitting the fame of his generosity to a future age by providing the needful for this same spire? Can not some purse belaboured Baboo be induced to present a rood screen, some piously inclined Ranee be inveigled into ordering an organ. These are mere suggestions casually thrown out, but as the College has amongst the natives been called for many a long day the “Naia Gyrja Ghur,” why not carry out the design to completion? We have another point of difference with the architect and this is with reference to the want of harmony in a matter of detail, we are of opinion that when we revive the mediæval style of architecture and retain what is grotesque and fantastic we must retain every part of the detail in its original character: thus for instance we should never dream of pewing a church of the mediæval style of architecture with modern upholstery, we would not admit couches, easy chairs, fauteuils, rocking chairs or any such like paraphernalia of a drawing room; they would be most comfortable in a hot weather evening with Dr. Drowsy in the pulpit, but common sense would rebel against such inconsistencies. So with the stained glass windows. Of the beauty and effect of stained glass there are not two opinions but when as we find in one of the College windows a jumbling of the modern with the mediæval, we must enter our protest with those who discon-

tenance the placing of modern accurately out lined figures into a window of the twelfth or thirteenth century. At the College we find her Majesty painted on proper artistic principles. Now we affirm that this is not in keeping with the character of the building. If as is the case here we find that the architect has scrupulously adhered to the details of that style of architecture which he selected, viz. in the stones, in the wood-work, in the panelling, in the moulding of the windows, even to the very character of the letters, we ask if it is in accordance to place there a modern drawing. To be in keeping the architect should have adhered to the "stiffnecked, sprained ankle, lugubrious visaged" forms of the twelfth century, for however imperfect when considered with an anatomical eye still the harmony that exists every where else would have then been preserved throughout. It is necessary either to have mere stained glass and no figures, or figures must be in the style of the age when such buildings were in vogue. We trust this will be duly considered in filling up the northern window in which we understand there are to be effigies of certain celebrated leading characters in public life. Is our respected Lieutenant Governor to be seen smiling from beneath a black beaver and from over a swallow-tailed coat? Is Lord Dalhousie to smirk over a stiff white choker and Lord John Russell peer out of a Wind-or uniform? we trust such absurdities are not in contemplation, we would as soon see a Bishop strutting along the streets of Calcutta wearing a sugar loaf hat and crimson plumes, or have seen the Architect himself, at the opening of the College, presenting the keys with a wreath of laurel round his brow, and wearing not his blue tail coat with brass buttons, but dressed gorgeously in velvet cloak, slashed doublet and silken hose, looking mediæval.

With regard to the ground plan of the College and the division of the students, we hear that many high caste Brahmins object to allow their sons to be polluted by contact with those of a low caste. In this College castes are to be ignored. Now knowing as we do the rooted antipathy of the Brahmin to intermingle with their inferiors in caste, we ask if it is politic when our object is to instruct and improve the mind of Brahmins more particularly, and to wrench away all their absurd doctrines and superstitious mummeries that we should lay at the very outset a stumbling block in their way to court the proudest to keep aloof and to withhold their sons from the benefits of education and so leave them steeped in ignorance and folly? It is no answer to say, let them abstain if they wish: we will find innumerable students from all

parts of India. That is not the point, the innumerable students had better remain for the present at their own Village schools, the Benares College is not or should not be a large school wherein the scrapings of the highways and byeways of Hindoostan are invited to congregate in order to learn their alphabet—the establishment is not to be considered in the light of a large central *ragged school*. The object of the College is for the more finished education of a more advanced set of scholars, not children, not boys, but young men, nay grown-up men, men who do not come for the elements of education, but to learn the higher branches of knowledge. These are the Students that we wish to see in the new College, we do not desire that so costly an establishment should dwindle down to the level of a preparatory school. Children are not sent to our Universities to learn their spelling, we do not give the high sounding title of Principal to a writing master, nor of Professor to a dancing master—why then should the Benares College be degraded into becoming an establishment for children? We would dispense with the term College unless we maintained its character as a College. But to return to the ignoring of castes, we find that out of 350 students, 150 are Brahmins, 60 Mahomedans, and the rest with the exception of half a dozen Christians, are all of inferior castes of Hindoos. If we are told that this general gathering of castes under one roof is the very thing to do away with prejudices, we reply that the time has not yet arrived that we should be so summary: the Brahmins as a caste are the most learned in India, and it is more especially the Brahmins that we must endeavour to enlighten; for once upset by force of reasoning, by the unfailing powers of good education the rude notions, the childish superstitions of the Brahmins of the Holy City, and the way to conversion lies clear before us—we had rather it were a Brahmin College with diminished numbers, than hurt their feelings at this momentous period, we would gladly teach all, but our conviction is that we must go to the root of the evil at once. With the view of conversion in the distance, it is absurd to expend our energies in trying to get a stray convert here and there, this is but picking up a fallen leaf; we cannot afford time even upon the branches, but we must set to work and with a good will at the very root, if we would fell the tree of superstition and idolatry, that it may never spring up again. The soil is Benares, the roots are the Brahmins, let us refute by our learning their every false notion, let us convince by means of education in the higher branches of knowledge that ours is the right system, let us grapple with their most

astute reasoners in their stoutest strongholds, convince but the Brahmins of Benares and christianity will then be received and welcomed on every side of Hindoostan.

We trust the Government will reconsider the subject if their sanction has been given to turning the College, into a mere school. The aim is no longer in Mr. Duncan's words merely "to reconcile the Hindus to our rule" the Hindus *have* been reconciled and we have a far higher object in view now, the ultimate conversion of masses, which while it can be done by a scientific education, can never hope to be effected by keeping the College at the level of a village school. We would have the Benares College looked upon by the students of village Schools as an establishment to which it would be an honor to be admitted, where the most talented and those who had made a certain advance in learning could alone be permitted to study. Let the students at first be but few, no matter,—when it is found to be select, thousands will strive to obtain admission; then, and not till then, it may be called a College. In the mean time let us remember that we have two methods of conversion open to us, preaching and teaching, and however powerful the former has been and still is elsewhere, we feel convinced that a superior education will have more effect than any preaching could possibly have. It is true that in the days of the apostles preaching was the main instrument by which the word of God "so mightily grew and prevailed", but it must be remembered that then it was the poor but highly gifted who preached to the wealthy, and to the great, and to the enlightened of those times, while here in India it is the reverse: we are the wealthy, the great, the truly enlightened who have every means in our power for converting the poor, the weak-minded and the ignorant. Thus in India highway preaching is not the principal power as it was in primitive times, we have better means afforded us, we have the opportunity of increasing knowledge as the waters cover the sea; let us by superior education force open the garner of the Heathen mind, and then to fill them with the precious grain of Gospel Truth will be comparatively an easy task.

But we have been wandering from our subject and must return again to the material College. For the Principal and Head Master two detached dwelling houses have been erected on the grounds at a distance of about two or three hundred yards from the main building. These are very properly in the domestic style: but situated as they are, they savour greatly of the Parsonage or Rectory, they are very pretty snug-look-

ing, domiciles and while the exterior makes you believe, there is an upper story, the interior actually consists of but one set of lofty apartments.

These we consider, to be the most satisfactory portions of the College, but we repent that in the general plan of the entire building these residences for the professors should have formed part of one grand whole, they might have formed the wings or been so connected that while they could have added to the extent and therefore to the magnificence of the college building, they would have been far more convenient,—for the exposure to an Indian sun and a hot wind in crossing over to one's private apartments at all times during the day, cannot be either beneficial or pleasant, and we imagine that the Principal would much prefer having his quarters in some way connected to the public studies, that he might be saved this unnecessary exposure. It is true he is more retired, but as far as privacy is concerned he cannot even now step into his verandah or open his windows without being seen, and as for being molested by intruders were his quarters attached to the College Building, he it remembered that the students are but day scholars, and after all it would require but very little skill so to arrange the private portion of the Building that it should be strictly private.

We consider it to be quite unnecessary that a Public building should be equally decorated on every side, the grand front should be the principal part to receive ornament the rest should be subservient and only just in keeping with the character of the style of architecture adopted: utility is the main point to be considered, next comes architectural decoration. In the Benares college utility has been sacrificed to display; like a house of cards the four sides are almost exactly alike. We see the same effect from every quarter in which we take a view of the building. We look in vain for the example from which the architect worked, and wonder whether he had ever seen a college. We think the Martiniere a more satisfactory edifice, for we see no advantage in being able to run round a Building and find it the same on every side. If this was the object the architect had in view in compressing the edifice into a contracted mass as if space were wanting it reminds us of the form of the Taj at Agra, perhaps the architect had that in his eye, and considering it to be the most magnificent Mussulman structure in India, thought it necessary to have the coming most magnificent English structure in India, of similar form, and in lieu of the four minars, he planted four squat towers. The Taj we consider to be just as well adapted for a college as the new building at Benares,

and therefore we recommend the originators of the College to adopt the Taj style in future, if they wish to patronize once more the masonry and clubbing system—at any rate we do hope, that hereafter when any extensive and expensive structure is in contemplation, a hasty selection of a design be not made. In the case of the Benares college, designs we never saw any one that was submitted, but we understand that it was the magical word “Gothic” that decided the point. A pretty exterior won the selection: “a person of great taste at Head Quarters,” as we have heard it expressed, liked the Gothic, and immediately putting his hand on the Gothic drawing immediately said. “This is the design we will have,”—and now before us stands in huge reality the result. Our opinion of its merits we have recorded, and as we find that, inclusive of the value of convict labor, the total cost has been but little under 210,000 Rupees, we cannot but regret that so large a sum as £20,000 should have been expended so injudiciously, injudiciously as far as the design and character of the building is concerned; and we express a hope that in future, internal arrangements shall be more considered than external decoration, and that utility shall not again be sacrificed to display.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF E. MONTEGUT.

(Continued from page 37.)

Thomas Carlyle was born, about the year 1796, at a small village on the borders of England and Scotland,—*Middleby* by name, if we mistake not. His father was a substantial farmer,—stern and religious in his ideas, but universally respected by those around him, as being the most correct, the most long-headed, and the best informed of them all. He it was, who arranged all differences among his neighbours, and prevented law-suits; he was the person ever consulted in little delicate affairs, such can be comprehended only by a judgment at once sound and penetrating; he was the general referee of the surrounding districts. Carlyle's parent was, in short, something not unlike,—one of whom his son has sketched so pleasant a portrait,—the father of our own Diderot, who was equally the arbiter-general of his circle,—whose prudence and experience used to keep his neighbours clear of litigations, jealousies, and domestic broils. Carlyle in a lively degree felt, and has not unfrequently given expression to, the gratitude he owed to Providence for bestowing on him such a father. Proud of an origin partaking at once of the popular element and that of nobility, he has often been able to say of himself,—what he said in a measure of Burns, or Diderot, men of the people like him-self.—“How many Kings, how many Princes, are less nobly born!” The opinions of Carlyle are explicable, we may be permitted to say, by the consideration of his birth, and earliest education. His heart's best feelings were in harmony with those of the *People*; but he nevertheless held opinions of a decidedly aristocratic character. The reason of this is obvious; from child-hood, he had learned, in observing his father's conduct, to understand how respectable is the *People*, and to perceive how contemptible is the *Mob*! This sentiment is the main-spring, in all Carlyle's writings. At a certain period, he took up the cause of the *People* with such vehemence, as even to win the sympathy of the *Chartists*; yet never for a moment has he ceased from expressing his contempt for those snobs. His original education was altoge-

ther of a rustic and common-place description; and somewhat thereof has clung to him ever since.

He himself, in the *Sartor Resartus*, has been at pains to make us acquainted with the impressions of his infancy, and the influence which those impressions, the nature of the localities, the landscapes, the surrounding scenery, created upon his mind. The cattle-fairs, to which his father sometimes took him, the twice-a-day apparition of the mail-carriage that passed over against the village,—to him a mysterious vehicle, a small ambulatory world, on its way from who knows whither, in progress towards some equally unknown destination :—all this is described in the *Sartor Resartus*, with a freshness and vivacity that ever characterise the feelings of simple childhood. And here, let us be allowed to indulge in a physiological reflection. Look but at the portrait of Carlyle. Do you not perceive that all the features, which make up that solid head-piece, are, both morally and physically, of a rustic cast? Strength and health are perceptibly visible; the protracted toil of years may have worn and emaciated those features :—but it has brought no further change: it does not furrow them. Austerity, perseverance, patience, the untiring courage that brooks not defeat, but will go a-head despite of obstacles,—all these characteristics and virtues of the rural stock,—are engraved upon that serious, stern, and somewhat harsh countenance. I saw some years ago a portrait of Carlyle at an earlier age; the same characteristics were there observable :—but youth, combined with education and intellectual culture, then imparted to those features some thing of a more worldly stamp;—the gentleman, in fact seemed to reassert his birth-right and his blood. Yet, strange as it may appear, the rustic type resumed its sway with advancing years, and has in turn effaced all the merely acquired traits. This is a phenomenon, which every body may have observed in other instances, and of which the case under notice serves for a fresh illustration.

Besides that earlier and most important education, Carlyle went through a second course of instruction at Annan, where he had as a class fellow Edward Irving, the same who, at a later period, earned renown by his eloquence as the Reverend Edward Irving; and whose loss was bewailed by his old school-fellow Carlyle with heart-felt grief, and in terms of warm affection. At Annan he received the first elements of a classical education. Here, to his huge disgust (if we are to credit his own assertion, under the guise of Herr Teufelsdröck) he had to learn the declensions and conjugations, and to make the

best of his way through the Syntaxes both Greek and Latin. However, a father's ambition, this time perhaps guided, and not amiss, by the signs of intellect which the young man exhibited, consigned the latter to the University of Edinburgh, where he sojourned two years, returning home ever and anon to pass the vacations, to enjoy again the localities that were dear to him, and to recal the recollections and impressions of infancy. The turn of his mind was from that time at once speculative and poetic; he devoted himself with ardour to the study of mathematics, but equally disquieted himself with the mysteries of *Faust* and *Wilhelm Meister*, in endeavouring to fathom them. A fact that well denotes this turn of mind is, that a few years after quitting the University he published, in rapid succession, a translation of *Legendre's Geometry*, a *Treatise on Proportions*, and a translation of Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*. On leaving the University he was for sometime undecided as to the choice of a profession. It was at first his intention to enter the Church; but apprehensions of a sort that may easily be conceived, deterred him from this project. His frankness of character, and, if possible, still greater freedom of soul, in all probability made him hesitate to become a teacher of doctrines, regarding the truth whereof he might not be fully convinced, and to recoil from certain officers too frequently attendant on his intended profession. So he abandoned that design; and pending a final choice of an occupation, he betook himself to the teaching of Mathematics in his own county. This provisional Professorship lasted about two years.

It was about 1823, and consequently in his own twenty seventh year, that after long hesitation, Carlyle decided in favor of unrestrained freedom, and embraced the profession of a man of letters, a profession so well defined by himself in his *Life of John Sterling*, as—"anarchical, nomadic, altogether ethereal, and fettered by no conditions." A Scotch Encyclopædia received his first essays, on *Montaigne*, *Montaigne*, and the two *Pitts*. The translation of *Legendre's Geometry*, and that of *Wilhelm Meister*, already mentioned, succeeded these first efforts; and, very shortly, exuberating in the same direction, and delving into that vein of German philosophy, he published his *Life of Schiller*, in the first instance piece-meal,—in the *London Magazine*, in which Hazlitt and Charles Lamb were then fellow labourers. That *Life of Schiller*, Carlyle's first distinguished effort, gives us an excellent idea of the state of the author's mind at the period when he was in the very vortex of his mystic and enthusiastic

flights, and when he meditated a reaction against those materialist and sceptic theories, which then reigned in England, and which have reigned there officially, at least from the time of Priestley to that of Malthus. The influence of Bentham was then all powerful; *Utility* was deemed the basis of society, the aim of all legislation, the legitimate mainspring of human actions. This doctrine,—degrading to humanity, but worthy of being preached by the man whom Edward Gans found, at the age of eighty-eight years, still disquieting himself about his reputation, instead of preparing his soul to depart decently for another world,—this doctrine had two grand faults. On the one hand, it weighed like a nightmare on the senses of all youthful and truly liberal and generous souls, obnubilating with its vile shade all their nobler inspirations, and acknowledging their expression only with the grin of sarcasm. And on the other hand, it was ever striving to sap the foundations of the English constitution, by denouncing hereditary rights, and inciting against the aristocracy the middle classes whom it infected with its poison. In a word, that doctrine was a defilement to the human conscience; and threatened no small danger to England. In all ages, those who think and those who profess to think, may be divided, like other classes of society, into two categories,—the well-born thinkers, and the mob. Bentham was the leader of that mob,—which term however we here desire to be understood only in an intellectual sense. Read, if you can do so without disgust, that famous *Treatise on Legislation*, in which all the Vices are weighed in one scale of the Utilitarian balance, against all the virtues in the other; read it,—and you will learn better even than at an Indian Brahmin's School,—that all actions are in themselves indifferent. Yet, according to the immoral theories of the East, it is in the eye only of the Eternal and the Infinite that crimes and virtues are alike indifferent,—according to Bentham, they are indifferent even to man's view. Avarice is useful:—for it is a fine medium for the amassment of capital;—Prodigality is useful, for it tends admirably to spread and circulate wealth;—Usury is useful, for it gives excellent lessons in economy to those who are its victims;—Vanity fosters luxury, and so promotes commerce. Bentham was ever ready to say, as said that stout disciple of Voltaire,—M. Andrieux, if I mistake not:—“Paricide is doubtless a *crime*, though mainly an exhibition of *bad taste*!” It was against these abominable doctrines, which, had they been generally accepted, would have led to England's ruin, that Carlyle most particularly urged a re-action.

Both among his precursors and his cotemporaries, were some voices lifted up in protestation to the like effect;—but they were feeble ones. The eloquent Coleridge had not strength to take upon himself the struggle. Carlyle is the only man, why, at that period, dared openly to rise against those impious and immoral tendencies. It was he alone, who, unconnected with the official world, but in the midst of that revival of the 18th century which distinguished the period of the Bourbon restoration, dared to maintain that religion is a thing eternal and necessary to human existence; that, the aristocracy is an institution founded even on man's nature, essentially indestructible however changeful and perishable the forms it may assume; that the revolution, considered as a *fact*, is an event worthy of everlasting remembrance: but that, if viewed as a *doctrine*, it has achieved nothing permanent; that the people ought to be regarded, supervised, instructed,—and not left open to corruption, free to sink into wretchedness, or take refuge in ignorance at pleasure, as the radicals pretended. To all the wild political theories then abroad, he ever opposed those three words which Schiller deemed the words essential, and alone powerful, to maintain the worth of human existence. His ideas where all clothed in a singular, enigmatic garb, which protected his thoughts in all their mysterious value, kept the vulgar at a distance, made fools laugh,—but possessed, on the contrary, an attraction for all minds capable of reflection. To what party did he belong? Was he Tory?—one would have said so, on seeing him take up the defence of Protestantism. Was he Whig? One would have said so, on beholding him again as the champion of reforms, and an advocate for the abolition of all those ancient abuses, which were the burden of human existence. Was he a radical?—No; that is the one accusation which none can bring against him: although, at a later period, when he took up the cause of the people with singular energy and vigor, many folks thought he had turned Chartist;—just as, after the publication of the *Latter Day Pamphlets*, he was taunted as an absolutist, and, after the publication of *John Sterling*, accused of atheism. Nay, good friends, he neither is, nor ever was, any thing of that sort. He both ever was, and is, in all simplicity, a man who right well knows the age he lives in, and knows too that its tenets are naught but fantasies,—empassioned fantasies that breed acts of wild folly, and end in fearful re-actions. He is one who has ever asserted, that in times, when man has no definite faith it is above all, most important to keep the ba-

lance in equilibrio, in order to save the various elements necessary to life from mutually destroying each other in blind opposition, amidst perpetually recurring conflicts.

The influence of Carlyle, we may just by the way observe, the never been of an official character; but it has been all has greater on that account. His works have excited scandal; blusteringly attacked, blusteringly pulled to pieces, they have hardly been defended at all. He allowed the hubbub raised against him to take its course, and left his ideas to make their way in the world, without the aid of strong personal prepossessions. The influence which those writings have exercised, has been entirely latent, almost silent,—notwithstanding the outcry against the author's name. His sentiments have been embodied under all forms, whether aristocratic, or democratic; but it is easy to recognize the traces of of his way of thinking, in some of the most remarkable productions of modern English literature. Tennyson is the most eminent of contemporaneous English poets;—who can tell how much credit Carlyle deserves, as having contributed to form those talents? Who can even say how much is due to Carlyle in the political romances of D'Israeli?—though perhaps neither of the two authors named, might be very well disposed to acknowledge that influence. Carlyle has done more than any other individual towards putting down the Byronian brother-hood, and (thanks to the ideas put forth by him on literary and artistical subjects,) towards promoting the ultimate, though tardily achieved triumph of Wordsworth, over the remnant of the *Satanic School*,—Wordsworth, as much admired at the present time, as he was despised in bye gone days. Descending even to revolutionary and socialist literature there is no style to be found, of which the more favorable specimens are not more or less indebted to him. *The Purgatory of Suicides*, written by Thomas Cooper, a Chartist shoe maker, is dedicated to Carlyle; and that other, very curious book *Alton Locke* is the production of one of his most enthusiastic disciples. Without founding a School,—without aspiring to the false glory of wielding a spiritual Dictatorship, (common in our time, but barren in results as such office is,) he has exercised, and continues still to exercise a supremacy, which parties the, most diametrically opposed to each other have often, without caring to make the avowal, fully recognised,—and do still recognise, in secret. In America his influence has been greatly felt,—where I trust it may daily increase, and gather strength to get the better of Bentham-ism, which sadly needs a muzzle.

The Germans will in turn, sooner or later, make themselves masters of that philosophy which owes its birth to Germany. It will help them to take up the stitches in their at present ruptured philosophical traditions, and to rid themselves at once of the louts who have degraded the same,—as well as of those atheistical *hogs* anathematised (alas, too late!) by poor Henry Heine,—for whom great allowance must surely be made, as one who has deeply suffered.

The philosophy of Carlyle *does*, in fact, derive its origin from the German philosophy. By the aid of his piercing eye and practical English sense, he to a nicety discerned the amount of strength which it was possible to draw from that quarter. He never beguiled himself by viewing in earnest the metaphysical scaffoldings that towered before him,—nor ever lost his way amongst those interminable and useless disquisitions on *identities* and *non identities*, objectives and subjectives, transcendental æstheticism, categories, or contradictions. He perceived that the system, which had raised those ingenious edifices was of greater consequence than the superstructures themselves, and that the train of thought which inspired those systems, must be again more essentially philosophic than the very systems! Between the rationalism of Kant and the pantheism of Goëthe,—when ever shall we leave off canvassing points of mere etiquette? But it is not thus that these men should be estimated. Let us rather ask, what was the state in which Goëthe and Kant (not to mention other philosophists) found mankind, and society in general. What ideas did they form of human life, and what ends did they pursue in virtue of those ideas? Why, Goethe found an universe all withered: theories (the complaint is his own) that represented the world as an immense factory, or rather as a gigantic Kitchen where all that we see, or smell, from the flint pavement up to man's devices, was elaborate and point-device—a World made up of engines, wheel-works, kitchen, jacks, ovens,—the ideal, in short, of the 18th Century. Goëthe appeared on the scene; he gave life to these materials, re-clothed them in richest colours, and shewed us, instead of that ordered mechanism, which accident only put in motion the wrestling of Nature's living impulses. This is the service that Goëthe rendered; he partially put a period to the results of the 18th Century; he shut up one of its outlets,—one that will never be re-opened. The service rendered by Kant is hardly less valuable; it no more consists in his theory of contradictions, than that of Goëthe consists in his system of pantheism. Until the period when Kant made his appearance

the labors of the metaphysician had been only employed to render man, as far as possible, a mere terrestrial and temporal animal. According to the view of the philosophers of that day, there appeared no end more exalted or more worthy of man's dignity, than that which condemned him to dwell caged and confined, within the limits of time and space:—he was to move between parallel straight lines drawn with mathematical precision; Kant came, and rescued the spiritual man! With one stroke of his pen, he annihilated time and space,—reduced them, that is, to be no more than intellectual intelligencies,—and once more confided humanity to the infinite and the Eternal. He too closed another outlet of the 18th Century; and closed it for all future time, notwithstanding the attempts to burst forth again, that are from time to time made by the bestial fiend of Sensualism, and the didactic impiety of the Savans.

Carlyle had a perfect comprehension of all this: but did not trouble himself about verifying minute details. He was satisfied with the prospect as it presented itself to his view, and relied on his general impressions. As for theories, he made his own through the intervention of a very methodical and remarkably *English* process of assimilation, peculiar to himself. He translated syllogism into facts; and proved each of them by contemporaneous History, in such sort that we are astonished and delighted to behold the metaphysical entities (which before seemed to us mere abstract unrealities) moving, speaking, and endowed with power for good or evil. All the doctrines of the German philosophy are to be found in the writings of Carlyle; but, in order to find them, we must decompose those writings, and submit them, as it were, to a chemical analysis. These doctrines circulate throughout his pages, but they are like those chemical elements, the iron, alkali, and salts, that circulate in our heart's blood, and in the tears which emotion or distress wring from our eyes.

It was undoubtedly the *Life of Schiller* that led to the first communications between Carlyle and Goëthe,—communications which subsequently became frequent and numerous. We see him, in his letters to Goëthe, just recovered from all those moral diseases, incidental to the period, of which he complains so eloquently in the *Sartor Resartus*. For he too, the declared foe of sentimentality, has had, it would appear, his day of desolation and remorse, of Byronism and Wertherism,—like all the rest of the world in our time. From one of these letters (date 1826) it is evident that the crisis of the disorder,—

if it ever was very severe, which we doubt,—had been fairly got over : and that Carlyle had turned to account the piece of advice which he gives himself ;—" shut up Byron,—open Goëthe !" Already married at that time, he describes the little nook which he and his wife inhabited in Scotland, his native soil,—and a sense of domestic felicity seems to mingle with the following sketch ;—" Here," he writes to Goëthe, " though not without some trouble, we have built and furnished a suitable and *substantial* house ; here, in the absence of all employment, or professional avocations, we pursue the cultivation of literature with diligence, but after our own peculiar fashion. We are hoping for a joyous addition to the roses and other flowers that deck our garden ; and we trust that health and tranquil minds will aid our hopes. The roses, a good many of them, still remain to be planted ; but to our idea they are blooming already in anticipation. Rousseau would have been as happy here, as in his Island of St Pierre." There, in the bosom of solitude, lived Carlyle : continuing to dwell amongst the localities in which his infancy had glided away, slowly consolidating, and concentrating in himself, the impressions which were destined to pervade his soul uninterruptedly during the next twenty years. He never saw London, until towards his eight and twentieth or thirtieth year. His first sojourn in that city occurred in the year 1826 ; but he remained only a short time, and returned to his beloved Scotland,—which country, however, he quitted almost for good about 1830, the period at which his name began to make a noise in the world.

It was in his Scottish retirement that he composed his first admirable essays on German literature, which were published in the *Edinburgh Review*, and in the *Foreign Review*. In these articles, we recognise the original Carlyle, youthful, laborious, and full of hardihood, but exhibiting also a smoothness of style, which he by and by lost,—but which then imparted to his compositions a polish not bestowed upon his subsequent performances. In these earlier efforts, the volcanic fire and lava-flames, that were shortly to burst forth in all directions, roll on their course in subterraneous concealment, though their warmth communicates to these pages a sombre and somewhat forlorn beauty. Between the essay on *Jean Paul Richter* or the more eloquent passages of the *Sartor Resartus*, and his other works of a later date, there is all the difference that there is between an Italian climate, and the stifling atmosphere of tropical lands. Youthful sympathies illuminate his earlier writings ; beautiful thoughts, in all their

freshness, which have barely had time to germinate in his mind, develope themselves in those pages, clothed in richest imagery;—all is well ordered, every thing methodically disposed. Subsequently to the publication of *Sartor Resartus*, and his contributions to *Fraser's Magazine*, we perceive a total change; and thenceforth dates Carlyle's second Style,—the most brilliant example of which, is the *History of the French Revolution*. In all his writings of this period dark, and appalling shade uniformly prevails; swift lightnings flash in bright succession o'er a stormy deep; thunder growls and bursts; infernal agencies shriek and yell, as they are borne along upon the pinions of the blast, or on the whirlwinds of the tempest. Yet, from time to time the clouds break, and permit us to behold, as it were, a minute Star, whose smiles twinkle over a sky of perfect azure. And, though the storm which passes over head may terrify, we cannot but in turn feel refreshed by the purer and milder atmosphere, which suggests that the unchained elements should have no terrors for us,—inasmuch as a calm will surely succeed. Nothing can equal Carlyle's powers of description; his portraits are more clearly defined than those of the magic lantern on the walls of a darkened chamber; the long-since buried *dramatis personæ* re-appear in all their wonted grins and wrinkles; they hop, skip, and jump, as in days of yore. His Cagliostro, his cardinal Rohan, Barrere, Danton, once known can never to be forgotten! His details of the Reign of Terror are the finest delineations of that gloomy period; the very soul of the revolutionary epoch is transfused into his pages; the very ring of the expressions used by him, brings to mind the burden of the *Marseillaise*, and the fearful *Carmagnole*. The three months chronicle of horrors, between September and December 1793, during which period the guillotine batted on the noblest heads of each and every party, leaves behind it a frightful impression, that checks and coagles our hearts blood as with some sudden impression of terror, and transfixes one as the glance of a basilisk. Phillipe of Orleans headed the melancholy roll of victims,—followed by Barnave, Marie Antoinette, the thirty-two Girondists, Madame Rolland and the long list of young and noble victims who expired under the knife—"who swept away," says our author, "like withered leaves in Autumn." It is indeed a wonderful tale. Of all the books that have been written on the French Revolution, *this* will be longest read, *this* will be the last to lose it's significance. The other Histories that have been written, are already out of date,—the theories on which

they are based having been admitted to be false. The *Considerations* of M. de Maistre, the most remarkable work that France has produced on the subject,—the most prophetic, and the most profound,—is equally bye-gone. Carlyle's theory alone holds out against and will probably triumph over the events of time, as it has already triumphed over events of late occurrence, whereby it's correctness has been abundantly confirmed.

Since the publications of the work entitled *Chartism*, Carlyle indulges in an extreme peculiarity of style; his colouring grows more and more sombre:—he is all *black*. The whole of his writings,—remarkable as they sometimes are, and so obviously original that they could have emanated from no other source, exhibit two great defects; they are confused and interrupted. There are many original theories, many novel ideas in *Chartism*, in *Past and Present*, in the *Letters of Cromwell*, and in the *Latter days Pamphlets*; but these are scattered, crumbled up, and lost amidst a very chaos of invectives, apostrophes, bursts of wrath, and facetiæ. The *Latter days Pamphlets* in particular, which are already known to the readers of this *Review*, bear the impress of these faults on every page. The revolution of February had roused the gallant Carlyle to fury; and forthwith insurrections, parliaments, Lord Palmerston's policy, kings put to flight by popular out-breaks, co-temporary literature, political reactions,—nothing escaped the violence of his attacks. All that England most prides herself upon,—her parliament, her liberty, her effective progress,—all these he demolished, and trampled under foot. The philanthropic followers of John Howard, capitalists and constructors of rail ways, and Lord John Russell's cabinet, were all alike involved in one common anathema. There was but a single point, on which he seemed to feel in accordance with the spirit of the Institutions of his country:—and that point is, protestantism. The Papal Aggression, as they call it on the other side of the channel, has inspired the last, and as we think, most remarkable of his eight pamphlets,—that entitled *Jesuitism*,—a wonder fully curious and novel production, on a minute analysis of which, however, for divers reasons that will doubtless be readily understood, we do not much care to enter. These pamphlets received as they were, with hostile clamours on their first appearance, have nevertheless experienced the fortune that has attended all Carlyle's writings. Two years have past, and their merits are now plain to every perception. The greater number of their predictions has been realized; Carlyle's blows were justly planted, though he may have

struck over-hard, and with too much of that fury with which all Europe has been of late years possessed. He had declared the parliament of England to be infected with a lethargy which might prove mortal. For this he was derided at the period of publication. Yet, what said the *Times* only lately? What, in the face of that very Parliament, only last week, said Sir James Graham, a man thoroughly versed in parliamentary affairs? Carlyle had asserted that, unless some method were introduced, the system of Government in great Britain would shortly cease to work; that political traditions ought to be abandoned because they degenerate into mere routine; and that some originator of veritable reforms was most urgently needed. Is it possible that what has been passing in England, during the last twelve months, can have failed to open all eyes? Does not the need for some statesman-like reforms make itself more and more felt? The events that Europe has witnessed since the 2nd of December, have fully justified Carlyle's anticipations; and as for his industrial theory (the object of so much ridicule) his Captains of works, and his industry under military discipline, I would not answer for it that this idea had not originated in other heads than his.

Mr. Carlyle has now been domiciled for many years, at Chelsea. All his visitors represent him as an excellent character, full of humour and eloquent in discourse, satirical without being in the least degree uncourteous, a trifle hasty, but only so under the influence of an exalted sentiment, or when labouring under a feeling of annoyance caused by the expression of some false or frivolous thought. He does not, I believe, much like contradiction, still less admires such persons as he finds to possess no points in common with himself. Though a great foe to sentimentalism, against which he habitually rails, he is not the less both kind and generous of heart in all cases of real misfortune,—whether the distress be that of a king or a beggar. The real disasters of life, its numberless crosses, as he says himself, have never found a more feeling expositor. Even a writer who has but few points of resemblance to him, and who loves sentimentality and *dilettantism*, as much as Carlyle hates both, has borne this testimony in favor of the latter,—“that on no occasion, when solicited by the unfortunate, has he ever failed to proffer consolation, and to administer prompt aid.”

THE LATE WILLIAM EMPSON.

We have extracted the following account of late Professor Empson from the COUNTY PRESS, a news paper published at Hertford by Mr. Stephen Austin, and we think many of our readers will peruse it with great interest.

Ed. L. M.

We feel that we, and many others, have sustained a great loss, as well as a deep affliction, by the death of the excellent WILLIAM EMPSON, who, twenty eight years back, succeeded Sir James Mackintosh as professor of Law at the East India College. As connected with the county of Hertford, we have ever felt that our own social state owed much to the eminent men whose virtues and acquirements have been the pride and ornament of that noble Institution. Malthus, Mackintosh, and others, whose names we could add, were just objects of respect and admiration. Of the living, it would be unbecoming, on our part to treat. We grieve to think that death has now released us from the reserve which would otherwise have precluded our dwelling on the large acquirements, the literary eminence, the collegiate services, and private virtues of the late Professor Empson.

Educated at Winchester, from its then master, Dr. Goddard, he derived not only the benefits of the direct instruction that admirable school afforded, but he imbibed that real love of literature itself which is so very superior to mere technical knowledge. The active love of high thoughts, eloquence, and well-directed imagination, is worth all the trickery of longs and shorts, that produces nothing superior to prize poems and Greek medals. A deeper and more enduring love for literary excellence could not have been formed than that which was created among the rising Wykehamists of that period. It was not in him confined to the ordinary cycle of classical study, but it extended itself to the literature of his own country, and subsequently to that of France, Italy, and Germany. What conduced more immediately to moral and to intellectual progress was, that Winchester was the place where associations of friendship were formed between Professor Empson and a circle of affectionate associates, which has never been broken or interrupted except by death.

From Winchester he passed to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was the friend and contemporary of the late Mar-

quis of Northampton, the Dean of Ely, Lord Chaworth, Sir James Stephen, Mr. Wrightson, M. P. for Northampton, the late Francis Hall, the Master of the Temple, and others, whose affection has been continued to the latest moments of his existence. At Trinity his career, though in every way creditable, did not comprehend or even seek the attainment of the more ordinary University distinctions. But we may be permitted to say that it comprehended what was more practical and what tended more to his happiness and that of others. We have seen too many instances in which young men have been ground into Senior Wranglers, or crammed into eminent writers of Sapphics or Epigrams, but whose ambition was satiated by the honours of the Senate House, and who, having gained their place in the Classical Tripos, seemed to think that the objects of intellectual exertion had been fully attained. This was not the case with William Empson. The general cultivation of the mind itself was his constant object, and knowledge, taste, and the powers of literary discrimination, were considered by him not as rewards and decorations, but as the means of future good and the sources of refined pleasure.

He was called to the bar, and for some time went to the Midland Circuit, having been a pupil of that admirable man, Chief Justice Tindal, who always spoke of him with respect and regard. Mr. Fynes Clinton, Mr. Samuel March Phillipps, afterwards Under-Secretary of State, and Mr. Baron Parke were among his intimate legal friends. No member of the circuit obtained a larger share of his warm affection than Lord Denman. The loving and generous views, the hatred of oppression, the devotion to liberty, and the genial tenderness of nature which distinguished him who was worthy to succeed to the Hales and the Holts, were well appreciated and understood by his young friend. This was not forgotten in the last moments of his illness; in his thoughts of the absent he said, "Send my love to Denman, and tell him that I do not forget how long I lived under the shadow of his noble nature." His health did not permit his following the bar as an active profession. An attack on the chest rendered it necessary that he should seek the protection of a southern climate. He resided for some time in Italy, where his early friendships which to him were like a good genius, and never deserted him, led to the renewal of his intimate association with the late Marquis of Northampton, and with that most distinguished woman, the partner of Lord Northampton's life. It was the happy characteristic of William Empson that differ-

ences of pursuit and position, the marriage of friends, so often the termination of early friendships were with him only their extension, giving to them new energy and strength. The home of his early friends was consecrated as his home, by his wider affection, which included all who were dear to his friends as being dear to himself. It was on the continent, and from the friends we have named, that he imbibed that hatred of all oppression and despotism in every shape, which he never concealed, and which so many of the *fuor usciti*, have good reason to acknowledge from the days of Santa Rosa, Confalonieri, San Marsan, to those of the withering tyrannies which now prevail.

In the year 1823 commenced his first connexion with the *Edinburgh Review*, then in the height of its fame under Jeffrey, Brougham, Sydney Smith, and their distinguished associates. The first article which brought William Empson prominently before the public was one written April, 1825, on the Alien Act. That law odious to all lovers of freedom, from its inherent vices, and it was still more odious as identified with the Holy Alliance system, and the heroes of Verona and of Layback. The sun of Canning's genius was then only rising. A legal defence for the Alien Act had been attempted, where no constitutional argument could be produced. The industry and research of Mr. Empson discovered, we believe among the MSS. of Hargreave in the British Museum, an opinion of old Serjeant Hill's, which foiled his opponents with their own weapons. This article, and the vigour and sincerity of William Empson's arguments, connected him with the society of the leading Whigs. Between 1823 and 1849, he contributed between 60 and 70 important articles to the *Review*. Many were on subjects of legal reform and on general questions of jurisprudence. But all had a practical object in view. In no case was he so successful as where moral sentiments were brought under discussion, and where the virtuous actions of the departed were reviewed in the pages of a biographer. The lives of Sir T. Munro, in 1830, of Bishop Heber, in January, 1831, but, above all, the life of Arnold by one worthy of being his biographer (Arthur Stanley) were subjects which exhibited the peculiar and delightful characteristics of William Empson's mind. The "slashing hook" was not his weapon as a critic. On the contrary, he loved to praise, and his heart expanded wherever he found moral excellence. His happy alliance with the only daughter of his accomplished friend Lord Jeffrey, contributed to strengthen his connection with the *Review*. How fondly

he was loved at Craig-crook, and how justly estimated, is shown in every page of Lord Jeffrey's correspondence. On the death of that able and excellent man, Macvey Napier, the Editorship of the Journal was placed in his hands.

The 50th anniversary of the *Edinburgh Review* has now closed, and it is unfortunately sealed by the death of William Empson. Never were critical functions administered in a gentler spirit than under his direction. It is about a century back, that Gilbert Elliott, who then occupied a similar post, on being told that a review of his had killed the author whom he had criticized, replied "Sir, you do me too much honour!" Very opposite were the feelings of William Empson. Nothing could be more painful to him, than to inflict pain; yet there was no mawkish or unmanly reluctance to speak unwelcome truths when the cause of truth itself required a defence.

A new characteristic of our times and of our literature, induced him to apply his own abilities and those of eminent contributors to the expansion of religious feeling, and to the treatment of doctrinal controversy, which was unhappily arising on all sides. Faithful to its principles, the *Review* still stood firm to the right of private judgment, and the destestation of ecclesiastical tyranny—whether abroad or at home. But throughout a succession of peculiarly able articles which appeared under William Empson's responsibility as Editor, piety and reverence were remarkable. To have acted otherwise would indeed have been irreconcilable with the feelings of one who in his latest months desired that on the stone beneath which he is to lie, there should be no addition to the name of William Empson, but that beautiful and confiding text, "The Lord is my shepherd, therefore can I lack nothing."

But, before we close, we must revert to his position amongst us as Professor of Law at Haileybury College. No man appreciated more strongly than William Empson the incalculable importance of the duties with which he was charged. No one accepted this responsibility with a more ardent desire to fulfil the trust. To form the mind of those young men, many of whom, as magistrates and judges, were to affect the interests of thousands and millions, was to him a duty of a solemn, or rather of a sacred, kind. His students, when promoted in India, might be considered not only as presenting English law and justice, but Christianity itself in the minds of the Hindoos and Mussulmans. Professor Empson's intellect was applied to this great task, and

his affections were engaged in it. These high motives, acting on a mind peculiarly genial and loving to the young, gave him an influence over the students which few instructors have attained. Of this a proof was given during his last illness. We are sure that to those who really understand human nature it will not be considered as trivial, though to the worldly it may appear to be so. At the close of the autumnal term, it is the usage that the students should hold among themselves a kindly festival. Our readers will readily imagine that the termination of severe study, the distribution of honors, the probable dispersion of friends from the Himalaya to Cape Comorin, and from the Punjab to beyond the Ganges, renders this meeting no ordinary occurrence. But this year, when they understood that their valued friend and instructor, William Empson, lay on the bed of sickness, unprompted, and as a spontaneous proof of their grateful attachment, this anniversary was allowed by the students to pass without its accustomed celebration.

Nor was this surprising, for at the previous examination, Professor Empson had given the strongest and most touching proof of his devotion to his duty and to his pupils. Long in a most critical state of health, he had communicated to one of his early friends his anticipation of the possible effect of the examination in a cold hall. He was resolved, however, not to shrink from it, whatever might be the risk.

He performed his duty ; but within less than half-an-hour after his return to his home, the rupture of a blood vessel, and a great loss of blood, threw him into a state of weakness which continued increasing till Friday night, when he expired. But during this interval of decaying strength, and with the near approach of death before him, his duties to others were earnestly performed. He sent for the young men's examination papers ; though the stroke of death was on him, he considered those exercises with the same care and calmness which he would have shown twenty years before, when in health and strength. He assigned to each student his relative position of honour, and thus completed the performance of the duty entrusted to him. We have ourselves seen the original report made with his own hand, under the circumstances we have described, and we know few records more touching and more noble.

We have but a few sentences more to add. That the man we have described should be loved and deplored by his inner circle of friends, by his colleagues at Haileybury, by his literary associates, may well be believed. But there is an outer a

more numerous, and an equally sincere circle of mourners. The poor cottagers of Hertford-heath and its vicinity,—those who, in sickness or affliction, required advice, consolation or relief, found in William Empson a charity which was ever ready and almost unbounded. All that benevolence could suggest was nobly given. “We who represent the College should consider ourselves the rich squire of the place, and we are bound to consider the condition of our poor neighbours.” These were his words. This obligation, voluntarily contracted, he undeviatingly fulfilled; and many a heart among the poor will sink at the loss of their friend and benefactor.

The death of Mr. Empson was touchingly alluded to in a discourse delivered in the College Chapel, on Sunday morning by one of the Professors. The text selected for the occasion was: vii. chap. Ecclesiastes, verse 3;—

“Sorrow is better than laughter, for by the sadness of the countenance the heart is made better.”

The observations of the preacher, as our readers will see, were strikingly appropriate, and full of that natural eloquence and simple truth which speaks from and to the heart:

“Let us see how our own peculiar sorrows may benefit us at this very moment—for sorrow, I know, is in every heart here, and the pangs of mourning are wringing every bosom. A friend has departed from among us. The earth has not shrouded his remains in her bosom, and yet the other world has finally received a spirit such as this world rarely yields to the summons of death.

“Let us profit by reviewing his character, and seeing some of the good which may be elaborated out of the imperfect elements of human nature.

“Let us separate the moral and intellectual elements, and let the moral part come first. There glowed, then, ever in the bosom of our friend, affections which all who approached him must see had peculiar strength and a peculiar character. First there was a delicate and refined love to all worthy of it, which was pervaded by something of woman’s sensibility, and yet held its ground among all the events of life with something more than a man’s firmness and perseverance. It wept with the sufferings, it threw its rays over the house of misfortune, over the bed of sickness; but then it met the world’s frown on his friends with an undaunted eye, with an unblenching heart.

“Those whose refuge in the evil hours of life was in his love, had so far an adamant shield before them, from which the perils and pangs of life fell off, partially at least—paralysed.

This rare combination of gentleness and firmness was, perhaps, his first and most peculiar qualification; but then there came others, nursed by his training and habits of thought. As a moralist, there was a mighty grasp of mind ever ready to apply itself to the various changes and characters of human actions, public and private. Justice, no doubt, presided there firm and unwavering; but it was no blind justice;—all the emotions and motives which sway and determine human actions were known to, and estimated by, him; and the deed or the man, whom his voice deliberately condemned, had always at least the advantage of a knowledge and a care which gave almost a sacred character to his decisions. If this was remarkable in private, it was still more remarkable in public matters.

“His political opinions and political feelings and attachments were warm; this followed from the moral nature, I have been describing; but politics could not shake justice from her seat in his mind; and if the friend received sometimes too warm a meed of praise, the foe met ever with a generous opponent.

“We need not forget—why should we? the nature of his duties and employments here. They displayed in actions some of the excellence of his peculiar training. From the morning of life he was attached to the investigation of human laws on their most comprehensive scale, and in their deepest foundations. This led to an intimacy with his predecessor here—one of the mighty dead, whom another generation felt proud in mourning as her own. From these habits and associations a rich fund of lore was accumulated, ever ready to throw light upon the onward path of nations, in manners usages, and laws. No question on these points could occur on which all that the wisest and most trustworthy of every age, and every nation had said or thought, was not brought to bear, modified, arranged, illustrated by a mind to which the whole subject was both familiar and dear.

“These, indeed, were half professional acquirements; but still the professional acquirements of a philosophic Intellect which imparted to them a breadth and dignity of its own. The inexhaustible store of his miscellaneous knowledge was, however, to strangers, perhaps, even more remarkable; it was the product of a long life, and of a thirst for information which continued unabated to its close.

“Hence, there was no department of literature which had not yielded to the rich storehouse of his memory, flowers and fruit. Whatever could embellish and endear the multitu-

nous subjects among which the educated mind loves to roam in its hours of relaxation, became present at pleasure, and gave a perpetually varying charm to his conversation and social intercourse.

"And all these things are lost to society—to the world—and more especially to ourselves. Mourn, therefore,—mourn as well becomes the human beings in whose circle he moved—but as Christians, so mourn, as that, in the words of the text, 'by the sadness of the countenance the heart may be made better.'"

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

APRIL, 1853.

THE FOOTSTEPS OF TIME.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

A few faint and shadowy associations too indefinite to be realized even in thought, which seem but just to vibrate on the chords of memory—a vague impression of pleasant sounds and kind faces—some indistinct recollection of times of joy and sorrow, of smiles and tears—with many confused visions of childlike thoughts and feelings, not well remembered, and yet not quite forgotten, which come and go like figures in a dream. These are the earliest recollections of the past, lightly impressed by Time's fairy foot as he glided by me in the half unconscious days of infancy.

And then, mingling in some strange way with these, yet more distinct and dearer far than any, come bright hallowed memories of forms which seem even now before me: a gentle figure ever watching over me, beside whom I knelt each night, as with my two hands clasped in hers, and gazing upon her sweet solemn-looking eyes, I repeated my evening prayer; another and a different figure, who used to play with and kiss me, and on whose knees I was often danced half pleased, half frightened; and a play-fellow of my own age, a second and gentler self, on whom I doted and who was ever at my side.

Gradually these recollections assume a clearer outline till they bear me on to a scene, which has about it all the vivid colouring of reality.

This was the departure of my Father to join the army in Germany: I could not have been more than seven years old when this occurred; yet I remember well the terror with which I over-heard my old nurse relate the horrors of the last war, in which she had lost her husband, and the grief

with which I listened to my Mother when she first told me that my Father was going abroad to join the army.

"And will poor Papa be killed then, like Martha's husband," I asked, with the tears in my eyes looking anxiously into her face.

She did not answer at once, but in the expression of pain that crossed her features as I spoke, I read an answer to my question, and as she folded me in her arms, and told me not to cry because he would soon come home, her trembling voice ill agreed with her words; and I felt her own tears falling fast and thick upon my shoulder.

Children have quick sympathies; and this scene called mine into action to a painful extent.

I could not play about as usual when we went out; but walked demurely by Martha's side, and felt quite angry with little Ella (who was two years younger than myself) for being as merry and as noisy as if nothing was the matter.

The next morning I stood in a corner of the large old hall timidly watching all the preparations for my father's departure. I was frightened and miserable; every object that I saw was invested with a strange character of melancholy. The dark travelling chariot that stood at the door, with the strange horses and riders—the busy movements of the servants as they packed the carriage—the black trunks on the step—the long sword cases, on which I had often looked with fear—all to my mind partook of the same gloomy character. Indeed every thing and every body around me looked miserable. Even Ella was less playful than usual; and Gairân, a fine old Persian greyhound, seemed to share in the general depression, as he lay beside me in the hall, his head resting on his paws, and his full brown eye watching all that passed with grave intelligence.

I stood there till the carriage was packed and every thing was ready—and then trembling with fear and grief was called up stairs to take leave of my Father. I clung to him as he folded me again and again to his heart, and gave me his oft repeated blessing in a voice half choked with deep emotion; and then sobbing as if my heart would break, I watched the carriage from the window, as it wound through the park and over the bridge, till the sound of the wheels died away in the distance.

"How that child takes on to be sure," I over-heard one of the servants say to Martha.

"Yes, poor dear he's got a tender little heart, though he do fly into such a passion sometimes," answered Martha.

"There he's been crying at the window ever since Master went, more like a girl than a boy," rejoined the other.

This roused my pride, of which I had a considerable share, and I tried to check my tears and look very manly; but the effort cost a good deal. And that night, when I went to bed, I cried myself to sleep, only to dream of the horrors old Martha had related, and to see my Father's figure in the place of her dead husband.

For some days I was less happy than usual, and took every opportunity of escaping from the nursery into my Mother's room, where I would sit for hours with my little chair drawn close to her sofa, quietly watching her pale face, or listening to the stories which she told me of good people who lived a great while ago.

But childish griefs are never of long duration; and mine, though genuine, soon passed away like the clouds on a summer morning. In a few days I was as gay as ever, and romped about with Ella to her heart's content. I was very fond of her and my admiration for her beauty was enthusiastic; she was a lovely little creature with her fair golden hair that fell in sunny curls upon her shoulders; and her light hazel eyes which gave a peculiarly soft and winning expression to her bright happy face. Her little fairy figure was grace itself; and there was something in her movements as she bounded about, that gave one more the idea of heaven than earth. My Father used to call her "his sunbeam"—and I cannot describe her better. Sometimes it is true the sunbeam was dimmed by a passing cloud; but her tears were only April showers, and soon the smiles again shone through them. Yet her face was capable of a great deal of expression; and when she listened to any sacred subject, her features would assume an expression of awe that always put me in mind of the beautiful cherub faces in a picture over the altar of our Church.

Time passed lightly on; and for us at least, he "only trod on flowers," bringing fresh beauties to Ella's cheek, and opening new sources of enjoyment to myself; yet leaving some traces of his flight upon our minds, and as he played with us moulding each character into a distinct and lasting form.

But he who dealt thus gently with Ella and myself did not wear so smiling an aspect towards our Mother. She generally seemed cheerful it is true, yet her thoughtful expression, and an involuntary sigh that would sometimes escape her, revealed the anxiety from which she suffered. She heard often from my Father, who wrote in good spirits, and

always sent a kiss for Arthur and his sunbeam Ella. The report of news from the army generally reached us before the letters themselves, and on these occasions the arrival of the post bag was eagerly expected. My Mother was so anxious at these times, and so happy when the letters really came, that Ella and I were scarcely less interested than herself in their arrival.

Two years had passed since my Father left us, when we walked one morning with my Mother to meet the letters at the village. She had heard that there was news from the army, and was nervous and out of spirits. Ella and I however could not be expected to enter much into her feelings. A walk with her always raised our spirits; and to-day they were remarkably high; for it was Ella's birth-day, and I was to make her a wreath of the wild flowers that grew in the coppice leading to the village. - It was a lovely morning in the height of summer. The birds sang over our heads, and the deer that were feeding in the shade by the water raised their large antlered heads to look at us, as we chased one another along, setting at defiance every effort of poor Martha to control us. The wood through which we went was literally carpeted with primroses and blue harebells; we gathered and gathered the flowers till at last they fell from our greedy hands, as we stooped to grasp fresh ones. And when we reached the village, which was just outside the park, we were both heavily laden with our bright spoils.

It was too early for the letters; and we sat down to wait for them on the trunk of a tree that lay deep sunk in the soft moss beneath two spreading elms. Ella and I were soon engrossed in the wreath that was to crown her sunny locks; while my Mother sat with a book on her lap, but with her eyes for ever wandering down the road that ran through the village—if any thing so tiny can be called by that name.

. It was a beautiful little green nook shut in by an irregular, deeply-wooded hill that rose behind it, and surrounded on all sides by sheltering trees. There was an air of peace and repose about it that gave one the idea of home, and the few old buildings that nestled among the trees looked almost as if they had one by one sought shelter there from the noise and bustle of the world. Near where we sat was a venerable cottage over whose thatched roof many a year of storm and sunshine had passed away; and at the other end of the little glade, imbedded in the trees, stood an ancient edifice of dark red brick, with many lattice windows and irregular gables, which must once have seen better days, but was now reduced

to the condition of a common farm house. Towards this the uneven road wound along through the village, and lost itself among the thick trees that lay behind.

The wreath was nearly finished, when at last the little cart that brought the letter bag from the post town emerged leisurely from behind the old farm house; and then, seeing the party beneath the elms, quickened towards us.

"There are no letters Ma'am, only the newspaper," said Martha, as she took the bag from the poor idiot boy who drove the cart, and brought the contents to my Mother.

He nodded and grinned with delight as he passed by us, and the crazy cart went rattling on to the next village with its burden of life and death.

With trembling hands my Mother opened the paper, and ran her eye over the columns.

"There," she said, giving the paper to Martha, "read that for me; my eyes swim so that I cannot see the words."

Poor Martha was not much of a scholar at any time, and now her excitement did not facilitate the operation of reading.

"For mercy's sake quick," said my Mother—"the 11th Cavalry, list of wounded."

Martha read, very slowly, pausing over every sentence,—
"11th Regiment of Cavalry—the loss in this regiment was very con-si-de-ra-ble, owing, it is said, to the strange want of courage displayed by its commanding officer Colonel St. John. Ca-su-al-ties—wounded Major Murray, Captains Bridgman, Smith, Johnstone. Lieutenants Vernon, and Campbell, Cornet Daniel. Two Sergeants, 5 Corporals, 40 Privates."

"Thank God! he is safe then," exclaimed my Mother, as if a heavy load had been removed from her heart, "give me the paper Martha, I can read it myself now."

She took it; but her eye had hardly glanced over the column, when the paper dropped from her hand and with a sudden faint cry she fell back upon the grass. Her cold face was pale as death and her arms hung lifeless by her side, as Martha raised her head from the ground.

"Call some one from the cottage, Master St. John," she said quickly.

But I was paralysed by sudden fear, and stood gazing with horror on the deathlike figure.

Martha's cry for help however brought some one to her assistance. They carried her into the cottage and laid her on the bed. She was not dead, they said, and would soon re-

vive. But I could not believe them, till I saw a faint tinge of colour return to her cheek, and a convulsive shudder move her limbs. And then in a little while she heaved a deep sigh, and slowly opened her dark eyes.

But oh their expression frightened me more than death itself.

"No!" she said, wildly, looking round the cottage "No! it is not true—he is not dead," and then her head fell back again on the pillow, and the same pale hue covered her face.

But it was too true. Martha had only read the list of wounded; and the first name in the list of killed that caught my Mother's eye, was that of Colonel St. John.

II.

It was still summer. The same lights and shadows played on the green turf beneath the leafy woods of Morvil Grange: and the same air of still repose hung around its quiet village. But the same inmates no longer dwelt in the Grange, or cottage: for sixteen bright summers had passed away. There were some whose names even had disappeared, or lived only on the churchyard stone. And those who now remained were the same in little more than name. The breath of summer was soft as ever, and the freshness of eternal youth was on nature's brow: but childhood was flown from those she nursed. Time, who stole her roses only to renew them, had borne away many a bright flower from her children, never to return them, except to those who had learnt the secret which baffles even time himself; and around these, there hung the imperishable fragrance of flowers that bloomed above the grasp of Time.

It was still summer—and we strolled in the cool shade on the lawn of Morvil Grange. Many changing seasons had "danced into light, and died into the shade," since we sat together under the old elms outside the copse. The joys and sorrows attendant on their course had alike faded away; yet the colours, which each had woven into the texture of our lives, remained.

Those sixteen years—had they passed away, or did we bear them still within us?

My mother's pale cheek, and fragile form told of the fearful storm that had swept over her, and beneath whose sudden violence she had well nigh been crushed. On a face of faultless beauty, sorrow had now traced many a line of suffering. But even these, in her, were subdued by the

smile of surpassing sweetness that played among them, and by the soft tender light that beamed as lustrous as ever from her large dark eyes. Time has wondrous power to heal the wounds which he himself inflicts. And a brighter and more soothing influence still, than that of time, had shone upon my mother's path of sorrow.

The cruel reports which had been circulated with reference to my father, had perhaps at first, added to her grief for his loss. Not that she had for one instant believed them, for she knew his character too well; but the very fact of such an imputation having been cast upon one whom she almost adored, increased the bitterness of her sorrow.

His bravery had been often tried, and was well known. Yet those of a superior rank in the army, on whom the real blame should have rested, had at the time thrown it upon him, from whom death had removed at once the consciousness of disgrace, and the power to repel it. The Commander in Chief took every means to clear my father's character from the imputation thus unworthily cast upon it, and those who chose to enquire into the facts of the case, found ample proof of his untarnished honour. Yet, there were some too thoughtless to care about the matter, and by such as these, the name of Colonel St. John was still connected with disgrace.

The loveliness of Ella's childhood had been but the dawn of a more perfect beauty. The fairy form was gone, and in its place was now a slight rounded figure of less ethereal, but not less lovely proportion; rather above the usual height, every movement of her figure was still characterized by that peculiar grace which distinguished her in former days. Perhaps her bright tresses had caught a slightly darker shade; but they still fell in sunny curls upon a cheek that glowed with nature's fairest colours; while those unchanged soft hazel eyes revealed the hidden depths of thought and tenderness that dwelt within. The beauty of womanhood was there, but the brightness and innocence of childhood still remained.

As for myself—they said I was much altered in appearance from what I had been as a boy, and doubtless they were right. Yet the change was but the index of that which had passed within. Few but those who had made physiognomy their study, would have recognised the lineaments of the boy in the regular, marked features on which manhood had now set its stamp. And only they who watch the silent progress whereby character develops itself, would have

traced the half-formed disposition of boyhood in the fixed habits and settled character of the man.

Boyhood, youth, manhood had come with their opportunities of good and evil. Each separate stage of life had brought its varied train of circumstance—of trial and choice—of thought and action—and each fashioned by my own will had graven its seal upon me.

But whose was that tall handsome figure who now strolled with us in the garden of Morvil Grange? Had Ella been asked who Mr. Oswald was, she would certainly have said, in the most innocent way in the world, but with a slight blush—"Oh! a great friend of Arthur's,"—and she would have spoken quite truly, for we were very great friends. But there still would have been some pretty equivocation in her answer, since the character in which Oswald now appeared was not precisely that of "*Arthur's friend*." At least so it appeared to me, for he seemed to have much more to say to the sister than to the brother, as they sauntered together a little in advance.

"Are you too tired to extend your walk to-day Miss St. John? I feel so much curiosity to see the ruins which you mentioned the other day," he said, as my mother turned to enter the house.

"Not at all," said Ella, "if Arthur is up to the walk."

"Oh no! I should be delighted."—

A walk with two lovers is always a bore! But I knew perfectly what was before me, and resigned myself to my fate as cheerfully as I could. So Arthur's sister and Arthur's friend wandered on through the woods, and along the green lanes, quite forgetful of the only link that united them, who followed behind more in the character of a tame dog than anything else. The importance however of the service was some compensation for its disagreeable character, and doubtless they both were, or would be, very grateful.

Oswald was one of my greatest friends. We had been at Eton and Oxford together, and I knew too well the worth of his fine generous character not to approve highly of his attachment to Ella, which was evidently reciprocal.

He had entered the Guards on leaving Oxford, and was now staying with us for a ball which was to be given that night by the officers of the 11th cavalry, quartered a few miles from Morvil Grange.

"Well Oswald," I said, as I rejoined them on entering the park, "what did you think of the ruins?"

"The ruins"—he said, as if he had then first heard of

them,—“oh! we thought that we might as well leave them for another day.”

“Why Ella, I thought that we were going to the ruins, and—”

“Yes,” replied Ella blushing, “only we passed the turning before we recollected”—and then cleverly changing the conversation, she added quickly, “What time do you start for the ball to-night?”

“I ordered the carriage at ten. But I want to know how it was that you passed—”

“What style of men are there in the regiment now?” interrupted Oswald, anxious to cover her retreat.

“Oh! a gentlemanlike set enough, generally speaking.”

“There are exceptions though, I think, Arthur,” added Ella, who was determined not to be quizzed.

“Yes; Trevelyan is a disagreeable fellow certainly, and the Major is still worse.”

“Who is the Major?” rejoined Oswald.

“His name is Tiverton; he has been sometime separated from his wife, who, I believe, now lives somewhere abroad. He treated her shamefully, and her relations would not suffer her to remain with him; although, ’tis said that she would not have left him, if she had been allowed to have her own way. He is very much disliked in the regiment, but, though generally unpopular, is extremely fond of society, and a great dancer. I have no doubt that he will ask Ella to dance with him to-night.”

“Wretched man!” ejaculated Oswald.

“It is very disagreeable to be obliged to refuse people,” said Ella, “but I really cannot dance with Major Tiverton again, Arthur.”

“No; I think you are quite right. But you know you have only to say that you are engaged, and I have no doubt that Oswald will be kind enough to take compassion on you. But we were talking about the ruins, Ella?”

But we had entered the house, and Ella was gone.

It was rather late when we arrived at the ball, and the large hall which had been fitted up for the occasion, literally shone with a bright array of grace and beauty. The music was perfect, and the gay figures which floated about the room, might almost have been borne along on its joyous strains; while the brilliant uniforms of the 11th contrasted admirably with the softer hues that surrounded them, and the gorgeous regimental colours which had waved over many a hard won field, hung above all in heavy luxurious folds

that were now stirred only by sounds of love and harmony.

It was a beautiful spectacle which nature and art combined to render dazzling, and to which music, the child of both, had lent its soft enchantments: yet it was only a spectacle; and it would have been as idle to have asked if all were real, as it would to have wondered whether the flowers that hung on your partner's dress, or shone in her flowing hair, were natural or artificial.

Doubtless there was many a light heart that danced in joyous harmony with every movement of the music, and many a fair girl whose spirit glowed with all the enjoyment reflected in her bright eyes, and blushing cheek; yet there was many a one too, who bore a heavy, a sad, or it may be aching heart; beneath that disguise of smiles and flowers. Still all wore the same bright colouring, and around all, there breathed the same atmosphere of music and delight.

Ella was certainly one of those whose enjoyment was real. Oswald pronounced her to be the belle of the evening, and I think every man in the room would have agreed with him; and perhaps every woman except Ella herself, who alone was altogether unconscious of the admiration she excited.

Poor Ella! she had to pay one very disagreeable penalty at least for her uncommon beauty. I saw her obliged to waltz with Major Tiverton, of whom she had very justly a great horror, and who had succeeded in engaging her in spite of every effort which she made to excuse herself. I would willingly have prevented it, but I felt that she could not well refuse him point-blank.

"Recollect your promise, Miss St. John, to get rid of Major Tiverton," said Oswald, as he brought Ella back to her seat towards the end of the evening.

She laughed. "I am sorry to be troublesome; but I don't think that he will venture to ask me again to night."

"But if you are,—I hope!"

"Miss St. John, may I have the pleasure of dancing the waltz with you?" said a gentlemanlike looking man in uniform.

Ella bowed. "I am engaged for this waltz."

"Perhaps the next?"

"I am engaged for that also."

He bit his lip;—"Are you engaged for the third?"

She hesitated, and looked towards me. I saw his flushed cheek and excited manner.

"Major Tiverton, I fear that I must answer for my sister

that she cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you again this evening."

A quick flush crossed his dark handsome features ;—

"The waltz has begun, Miss St. John," interrupted Oswald, offering her his arm.

Tiverton bowed haughtily to Ella, as she passed. "Do you mean, Sir," he said, turning to me with forced calmness, "that Miss St. John will not dance with me?"

"I regret what has passed—but I should have thought Major Tiverton had more good taste than to press a lady to dance when she does not wish it."

His dark eye gleamed with suppressed anger—"Mr. St. John, do I understand you?"

"Excuse me, Major Tiverton. I see my partner is waiting."

He was about to answer, but suddenly checked himself, as I left him to join the waltzers ; and I soon saw his graceful figure floating round the room with a partner as handsome as himself.

"I hope you have not been quarrelling with that disagreeable Major Tiverton about me," said Ella as she came up after the waltz was over, leaning on Oswald's arm.

"Oh! no. He seemed rather angry, but that was to be expected. I could not help feeling a little for him, although it was quite his own fault. You did not break his heart however, Ella, for he soon found another partner."

"Men's hearts are not so easily broken, you see," said Ella archly.

"Won't you come and get some cool air among the flowers?" suggested Oswald, carrying her off to the other room.

"Ah—it is a very dangerous thing, that cool air among the flowers after dancing," I thought, as I turned my steps to the supper room, in search of a little more substantial refreshment. There were only two elderly ladies in the room, quietly feeding on cold chicken and champagne ; who seemed rather shocked at being caught alone.

"Ah! Mr. St. John! how d'ye do.? Miss Wilkins and I are getting a little cool air here. The ball room is so very hot. Mr. St. John of Morvil Grange," she whispered to her companion.

"Charming ball, isn't it?—I hope Mrs. St. John is pretty well—not strong enough to come to-night, I suppose—Needn't ask how Miss St. John is—quite the star of the evening—And such a handsome partner too—I forget his name though?"

"I don't think you have seen him before, Miss Bates. But w'ont you let me give you a little more champagne."

"Not any champagne, much obliged to you," she said, rather hurt at the imputation—And the two ladies bustled back again to their whist table.

I was not left however, in quiet possession of the room, for as they retreated, they were met by two officers in uniform.

"Charming ball! Major Tiverton, every thing in such handsome style—rather hot though—we've been getting a little cool air here—it's not so crowded as the ball room—no one but Mr. St. John in fact—sweet girl, his sister—do you know who it is she has been dancing with so much?"

"No, I have not that honour," answered Tiverton passing on with a slight bow.

"Confounded old gossips!" said his companion in a loud whisper. Tiverton made no reply, and they sat down on the opposite side of the table to myself.

"Will you do me the honour of taking wine with me, Mr. St. John?" said Conyers in a tone of supercilious politeness.

"With pleasure," I answered, reaching a decanter that stood near.

"Stay sir," said Tiverton, snatching the bottle from my hand, as I was about to fill my glass, "Stay sir,—I will give you a toast." And then raising the wine to his lips, he added with a slight nod—"Here's to the fair Ella's health."

"In which you must allow me to join," said Conyers.

My first impulse was to resent their cool insolence, but with a strong effort, I controlled myself.

"The character of the 11th stands too high to be injured by the want of courtesy displayed by two of its officers, but you will allow me to drink to your better manners, gentlemen," I said calmly.

"What do you mean, Sir?" exclaimed Tiverton.

"I meant what I said, Major Tiverton—but I understand your object, and let me tell you, I have no intention of gratifying your wish to quarrel."

"A coward like his father, I suppose," said Tiverton turning towards Conyers.

The words fell upon my brain like living fire, and sent a sudden rush of angry blood to my heart that dimmed my sight and nearly choked my utterance.

"Liar!" I said, dashing my glass at his head. He stepped coolly on one side, and the glass fell with a crash upon the floor.

"Oh! so we've roused the St. John blood at last," he said with a sneer, "how long will it remain so hot, I wonder?"

With fury I sprang forward—

"Take that as your answer," I cried, madly striking him a heavy blow in the face.

In a moment, his coolness was gone and with an expression of deadly rage, his hand sought the hilt of his sword, but sword-belt and sword had been laid aside.

"It is well," he said in a smothered voice, and grinding his teeth together, "you will settle this business for me now, Conyers." And then turning away with a glance of fiendish hatred towards me, he left us. My eye followed his figure down the room. The door opened into the ball room, and closed upon him, revealing a glimpse of many bright glancing forms, and pouring for a moment, a flood of music on the ear.

"Of course, Mr. St. John, no apology can be taken for this, said Conyers."

"Nor will any be offered, Captain Conyers," I replied as my blood boiled to think of the insult offered to my father's name.

"Perhaps you will be so good as to refer me to some friend with whom I can settle all the necessary arrangements," rejoined he.

"What arrangements do you allude to, Sir?"

"There is but one way with which I am acquainted whereby you can give satisfaction for that blow," answered Conyers, coolly.

"I understand you, Captain Conyers," I said, every better feeling overborne by that one torrent of passion. I have no doubt that I can find some friend to act for me, if you will be good enough to wait here five minutes.

"Oh! certainly," said Conyers, sitting down to the supper table, helping himself to the leg of a pheasant, "with pleasure."

Oswald immediately occurred to my mind as one to whom I could now apply; but directly, it struck me that for Ella's sake, if not for his own, I should not involve him, in what seemed likely to be so serious an affair. I therefore went to the ball room in search of some one else who would assist me, and soon found a friend to whom I detailed, as well as I could, what had passed between Tiverton and myself. He shook his head when I mentioned the words which had been used, and the blow which I had struck—"He would do what he could," he said, "but he feared it was a bad business."

"Settle it how you like," I said, "you will find Conyers in the supper room, but recollect, Lindsay, I make no apology."

"A pretty sort of a chaperon you are, Arthur," said Ella playfully. "Here we have been looking for you every where. Where have you been?"

"I did not know it was so late, Ella," but I will order the carriage at once," I said with as much calmness as I could muster; and turning away, I sought the entrance. The fresh air that fanned my burning brow, and the exquisite beauty of the early summer morning, in some degree helped to calm the tumult that raged within me. And when I re-entered the room I felt that I could speak and act with composure.

Neither Ella nor Oswald however were much disposed to talk on the way home, and my own silence was therefore unnoticed. Their minds were too full of love and happiness to guess the dark thoughts that brooded over mine.

No one was down very early the next morning; but I was the last to join the breakfast table, and I found Ella giving my mother an animated description of the ball and everything connected with it.

"I am so thankful, my dear Arthur, that you did not quarrel with that bad Major Tiverton," said my mother, as I kissed her pale forehead.

"Oh! yes," exclaimed Ella, "I should have been so very sorry if you had, but you managed it so very cleverly."

"I could not have allowed you to dance with him the second time for the world, Ella," I said.

"I think Arthur looks more knocked up by his gaiety than any of you," said my mother looking fondly in my face.

Gaiety! Ah, how little my poor mother knew the cause of my altered looks!

"From Sir John Lindsay, Sir, and the servant waits for an answer," said the butler bringing me a note.

"What can Sir John Lindsay have to say to you," said Ella; but dear me, there are the church bells," she added, "How very late we must be. We must leave you to finish your breakfast alone, Arthur."

I tore the note open; the contents were such as I expected.

MY DEAR ST. JOHN.

I grieve to say that I have failed in my endeavours to effect any arrangement. Indeed I hardly see what could be done under the circumstances. You must give Tiverton the meeting, without delay. The spot agreed upon is Morvil

Priory, and the time six o'clock, to-morrow, (Saturday) morning. You can safely leave every arrangement to me, only be punctual.

Ever, my dear St. John,
your's

JOHN LINDSAY.

"Of course, there's nothing else for it," I thought, as I wrote a hasty reply to Lindsay, expressing my perfect concurrence, and thanks for what he had done.—Yes, they shall see now whether the St. John blood cools so easily as they imagine.

"Arthur dear, will you give me the support of your arm to walk to church," said my mother, looking into the breakfast-room, "Ella has forsaken me this morning."

"Church!"—I had not thought of the church service, although the bell was sounding now in my ears.

"Oh certainly mother, I had forgotten." I replied, offering her my arm.

The daily services were regularly performed in our village church, and, when at home, my mother and Ella always made a point of attending. I seldom went; for I was much away from the Grange, and even when there, something generally came in the way. And then too, the constraint of the regular hours was disagreeable to me. Yet sometimes, as in the present case, my mother would contrive to take me with them; and then the quiet solemnity of that single half hour snatched from the noise and excitement of the day, would impress even my wild undisciplined spirit with feelings akin to devotion.

But now! The dark storm of angry passion still raged with fury in my breast. Every bitter feeling that long had slept unnoticed and unknown, roused by that cruel taunt, now swelled the fierce torrent of revenge; and ever like the howling blasts that wake the tempest, swept those words of insult on my soul, and lashed into fury the storm of angry passion which raged within.

With tender, trusting love, my mother leaned upon my arm, and we slowly trod the flowery path that wound through the copse to the village. There was an air of sweet, happy calmness about her, which all who knew her must have loved. To me, it was so real, that I always felt, as well as perceived it. Indeed, I never came within the influence of her gentle presence, without seeming to breathe a holier atmosphere. And even now, when all was passion-tossed within, that hallowed spell retained its charm. I felt

its soothing power; and there was something too, in the quiet beauty of the scene, that helped unconsciously to calm my spirit. Everything around was full of peace and innocence, and the deep musical sound of the church bell came solemnly borne on the fragrant air, and then died away gently towards heaven.

Many a kindly look of respect greeted my Mother, as we passed through the little village and ascended the hill behind the old farm house, on the other side of which, half buried in the trees, stood the parish Church,—its venerable tower rising in solemn grandeur above the few old cottages around, and the fretted pinnacles pointing heavenwards, as if to lead the thoughts away from earth. The deep swelling tones of the organ sounded through the long aisle, as we entered the church, increasing the solemnity of the sacred repose, that reigned within its consecrated walls, from which the noise and glare of day seemed banished, all was so calm and hallowed. The exquisite proportion of the massive Gothic arches insensibly touched the mind with elevated feelings; while the chastened light that poured through the deep embrasures of the walls, softened every harder out-line, and blended all around into harmonious agreement. The holy rest that pervaded the church accorded well with those feelings of reverential awe, with which, from my childhood, I had been taught to regard it, as being the abode of a Holier Presence. The chilling influence of many years had done much to efface these feelings from my mind, but it was not yet wholly deadened to such impressions; and even now, my angry spirit bowed beneath their holy influence.

The storm of passion was hushed. In that presence its voice might not be heard. In an attitude of reverence I knelt beside my Mother. I heard the sound of solemn words, but I did not form my lips to utter them. The storm was lulled, but a dead and fearful calm had fallen on my soul—I could not feel—I would not pray—I dared not think—I knelt in cold and silent apathy—Till suddenly with piercing force there fell upon my ear those words of startling import:—"From battle, murder, and sudden death—good Lord, deliver us!"

What voice could that have been which spoke those words in such strange solemn tones! and why with such trembling emphasis did my mother repeat them!

It roused me from a trance, that awful sentence. The cold dead calm in which all feeling seemed to sleep, was

and in its place there came again a fearful storm ; but this was not the same mad burst of angry passion which once had carried all before it. For now, a voice was heard above the storm, and within my spirit strove the mighty power of good and evil.

We left the Church, and again the broad light of day fell upon the eye, and the sound of life struck on the ear. Still a gentler spirit seemed to strive with mine. It would not quit me when I left those walls, until I tried to drive it from my mind ; and then it fled.

But again that day it came, and yet again, and still I strove to banish it ; for when, obedient to its voice, the storm was hushed, there came another voice that whispered tauntingly, —“ A Coward like his Father ;” and then, those burning words awoke once more the raging tempest of anger and revenge, and almost goaded me to frenzy.

III.

The sun had just risen when, after a night of burning sleepless excitement, I descended the stairs which led to a small side door, and stepped out into the flower garden. Never did the exquisite beauty of a summer morning impress me so powerfully as at that moment. The dewy freshness of dawning day was upon all around me, the air was pure and balmy, as if untainted yet by the breath of man ; the opening flowers breathed out a sweeter heavier fragrance, and the birds poured forth their songs more joyously from the cool green woods, than they had ever done before. No one was stirring beside myself and I walked quickly across the sloping lawn, towards the broad lake which surrounded the house on three sides.

At the water's edge I found the gardener, whom I had desired to meet me there with the boat ; and we were soon gliding across the still clear lake, in which the deep blue sky, the luxuriant branching oaks, and the old red house with its white Grecian portico and square corner towers, were all distinctly mirrored. The closed shutters of the house harmonized well with the profound tranquillity in which its image seemed to sleep on the glassy surface of the water. I looked anxiously towards the windows of my mother's room ; but all was closed and silent there. The blinds of Ella's windows, too, were down. Neither of them had been roused by my steps as I passed their doors ; nor had they heard the quick hurried tread with which I paced my room through the silent hours of that fearful night ; and

now they slept, in happy unconsciousness of the news which might greet their waking!

I had passed some hours in writing both to my mother and Ella. I told them of the struggle which had distracted my mind during the preceding day. I related the quarrel which had occurred with Tiverton, (concealing the immediate cause of the blow I had struck—for that I could not tell them!) I sought not to excuse the step I was taking. I merely wrote because I could not leave them without one last farewell. I knew this would break their hearts, yet at the same moment I invoked, with fervent aspirations, every blessing on their future lives!

As I only wished these letters to be delivered in case I fell, I had brought them with me, and now gave them to the gardener, telling him to wait for me for two hours, and if I should not be returned by that time, to carry them to Oswald; to whom I had also written begging him to break the news to my mother and sister, and to fill my place!

The Ruins of Morvil Priory stood in a sequestered valley, about a mile and a half from the Grange. It had taken me nearly an hour to walk there the preceding day with Ella and Oswald; but now I reached it in less than half that time. My nerves were strung with violent unnatural excitement, and I walked on with eager strides, that allowed no time for thought or feeling. My heart was steeled by wilful passion; and every power of my mind was fixed with rigid tension on one dark object! Without a single pause I hurried on, till, suddenly finding myself among the ruins, I stopped abruptly, to look around in search of those I came to meet. They were not there; no living thing except myself disturbed the solitude that dwelt within those "grass grown" walls. I referred to my watch, and found that I was half an hour before the appointed time; and then I sat down to wait beneath a ruined arch, around whose mouldering stones the ivy twined luxuriantly. But this repose ill accorded with my present feelings. Near me stood a fine old oak, whose gnarled branches had caught the same air of decay that pervaded the whole scene. On all sides rose the high blue hills, which ages ago had looked down on those who dwelt within these walls, with the same aspect of solemn grandeur which they now wore towards me. The grey ruins seemed to mock me with their look of tranquil, mouldering decline.

I rose, to pace the ground with rapid agitated steps.

At last they came, first Lindsay, and then the others. I saw the glance of settled hatred with which Tiverton re-

turned my formal recognition, and again the words "a coward like his Father" sounded on my ear; but now, instead of rousing the same passion as before, they seemed only to nerve my frame; for my heart was dead to every feeling.

"I am glad to find you first upon the ground," said Lindsay, cordially pressing my hand. "How cool you are too!"

"I never was more so, Lindsay," I replied, but the strange tones of my own voice startled me as I spoke.

The few moments during which the seconds walked aside together seemed to me an hour; at last Lindsay coming up to me said "All is ready," and then lowering his voice, he added—"Conyers gives the word—one—two—three—the last is the signal. Keep your elbow down, and fire as you raise your pistol."

Tiverton had been leaning with folded arms against the oak tree, and contemplating the ruins. He now came forward; and we stood with a few short yards between us. The bright sun shone around and a lark over head poured forth his thrilling notes from the sky: but the sunshine was dark, and there was discord in the music. They gave the pistols to our hands. No sound of angry passion broke the calmness of the scene. The eye was fixed in one cold steady gaze—the beating heart stood still to listen for the signal, and then the air was rent with sudden violence. I felt a sharp, quick, cutting pain; and Tiverton fell lifeless on the ground!

That loud report burst fiercely on the sullen stillness of the ruins, and woke around the silent echo there; but not less sudden was the change that passed that moment o'er myself. The mists of passion passed away, and from a fearful dream, I woke to find a still more horrible reality. I saw a bleeding lifeless form before me. The hue of death was on the features, and from the side flowed a purple stream that dyed the grass around. They raised the prostrate figure, and tried to staunch the blood; but no sign of life was there. The features wore that same fierce look of hatred as before: but where was the spirit, that had dwelt within?

Conyers put his hand to the heart, and then shook his head, without speaking; he too seemed somewhat changed.

"It is fatal, said Lindsay, turning to me with a hurried trembling voice. "You must lose no time, St. John, in quitting the country; Conyers and I will remain here till we have procured assistance."

Could this indeed be real! was mine the hand which had wrought this murderous deed. No! the work of that one moment could not be so awful; yet there lay my victim stretched in death. Oh fearful, unimaginable woe! too real, to doubt; too dreadful, to be true.

Again Lindsay spoke, and urged me to instant flight. I had heard his words before, but now, I understood their import, and tore myself away from the horrid fascination of the scene. I turned once again to look as I quitted the ruins. I saw Lindsay and Conyers bending over the murdered man; and then with quick but faltering steps I hurried in the direction of the Grange.

I marked no object on my way, the image of that bleeding form alone I saw; and even then I could not think that all was real. I reached the boat, I know not how, and found myself once more gliding across the clear calm waters of the Lake. I looked up at the house. The shutters were still closed, and still the inmates slept in quiet peaceful repose, as when, but one short hour since, I crossed the Lake. And could it be that this was all the time that had now gone by? Oh no! Time treads not always the same measured steps. He distances the dull and even pace with which we often think to track his airy flight, and mocks the index that would seek to count his footsteps as they fall.

The clock had traced little more than one short hour on its dial; but while it traversed that short space—whole years of guilt and crime had passed across my soul.

One hour more, and I had left the Grange, to seek in coward flight, protection from the outraged laws of God and man; and rove the world,—self-exiled from my native shores.

IV.

Carried by the winds of heaven, the foaming waves of ocean bore me on its heaving breast. I wandered in many a sunny clime, amongst the mouldering relics of the storied past, around which, still hung life's softest, warmest hues. The deep blue sky and glowing sun of Italy shone cloudless on my path. I trod the golden valley which the flowing Arno lavas: where, guarded by the rugged Appennines, fair Florence sleeps in smiling beauty.

The stately domes of sea-born Venice rose around me as I glided through her noiseless streets, and breathed the air of poetry and love. I stood within the "Eternal City" and gazed upon the ruins of all that once was great and

fair. I roamed among the mountains and glaciers of Switzerland where nature soars with wild sublimity to heaven. I caught the dazzling splendour of the sun as he gilded with his beams the white summits of the Alps from Mt. Senlis in Appenzell, to Gemmi in the Canton of the Valais. I sought the eastern shores of the blue Mediterranean, and stood on the site of that famed city raised by him who longed for yet another world to conquer; where in later years reigned one not less ambitious than its founder, whose fatal charms subdued the Roman Antony; and whence yet later still, the light of piety and learning beamed triumphant o'er Eastern Europe; but where now, amid desolate hills of sand stood, a straggling oriental town. I paced through Cairo's crowded streets, not the Cairo of Caliphs once the European mart of India, but modern Cairo thronged with motley groups whose dress and air bespoke their strangely opposite extraction; where, side by side, you saw the sombre robes and dark turban of the Copt, or Armenian, the loose vest and bright turban of the proud Mahomedan, the black garments of the Monks, and the smooth face and formal dress of the Frank. I traversed the sandy wilds of the desert, I stood upon the summit of the Pyramids, the mightiest monuments of human pride that ever rose from earth; and saw stretched before me the barren sands of Lybia and Arabia, their dark solitudes divided by one luxuriant narrow vale through which the solitary shining Nile wound serpent-like.

Through the sculptured avenues of the Sphinxes I entered the City of the hundred-gates, once the mightiest Mistress of the world, whose mysterious temples and majestic columns rose in awful grandeur from the silent wastes. I mingled with strange men, and learnt to use their customs, and to speak their tongue. I mused among the ruins of the silent past. In foreign life, and soul inspiring scenes, I sought to lose myself; but all, all was in vain. Whatever air I breathed, whatever land I trod, in the wilds of the desert, in the eager throng of men, midst the ruins of deserted cities, the same bleeding form tracked my footsteps, and the same atmosphere of guilt surrounded me. No change could drive away the fearful spell that bound my soul. Time itself seemed fettered by its chain.

Since leaving England, I had heard no tidings from Morvil Grange. I thought sometimes of home and pictured to myself the silent grief of those whom I had left. I saw my mother's pale and suffering face, and Ella's changed and mournful air, the sorrow too that clouded Os-

wald's brow, and the gloom that weighed on all around them.

But soon I wearied of an Eastern life. The enchantment of its scenes possessed no power to distract my thoughts. I cast aside the turban, and the flowing vest; once more the blue waves of Ocean rocked me. I sought the sunny vineyards of France, and again I mixed with those who held the Christian Faith. But still I shunned the company of my own country-men.

The sun was just sinking behind the golden waves, when I landed in the retired bay of St. Orient, on the coast of Brittany. I had often watched him disappear in living splendour beneath the blue waters of the Mediterranean, and had seen many a gorgeous sunset among the snow-clad Alps, but I never witnessed a more soothing and elevating one than at that moment. It was not that the sky was painted with those brilliant colours which I had sometimes seen; for not a single cloud now floated there to catch the bright rays of the setting sun: earth, sea and sky all glowed with one soft golden light. The effect perhaps was heightened by the brightly variegated colours of the sand-stone cliff that formed the little bay, under the shelter of which, an irregular group of buildings clustered prettily together—surrounded on the beach by many small boat-houses and roughly finished fishing vessels, that sufficiently denoted the character of its simple inhabitants.

My boat had touched the shore; but still I sat there admiring the great beauty of the scene, which might almost have been laid in my own island home. My mind unconsciously wandered to its happy shores:—could it be real, or was I only dreaming, when I heard the thrilling accents of my native tongue, so sweetly spoken in my ear? I started from my waking dreams, and looked around. An old fisherman sat not far from me on the beach, engaged in mending nets, and close beside him played some children; but the man's dress and air bespoke at once, a native of Brittany; and I heard the voices of the children jabbering the harsh patois of the Provinces.

I turned in another direction—near me stood two female figures, who seemed to watch the glowing sunset. I had not observed them before, but their appearance would now have rivetted my attention even had not my curiosity been roused by the words which I fancied I had heard. There was that indescribable air of refinement about them both, which always exercises so attractive a power over the mind.

From the likeness between them, I at once concluded that they must be mother and daughter. Yet although so like, they presented a strong contrast. The elder of the two, was very tall, but her figure seemed bowed by suffering. Her eyes were blue, and she had evidently once been beautifully fair; but now her cheek was pale, and the braided hair on her high forehead was slightly tinged with grey. It seemed as though sickness or sorrow had prematurely set their withering seal upon her brow. There was an expression about the face, that reminded me something of my mother; but though very mild it had not the same angelic sweetness which was so striking in her.

Seventeen summers could hardly have passed over the lovely girl who stood by her side. She was not so tall as the other; but her figure was beautifully formed, and full of grace and dignity. The glowing sky on which she gazed with so much rapture, was not more lovely than her face. Upon a cheek of clear and alabaster whiteness glowed a tinge of rosy colour, so delicate, that it might have been but the passing flush, which the poetry and feeling of the moment had called up. There was an expression nearly approaching to melancholy in the large violet eyes whose dark lashes drooped so gracefully upon that marble cheek; but it was not melancholy, and only served to light up the oval face and perfect features, with deeper tenderness and feeling.

They were absorbed in the contemplation of the scene before them, and had not observed the fixed scrutiny with which I watched them. I had no need to listen now for the sounds which had caught my ear, for I saw at the first glance that English blood flowed in their veins; and those much loved accents again fell upon my ear,—but not in the same low tones which I before had heard, for the voice that uttered them trembled with sudden agitation.

“See Madeline, see; the boat has surely upset; I watched it but a moment since, and now it has vanished from my sight.” “Oh save them, save them!” cried the other wildly, turning towards the boat in which I sat.

I looked in the direction to which they pointed with such eager gestures, and saw the crew of the little pleasure boat, which had but a moment before been smoothly gliding on its course, now struggling with the waves.

My first impulse was to push my own boat out to their assistance; but the receding tide had left it dry upon the beach.

I looked again, and distinguished plainly, a female figure clinging to the boat. Without one moment's hesitation, I plunged into the water, and swam towards the boat. My quick eager strokes soon brought me to the side of the poor girl, who was still clinging on with a feeble grasp. As I reached her, her hands relaxed their hold, and I just managed to grasp her arm, as with a faint cry, she sank beneath the waves. With some difficulty I succeeded in regaining the shore, which her companions had already reached: and to their care I consigned my fainting burden.

A small crowd had collected on the beach, and among them stood the two figures whom I had watched with so much interest. They now came forward to thank me for my prompt exertion, by which, they said, the girl's life had been saved at the risk of my own. They spoke in French, and seemed surprised and pleased to hear the sound of their own language in reply.

"Then it is to a country-man of our own that the poor child owes her life?"—said the elder lady enquiringly.

"Yes," I answered, "I have been a wanderer through many lands, but I still claim Britain as the land of my birth,"—I was about to say home; but the words died on my lips, for where had I now a home?

"Are you then on your way to England?" asked Madeline the younger of the two, whose eager interest in England seemed to have overcome the shyness with which she had at first regarded me.

"To England!—No," I replied sorrowfully, "I am not returning there."

She perceived that she had pained me, and I felt her large speaking eyes fixed upon me, with an expression of interest and regret.

"If you stay for any time at St. Orient, we shall I hope have the pleasure of meeting again," said her mother, as they turned to leave the beach.

I bowed my thanks, and resolved that it should be so, for there was that about Madeline especially, which exercised a strange fascination on my mind.

From the old man who was again employed in mending his nets, I enquired who the ladies were, and whether he knew any thing about them.

He said their name was Shirley, and that they were English ladies, who had been living for a long time at St. Orient; that they were beloved alike by rich and poor, and were very charitable—"though," he added, "the people say,

they are not at all rich, and often distress themselves to give to the poor. Madam's husband is dead, and she has only this one daughter."

The next day I found my way to the little retired cottage a short distance from the town of St. Orient, which had been described to me as the residence of Mrs. Shirley. After the occurrences of the previous day, I thought that I needed no further introduction; and neither Madeline nor her mother seemed to think it necessary.

Day after day found me at the cottage of St. Orient, or wandering with its inmates along the winding shores of the Bay; and each hour as it passed seemed to add to the interest with which I had at first regarded them.

The old Fisherman's account, had not done them more than justice; and I did not wonder that they were so beloved by the simple people among whom they dwelt. The description however was not correct in one particular; for though Mrs. Shirley and her daughter had lived there so long alone, she was not a widow. Her husband it seemed was alive; but her early married life had been very unhappy; and they had for many years been separated.

In Madeline's character there was an uncommon union of strong ardent feeling, and deep power of thought; and a spirit of real living poetry seemed to pervade her every thought and action. We often read and sang together, and she listened with eager wrapt attention, to my description of the scenes of beauty which I had witnessed. She would sometimes ask me of England: but when she saw the pain with which I mentioned the subject, she never more spoke of it.

Immediately after my arrival at St. Orient, a general war had broken out in Europe: and the letters which I had written home were unanswered, for no news had reached us from England.

Months rolled by, and still the light of Madeline's presence shone around me. In the depths of passionate love, I drowned the sting of keen remorse. At length I won her love; I heard her lips return my vows; and I pressed her to my heart and called her mine.

Once more I tasted happiness: the dark visions of the past were banished by the sunshine of the present, and the hours no longer seemed to move with leaden weight; for,

"Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands,
Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands."

Oh, the pure deep happiness of those enchanted moments!

Before our marriage I had never disclosed to Madeline the fearful story of my former life. Too glad to escape from the painful thoughts that I had so long tried in vain to banish, I would not again call them back to destroy my peace. I felt that I ought to have acquainted her with the guilt that stained the hand of him who sought her love ; but I could not bear to tell her the dreadful truth. And now in the deep solace of her affection, I for a while forgot the curse which rested on my brow.

Years rolled by us on the lovely shores of that retired Bay ; where, secluded from the world we dwelt in peaceful happiness. Time passed away and only added to the enjoyment of our lives. My affection for Madeline daily grew deeper. Our children too I fondly loved, and in the peaceful happiness of my lot I found new life and feelings. Still at times the past would rise before me, and a bleeding form obtrude itself upon my sight. But Madeline's presence always chased away these dark visions. She would sometimes seek to know the cause of the deep gloom that oppressed me. But I always evaded her questions, and she never urged me on the subject. I would not for worlds have burdened her gentle spirit with the load, which at such moments, weighed upon my own.

Yet gradually these dark thoughts returned more frequently, and each time with greater force. They came in the silent hour of night, and banished sleep from my eyelids. They haunted me in the day time and chased away the glad smile from my lips. They marred the pure enjoyments of life, and poisoned every spring of thought and feeling. There was too another principle awakened in my mind, which gave increased bitterness to the remorse which tormented me.

The influence of Madeline's character had gradually aroused within me feelings, which had slumbered since that dreadful day when, before the death of Tiverton, I steeled my heart against every prompting of good. Linked as my soul was with hers, her pure devotion, and the silent teaching of her earnest hallowed life, could not fail insensibly to touch my heart with kindred feelings.

With persuasive power she sought to drive away my gloom, but even her presence did not now give me peace. I saw the sorrow which my silence caused her, and marked with pain the expression of care which her features wore ; but how could I remove her grief ? The confidence for which she pined, would only add fresh bitterness to her life. Yet

still it was not to be withheld. That look of silent patient suffering, I could not bear. She should know all. Her affection was deep and enduring, perhaps she still would love me as before.

But then, would even this relieve my burdened soul? Could even Madeline's love remove the stain of blood? From her own lips I had learnt, that penitence alone can lead to pardon; and a voice within me whispered that there was but one course by which I might hope to reach it.

Before God and man and in the broad light of day my guilt must be confessed; the outraged laws of God and man demanded satisfaction; and at the bar of justice I must yield my life a forfeit to their claims. Without this, there was no hope, no repentance before me. On Earth, no repentance, in Heaven no hope.

Once again within me raged the conflict between good and evil: and again I would have silenced them; but I could not now as before, steel my heart against the first; for it spoke not now, as then, in gentle persuasive tones, but in loud stern accents, that I dared not disregard; and even when it left me, Madeline's soft voice would bring it back.

She little thought, when she spoke to me of peace, how every word she uttered pierced my soul. Oh,—the fearful agony of that dark struggle! Time battled with eternity; life with love. And Madeline's holy influence fought against her life's calm peace. Her love was all for which I lived, and now that very love itself had power to urge me towards death. For what was life, or even love to me, when blighted with the curse of Heaven?

Again and again I nerved my mind, that I might disclose to Madeline the secret which would destroy her peace; and again and again I deferred the dreadful moment. I knew too well the advice which her high principle would dictate. But would her woman heart consent to bid her husband die; No; it could not be: her soul would be torn with conflicting passions. Principle was too firmly rooted ever to be overcome, and love too closely entwined round her heart ever to be torn away. Reason might forsake her, but she would not cease to love. Her heart might break: principle would not be vanquished.

Madeline's devotion to her Mother had not diminished on her marriage, and now much of her time was spent with Mrs. Shirley, whose health had been gradually failing for some months.

In the solitude of the lone shore, I wrestled.

Long and bitter were the conflicts, and often my mind

trembled on the verge of madness. But at last I yielded, vanquished by a nightier spirit than my own.

I asked from heaven the strength to aid my purpose ; and then with firm resolve, but slow and thoughtful steps, I sought my home in search of Madeline. My own hand was about to bring ruin upon all I loved on Earth ; but I might not pause nor falter.

The cottage stood close to the shore, and I reached it soon : too soon I thought. As I entered the garden Madeline advanced to meet me. The moment was come, when she must know all. With a strong effort I nerved myself for my dreadful task. But Madeline spoke with a quick and hurried voice before she reached me. Mrs. Shirley, she said, was much worse, and wished to see me at once. Again my purpose was stayed ; but the respite was mercy to Madeline and myself.

I found Mrs. Shirley looking much altered since the preceding day : her pale cheek was yet more sunken, and her voice was almost inaudible ; she was evidently dying, and it seemed as though her spirit had caught some of that Holy calm which dwells beyond the grave. She spoke of approaching death with composure, and begged that I would look over some papers for her, while she yet had strength to speak of them.

I left Madeline weeping at the side of her dying Mother's bed ; and retired to read the packet which she had put into my hands. It contained many letters and papers, over which my eye glanced rapidly. My thoughts were in the room which I had quitted, the silence and peace of which had impressed my mind with deep and awful feelings.

Among the papers was the certificate of Mrs. Shirley's marriage. It seemed at this moment to bring together in strange contrast, the two ideas of life and death :—so I thought, as my eyes fell upon the words "Certificate of my marriage" written in her own hand writing. I opened it ; and the very first words, cumulated the blood in my veins. I held in my hand the certificate of the marriage of Alice Shirley to Henry Tiverton. The whole dreadful truth flashed across me, and seemed to turn my heart to stone—I was the Murderer of Madeline's Father !

* * * * *

The author begs most humbly to apologize for the unfinished state of this manuscript. The only excuse he has to offer being, that Time trod on his own heels, and thus, caused a delay which has proved fatal.

LEAVES FROM THE BOOK OF NATURE.

NO. 2.

• (Concluded from page 122.)

It may possibly be objected to "the design argument," that it is founded altogether upon the supposition that the existence of a Being distinct from Nature must be admitted; and that He is both *preternatural* and *supernatural*.

What, then, it may be asked, if His existence be denied and we assert that the superhuman intelligence which is displayed in the ordering and working of the material world, is inherent in matter, and "that Nature and God are one—or in other words that the God whom we seek is the Nature whom we know?"*

Now since many there no doubt are, who will venture to argue thus, it becomes necessary that we should view the subject under a different aspect, and endeavour once more to ascertain from the Sceptic's own line of reasoning, whether there be or be not a Being distinct from Nature, and who is the Author and Creator of all visible things.

The Atheistic writer from whose work we have above quoted, declares that he "recognizes in Nature but the properties of matter," and that he "can conceive of nothing beyond Nature, distinct from it, and above it;"—and yet curiously enough the very argument he brings forward in support of his opinions appears completely to refute them. For what are these properties of matter, but the results of the laws by which the matter is overruled? And whence do those laws and properties proceed, if not from the will and appointment of a lawgiver distinct from nature?

To this the Atheist replies, that intelligence is inherent in the matter itself, and that the various forms and combinations which we witness are but the results of the exercise of that intelligence. "If you tell me," he exclaims, "that a Being who has none of the attributes of matter,—that a Being of whom you can give no possible account,—is the cause of all things,—I ask, why may not Nature, of whom we can give some account, be the cause of all things?"†

* Holyoake's "Logic of Death."

† Holyoake in "Atheistic Controversy," p. 89.

Now the answer to this seems plain enough, since a thing must necessarily first exist, before it can create at all! Nature, therefore, according to the sceptic's views, must have existed *before* it created itself,—a conclusion which amounts to a positive absurdity involving as positive a contradiction and refutation, since previously to its creation *it could not* and *it did not* exist, and therefore could not and did not create itself:—but, seeing that it does now exist, must have proceeded from the Will and Power of another. We therefore prove both that Nature did not create itself, and that there does exist a Power beyond and above Nature, which did create it!

In fact, this seems to be at once conceded by the Atheist when he declares that he believes “the great aggregate of matter, which we call ‘Nature,’ is eternal; because we are unable to conceive a state of things when nothing was. There must always have been something, or there could be nothing now. Hence we arrive at the eternity of matter, and in the eternity of matter we are assured of the self-existence of matter, and self-existence is the most majestic of attributes and includes all others.”*

This doctrine, however, appears to go no further than to *assert* the eternity of the matter out of which the visible worlds, which we term ‘Nature,’ were elaborated; for it does not touch upon the question of, *how* the various combinations or forms which are apparent in nature, were produced out of the pre-existing matter! The eternity and the intelligence of matter are both assumed, without one particle of proof either from experience or reason! If something must always have existed and nature created itself, then must there have been something *out of which* nature created itself, and being created “the nature whom we know,” cannot be eternal,—because there was a time *previous to its creation*, and therefore a time *when it did not exist*! But as reason and common sense alike assure us that a thing cannot create itself, seeing that it must exist before it can create at all, we have still to inquire what caused the so called eternal and self-existing matter to arrange itself into the various bodies with which we are acquainted; for as these bodies are all compounds or unions of particles which were once distinct and separate, there must have been some cause or reason for their combining, and this is what we have now to ascertain.

According to the Atheist, this combination is the effect

* Holyoake's “Logic of Death.”

or result of that intelligent will which he holds to be inherent in matter, each atom, be it observed, having a free and independent power of action of its own ; since the self-existence which he supposes it to possess, includes, he says, all other attributes. Each atom is, therefore, separately endowed with all those attributes which the true believer assigns to God alone.

Now, to familiarise the question, let us ask, whether a regiment of a thousand men, each of whom possesses a separate existence and intelligence, could, without the guidance of a Commanding Officer, of themselves, without any previous concert, perform any one manœuvre correctly ? The regiment, we will suppose to be moving forward in what in military parlance is termed an "open column of Companies ;"—the leading company suddenly determines to form line, and accordingly halts in the expectation that the others will comprehend its wishes and successively form up on its flank. But these companies, although possessing intelligence equal to that of the leading one, are yet unable to divine its intention or wish ; and consequently instead of forming up into line, they halt in its rear, and continue to form an open column as at first. But more than this,—the men, even of a single company could not act in concert without a word of command ; for although the right hand man determined to halt, the others, unless he signified his intention of halting, would assuredly move on and leave him behind. In order, therefore, that all may act in concert and produce the required result, it is absolutely necessary that they be placed under the direction of a supreme and overruling power, from whom they receive a command which enables every one to act in harmony and with precision.

Now this seems to be precisely the case in the grave matter of creation ; for supposing the Atheist to be correct in stating that each atom of matter is endowed with intelligence, what, we naturally inquire, induced the millions of atoms which enter into the composition of what we term the visible creation, to act in concert for its production ? To suppose that they all simultaneously willed the same thing and resolved themselves into Committees or combinations for the purpose of producing the countless myriads of animate and inanimate forms with which we are acquainted, is altogether beyond the pale of reason and of common sense. Millions of millions of independent and self-existing atoms simultaneously agree to combine and form the human frame ! One portion resolves to become bone, another to become

nerves, another to become blood, and so on until the first human being was completed ! All thus acted in concert to bring about one particular and important result, without any previous consultation, forethought, or predeterminate deliberation ; each atom of the myriads which were thus employed possessed an independent will of its own, and yet all acted in unison guided by one sole wish, and desirous of producing one particular and harmonious result.

Now it has been well remarked that "if there were in a field a vast multitude of self-moving, self-guiding bricks and beams and stones, and in order to form an intended edifice, each of these building materials had power and intelligence to move itself into its own proper place in the roof or in the floor, or in the wall : still, the final appearance of a commodious and well contrived habitation cannot be accounted for but upon the hypothesis that *some architect possessed of adequate intelligence had made the plan.* The self-moving, self-guiding materials would no more account for the edifice than the labourers, who with their hands moved and guided into their appropriate places the bricks, beams and stones of which St. Paul's Cathedral is composed, would account for the erection of that noble structure. A Sir Christopher Wren must be found. For the erection of the yet more noble temple of the human body, a greater than Sir Christopher Wren is wanted. To accomplish this, *there must be a God.*"*

In constructing the human body it was necessary that the material atoms, of which it is composed, should not only move themselves into their proper places, but that they should likewise undergo an intimate chemical combination with each other ; and this after all would merely have constructed the outward material case or inanimate carcase of a man. Whence did the eye obtain the power of vision, and the stomach of digesting ? Or why was any food necessary to sustain the man, seeing that the atoms of which he is composed are said to be eternal and self-existing ? Why if self-existing and eternal individually, are they not so collectively ? If they are so in the one case, so must they be in the other, and the body produced by them ought to be eternal and self-existent likewise. And yet these self-existing and all powerful atoms, possessing, as they are said to do, all the attributes of omnipotence, cannot sustain their own work beyond a few short years ; for having produced a man, an incessant warfare commences from that moment

* Townley in "Atheistic Controversy," p. 62.

between the omnipotent atoms of his frame and those which compose its nourishment, producing sickness, disease and, lastly death by which the union is dissolved ; proving thus, that a " house divided against itself cannot stand." And yet, we repeat, if each atom of matter is endowed with self-existence in its separate or uncombined state, the unions of such matter ought in reason and of necessity, to be self-existent also ; that which is individually self-existent, must be also collectively self-existent. The forms, then, which we see around us, if they were produced by the will of self-existent matter ought to be permanent and eternal. We see, however, that such is not the case, and, therefore, reason and experience both proclaim that neither the combination nor its constituent atoms are self-existent ; for if it be said that the decomposition or dissolution of a form betokens that it is the will and pleasure of the atoms that their union should cease, we have but to point out the *unwillingness* of all living beings to die. There is a dread of danger implanted in all animals, for the very purpose of impelling them to exert their utmost powers for the preservation of life ; and this is very clearly perceptible in the case of one animal which flies from the approach of another that wishes to destroy it.

Let us suppose that in some secure and sheltered spot a dove constructed her simple nest of twigs, and laid therein her pure white eggs ; in due time the young are hatched and fledged, but at the very moment when they leave the nest in a first attempt to fly, a hungry sparrow hawk comes sweeping by, and pouncing upon one of them puts an end to its existence.—Here is omnipotence warring against omnipotence ; the self-existing and intelligent atoms which willed themselves into the form of a hawk, scattering and disuniting other equally self-existing and intelligent atoms which willed to combine for the production of a dove with the intent that it should live. Here the fact of the dove's flight and endeavour to avoid destruction is a positive proof that the intelligent particles of which it is composed *do not wish to dissolve their union* ; so that if the hawk succeeds in capturing the dove, the latter is destroyed against its will ; while if the hawk is baffled and eluded, its will has been thwarted and frustrated. In either case the, so called, omnipotent atoms composing these birds have proved themselves unable to effect their object, and therefore they are not only not omnipotent, but are proved to be under control.

There is, then, a more powerful Intelligence still, which

compels matter to combine for the production of certain forms under the guidance of his laws, and who obliges it to remain combined in those forms no longer than he wills that it shall do so. There is consequently an Intelligence superior to, and distinct from, that which the Atheist believes to be inherent in matter: there is, then, a Being distinct from and above nature; that is to say, there is a God who created and sustains nature.

Now that this is the truth, and that there is an Intelligence and power altogether distinct from that which the Atheist ascribes to matter, and the existence of which he himself unwittingly admits, is apparent enough from the admission that there may be a being before whom we must appear after death! "When"—says Mr. Holyoake—"we pass through the inexorable gates of the future; when we pass through that vestibule where death stands, opening his everlasting gates as widely to the pauper as to the king: when we pass out here into the dim mysteries of the future, to confront, it may be, the interrogations of the Eternal, I apprehend every man's responsibility will go with him, and no second hand opinions will answer for us. Nothing can justify us, nothing can give us confidence, but the conscientious nature of our own conclusions; nothing can give us courage but innocence; nothing can serve our turn but having believed according to the best of our judgment, and having followed those principles which seemed to us to be truth."^{*}

Here, then, the man who ascribes all to nature, and tells us it is the God whom we seek, admits at least the possibility that there may be an Eternal Being before whom he will have to appear after death; and he endeavours to screen himself from the dire consequences of his infidelity, behind the comfortable doctrine that if he has hated and despised his Maker consistently and to the utmost of his ability, the same will be imputed unto him for righteousness!

Now it is to be observed that if there be really nothing beyond that nature of which we are ourselves the most intelligent part, there can in truth be nothing to fear from death; for granting that our author's argument is correct, and that an intelligent nature created all things, it seems to follow that that intelligence being inherent, not in the form, but in the atoms of matter producing the form, it ought to, and must still, remain attached to the matter even after our dissolution, since that returns to the dust from whence

^{*} Holyoake in "Atheistic Controversy."—p. 18.

it came, and is still the same original matter by the exercise of whose intelligent will the atheist imagines all forms to have been produced. What then, is that spirit, detached from matter, which fears to stand before, and answer to, "the interrogations of the Eternal?"

And whence was that immortal spirit derived? It cannot be the intelligence ascribed to matter, since that must be left behind us attached to the matter in the grave. It must, then, be an intelligent spirit apart from and superior to matter; while beyond and over it there is still another and over-ruling Being distinct from Nature, and before whose awful frown the atheist's spirit trembles to appear.—Who, then, is this Being but nature's God—the Lord and father of us all!

But in answer to the argument that nature gives evidence of design, and that design implies the existence of a designer, the sceptic urges that our doctrine ends by establishing the existence of an *organized Deity* who must in turn have been created by another similarly organized, and so on *ad infinitum*. His line of reasoning is this., "Who was Dolland? A person, says experience. Who is God? A person, says Paley. That which can design, which can contrive, must be a person. What kind of a person was Dolland? An organized one, of course,—who ever heard of a person not organized? What kind of a person is God? An organized person, of course. An unorganized person is a carved trunk or a chiseled stone. The same experience which assures us that design had a designer, assures us that a person must be organized, because we never knew one unorganized. What kind of an organization had Dolland? Hands, and eyes, and head. Who ever heard of a man making a telescope without a head, or hands, or eyes? What kind of an organization has the Deity? The Deity, the eye-maker, resembles Dolland, the telescope maker. God made man in his own image. Deity has hands and eyes and head, who ever heard of a blind God, or a Deity without a head? The vilest Hindoo imagination always puts a head on the idol."*

The argument here attempted to be set up is to the effect that *a person* must necessarily mean a *material* person, and therefore be possessed of organization; and that as such organization implies the existence of a contriver or designer, so God being a person must be a material person, and have been organized by some contriver beyond and superior to him.

* Helyoake's "Refutation of Paley's Natural Theology."

This conclusion is, however, very far from being either just reasonable, or logical ; since a man, although a person possessing organization, is not simply a material being, but is a compound, or union of the material and immaterial. For instance when we speak of a man *in the flesh*, we admit by implication that there is such a being as a man *not in the flesh* ; so, then, man may be a person in the flesh, and still a person out of the flesh. We speak of a *departed friend* when he is dead, declaring thus that the person who was our friend, although no longer in the body, is still alive elsewhere. A corpse is not a person, but only the shell, carcase, or habitation in which the *immaterial person* dwelt : the spiritual person who inhabited it, has departed from it, but still exists in the separate state ; and that this is admitted by the atheist himself is clearly shown in the words already quoted above, wherein he admits that man has an immaterial spirit which must one day appear before, and “confront it may be, the interrogations of the Eternal ;” an admission which appears at once to destroy and annihilate his whole argument by proving that man has a spirit distinct and separate from his material frame, and which must appear after death in the presence of an Eternal Spirit who is likewise distinct from “the nature which we know,” and overrules it. Whence, we may ask, was derived this immaterial spirit ? For granting that the intelligent particles of matter had agreed to unite and produce the human frame, still being themselves material, they could have produced nothing but a material body devoid of life ; and even though the intellect displayed by man were admitted to be the result or aggregate of their united intelligence, yet on his demise, when the material atoms which compose his frame again separate and return to their original state, each must carry with it that particular portion of intelligence which it had contributed to make up the sum of man’s intelligence. Whence, then, the spirit which the atheist trembles to think may one day be called into the presence of the Eternal ? It is evident, since the matter could not impart it, that some one beyond and above the matter did so ! Besides which, taking up his own line of reasoning, it becomes perfectly clear that nature neither did nor could create itself ; for “the nature which we know,” is composed both of organic and inorganic forms, and these organic forms are framed out of inorganic matter ; consequently we are required, in direct opposition to the dictates of reason and of common sense, to believe that the atoms of inorganic matter created

organic beings endowed with an intelligence superior to their own, and, in one instance, with an immortal and accountable spirit which they did not themselves possess, and therefore, could not impart to any form whatever.

It is, however, contended that there is no essential difference between the supposition that inorganic "nature has done it all, and our supposing that an unorganized being has done it all," since we can only object to this hypothesis that it cannot be explained how nature has done it, and the same objection will equally apply to the other view, since we cannot explain how an unorganized Divine Being has done it.*

If, however, it be admitted that common sense ought to be the substratum of every argument, then, we imagine there can be little difficulty in perceiving a very great amount of difference between the two cases, since experience and reason alike assure us that inanimate and inorganic matter has not the power of creating or contriving, and that all its combinations are under the guidance of certain attributes, or properties, or tendencies, or laws, (for they are all pretty nearly synonymous) which overrule and direct it; and as that matter could not have created itself, so neither could it have created the forms in which it now appears, since those forms can exist only under the guardian care of those preserving laws, which compelled the inorganic elements to combine for their production. There is consequently a higher will, from which the laws proceeded. Nature being merely a result or consequence of certain combinations of matter brought about by the agency of compelling, guiding, and preserving laws, could not have produced itself; that is to say, it cannot be at one and the same time, both *the cause* and the *effect*; it must be one or the other; and even the atheist admits that it is *a result*, when he contradictorily declares that organized nature created itself.

If, then, nature is the *result* of the combinations of inorganic matter, it is clear that it cannot likewise be the *cause* of those combinations; and since inorganic matter is a part of nature, it is equally clear that the inorganic did not create the organic which is superior to it.

Yet granting again, that the atoms of matter were indeed possessed of an inherent intelligence, as the atheist asserts, and that they *willed* to come together and unite for the production of any organized being,—still, seeing that both experience and common sense alike declare that they are

* Holyoake in "Atheistic Controversy."—P. 47.

devoid of all power of voluntary *locomotion*, it is plainly evident that they would each and all have remained for ever immovably fixed or chained to that one spot which each had originally occupied, and could never have met at all by the mere exercise of any will of their own, since without the power of locomotion they must have remained for ever stationary. How, then, did the scattered atoms contrive to meet, unless we admit that they were compelled to do so under the guidance of a Will and Intelligent Power superior to their own? Every organized being with which we are acquainted and which possesses the power of moving from place to place, has been provided with means adapted to effect that end, and without such means no being has the power to move from the spot upon which it has been placed. Inorganic matter possessing none of those means is consequently fixed to certain spots, and could never *per se* have united at all.

Now this seems moreover to be fully admitted by the atheist when he asks the question. "Who was Dolland?" and answers in reply—"A person possessed of organization, who made a telescope." From which he proceeds to argue that as God is called a person, He, too, possesses organization and therefore in virtue, or by reason, of that organization *may have made* the visible creation. Here the argument seems to be that Dolland's organization enabled him to make the telescope, and that God's organization enabled Him to create the worlds; from which we naturally and logically conclude that if Dolland *had not* possessed organization, he could not have made the telescope, nor, for the same reason could God have created the worlds; and this is in effect to declare that the *inorganic* cannot create the *organic*.

But does not the atheist thereby refute and overthrow his whole doctrine? For when he tells us that nature created itself, he wishes us to believe that the organized forms which we behold, and of which we ourselves constitute a very important part, were created, not only *out of*, but, *by* the unorganized atoms of which we are composed! But as these atoms *per se* have no power of locomotion, and as unorganized matter could not, according to the preceding argument, have created organic structures, so are we convincingly assured by the sceptic's own admissions, that "the nature which we know," did not and could not create itself;—while since he likewise admits that there is a spirit in man which must one day appear before the throne of the

Eternal, he cedes, not only the point in regard to the existence of a Power or Almighty Being distinct from and above Nature, but likewise that that Being Himself created all things, since "self existence"—he informs us—"is the most majestic of attributes, and includes all others."

As to the question of His possessing organization, if the spirit of man is to appear before the Eternal and give an account of the deeds committed in the flesh (which is to man what the shell is to the mollusc) that spirit is both virtually and actually *the person* who carries his own identity with him, and therefore being able to give an account of himself to a superior Being, capable of hearing and of judging him,—he and that Being must both possess an organization *peculiar* to the order of spirits or Immaterial Beings to which they severally belong; and thus, we and the atheist *cor-jointly prove* that there may be and actually is, both organized spirit and organized matter, each wholly and thoroughly distinct from the other.—And as there is a vast difference between him who forms an inanimate object like a telescope, and Him who creates an animate and intelligent being like a man, so must there exist a Being distinct from Nature, who is superior to the man, and is able to do what the man cannot do!

But now granting even that these, so called, intelligent atoms not only willed, but actually by some means contrived to meet, still we naturally seek to know by what inscrutable process they became *converted into flesh*?

Experience and research have taught us how that the food taken into the stomach, becomes assimilated and converted by a certain chemical process, into blood, and bone, and flesh, *previously to the first operation of the stomach and digestive organs.*

Moreover, the food which is taken into the stomach is composed of the same kind of intelligent particles, somewhat differently combined, as the stomach which digests them; and yet the chemical action of that stomach contrives to decompose and dissolve that union, which other equally intelligent and *omnipotent* atoms willed to produce; for the nutritive particles are assimilated and sent off to the various parts of the body, while the useless or non-nutritive particles are rejected and cast out.

Here it appears that certain *intelligent* and *omnipotent* matter which *willed* that it would unite and exist under a certain vegetable form, is devoured and decomposed by other intelligent and omnipotent matter which determines

that *the omnipotent will of the other shall give way to it*. All of which amounts to a palpable and positive absurdity since there cannot possibly exist two antagonistic omnipotent wills!

Again, certain intelligent atoms combined to produce the first man, and yet experience tells us that when that man died there were none of the original particles in his body; all had been changed and renewed over and over again, and when he died his body was resolved into the inorganic dust out of which it was originally moulded. There is something in all this change which proves that a constant struggle to escape is being carried on by atoms all equally intelligent, self-existent and omnipotent,—until the whole results in the destruction of that body which they willed to produce, and have fruitlessly or unsuccessfully endeavoured to sustain. One set of atoms wills the production of a man; another set wills the production of vegetables; and yet the omnipotent and self-existing atoms which are united in man *cannot sustain their work* without destroying the productions of other atoms as omnipotent and independent as themselves! The vegetable is devoured and assimilated, and by this process the first atoms which entered into the composition of the animal frame are replaced, and so on for a few years, when the fabric composed of self-existing particles falls to pieces, and returns to inorganic dust! What the first set of atoms willed to be, and others laboured to perpetuate, has fallen to pieces in spite of their omnipotence, and so proves that there is a higher will and power still above them.—Thus, since all Nature is a series of unions or compounds, and these compounds are ever undergoing change, dissolution, and reproduction, experience tells us that no compound is self-existent; while since the simple elements themselves have not the power of remaining in combination for ever, it is evident that they are no more omnipotent or self-existing than their unions, and consequently that there is and must be a superior Power beyond them, which compels them to unite or disunite according to His own Omnipotent Will and pleasure.

We have proof, therefore, arising both from experience and from reason, that in the atoms of matter, however great may be their intelligence, the power of voluntary locomotion is wanting.—They are consequently short of omnipotence; and since they did not come together to produce a multitude of forms, they must have been moved by the will and by the power of another.—They are consequently under control,

and the Nature which we see and know is thus proved to be a mere effect or result of the Will and appointment of some Being or source of action beyond and above it, who has the power to compel matter (whether it be intelligent or not) to assume definite and organic forms, and who has likewise the power to dissolve those unions when it seems good to Him to do so. He, then, is the source of the laws by which matter is controlled ; He likewise, is the Creator of matter ; and in him alone are centred all the attributes of Omnipotence ; He is, in fact, the Author of Nature and “ the God whom we seek.”

Nature, therefore, whether organic or inorganic, since it exists, had a Creator who is beyond, distinct from, and superior to it. From the exercise of his Omnipotent Will and Supreme Intelligence, all things proceeded ; “ and without him was not anything made, that was made.”—He, it is, who created the Matter : who framed and imposed wise laws for its preservation : who by the agency of His laws and the expression of His Will, moulded the matter into those forms, the aggregate of which we now term ‘ Nature ;’ He it is who “ ruleth in the councils of men.”—and still continues to order all things for the general welfare ; and He is that Great and dread Eternal before whose awful and judicial Throne the Atheistic Spirit quails, and trembles to appear.

THEETA.

WHAT I SAW AT A BALL AND SUPPER.

BY THE GROWLER.

How my headaches ! how it splits ! what a burthen life is ! I really feel this morning as miserable as that poor little Jack Horner of a son of my worthy friend Mrs. Montague did, when he told the Doctor the other day that his head was "toot gya." Unfortunate Imp ! Ham sandwiches and blanc mange, (*sand-beefs* and *vilu-reng*, as the natives call them,) brought you to this pass. You also may be called a victim to fashion. Children now-a-days must have their balls and suppers, and to Mrs. Jones do you owe your present bilious attack. Mrs. Captain Milligan gave a child's party in January, and Mrs. Major Jones out of envy gave another in February. Mrs. Milligan, like a sensible woman, had a German Tree, and sent off the young ones to bed at 9 o'clock after a neat little collation of tea and cakes. Mrs. Major Jones, on the contrary, if she does a thing does it well, so she kept twenty young pledges until 12 o'clock, and then prepared them for tired nature's sweet restorer by a sit down supper of indigestible enormities. The consequence was, that grumpy old Snawler, of the 92nd, much esteemed by the ladies of this place for his great experience, was called out of bed three times during the night, and found the same symptoms in each case of juvenile disturbance.

Well, well ! We can't all be as sensible as good Mrs. Milligan. And I forgive Mrs. Jones's folly, because one of the children who suffered from a redundancy of macaroons on that eventful night, was that odious boy of the Wilkinson's. All Juuanpoora knows that boy ;—he is called young Wackford in every mess and house in the place. Bagshaw of the Royals, made him drunk the other day, after enticing his bearer to the mess during their afternoon walk. Bags told Wilkinson, who was inclined to cut up rough on the subject, that he merely wished to find out whether the child had any amiable qualities ; had heard of the test, "*in vino veritas*," and wanted to try it. The experiment failed, or rather may be said to have succeeded in shewing that young Wackford had no amiable bumps on his cranium.

The child is 'ather to the man, they say ; that is perhaps

the reason why I am fond of Ham sandwiches at the present day. I am not such an ass as to eat them in my own house ; (I can't afford English hams)—but I invariably eat them on public occasions, which I wash down with champagne, if good, bought with other people's money. I did so at the ball and supper given by the gallant 118th Native Infantry, a few nights since, to the ladies of Juvonpoora. I wound up a handsome supper with some short cake, and woke to misery the next morning. Short cake and long suffering, I will beware of ye, for the future !

But I must tell you about the ball and supper. The 118th is a crack regiment, and has lately joined us. Five of the young officers waltz and polka to perfection. They learned the trick from some of the pretty teachers in the London Casinos. They have a good band too, the 118th. The bandmaster is a little too fond of the juice yielded by the Juniper berry, but this perhaps gives more power to his elbow. The 118th don't dress like other regiments, they are privileged to wear peculiar waistcoats, and dashingly embroidered frock coats. Being a crack regiment, of *course* they must entertain. It is a pity to be sure that so many of their officers are away on Civil employ, and none of the older ones present with the regiment are members of the mess.

It makes the young ones a little extravagant. I am told their mess bills are very heavy, and that the mess itself is in debt. It's a pity too that the officers had to build at their last station, and that the regiment has bought out six men within the last two years. But if the regiment is a crack one, it must keep up its character; you know:—as that scamp young Bradshaw said to Popkins and Melville only the other day at the coffee shop;—"Deuce take it, Popkins my boy, the corps has always been a fast one, and has done the thing proper, and it shan't loose its name as long as you and the Spaniard (meaning Melville) are to the fore. The station gave us a hop, and dash it, we'll return it!" So the 118th gave a ball and supper,—and Popkins, Bradshaw and the Spaniard were the stewards. The former is a very rakish young fellow, up to life, and all that sort of thing, and was until lately, as the natural consequence of his familiarity with the world we live in, irretrievably hard up; nay the diggins would have been his only resource, had not his poor mother sent him out a sum of money to discharge his debts. This saved his commission, but Popkin's younger brother must stay at home for another year or two, and his

sister Jane has lost her singing master. But Popkins, is as I have said, a fine young fellow, full of generous impulse, as a proof of which he bought a dog cart this morning; and this and his share of the ball and supper, with the names of his friends Bradshaw and the Spaniard, will in a few months give him a ticket of admission to Dotheboys Hall, I mean to that prosperous financial speculation and Bank, the Civil and Military Benevolent Institution for advancing Loans to meritorious Officers in distressed circumstances.

Bradshaw is also another youth of promise. He was rusticated from Oxford, and passed a term or two at a Hall in Cambridge. He left England under the name of Mr. Johnson, and thus escaped his creditors. He now receives 50 rupees a month from his pay as Lieutenant. The rest is cut by the paymaster to satisfy certain decrees adjudged by that House of Call to extravagance, the Court of Requests. The Spaniard is own brother to Bradshaw in point of character. The trio would look well in a picture of "We Three." They go out a great deal in society, and it is to them that the gaiety-loving married ladies, and thoughtless girls look for every variety of entertainment. Bradshaw was in the hills last year with his chum the Spaniard; they gave champagne tiffins and picnics to ladies who might have been their mothers; and "Our David Wilson" of Calcutta provided the wine, recording the names of Messrs. Bradshaw and Melville amongst his patrons in the Mofussil. Poor David! Dost thou not know that the only people who can drink champagne daily are jolly Ensigns and Revenue Commissioners? Extremes meet; the jolly Ensigns do it, because they can't afford it, the Revenue Commissioners, because they can afford it. On the whole I would rather deal with the Revenue Commissioners, if I were in business, which unfortunately I am not.

Old Tupper, the Superintending Surgeon, who goes to every ball to look at the women, said it was a "clipping" evening (Tupper affects the language of young men,) and so I believe it was. The rooms looked handsome enough, and the ladies were of course charming. I never yet saw an ugly woman, that is, an ugly *young* woman. You much oftener see unpleasing pretty women. I know one pretty, nay, very pretty woman, who has demon's eyes. You shudder if her eyes fall upon you. She is a female were-wolf, and her secret betrays itself through the eyes. But this is wandering. The rooms were brilliantly illuminated, and everybody looked bright and cheerful, as they ought indeed,

when light and life are around them. I shan't tell you who of the ladies looked best, who flirted most ; nor shall I allude to the whiskered " somethings," in corners of the room, where the young ladies with their gallant partners seated themselves during the pause between each dance,—welcome but to newspaper correspondents. But I must say that it does seem a little marked for that young married lady to waltz seven times in succession with Captain Clut-terbuck of the Royals, and I don't quite see why Miss Spenser should always be requiring to cool herself in the garden behind the Assembly Rooms. I shall call, I think, on old Spenser, and ask her whether she took cold on the evening of the ball. One curious feature of an Anglo-Indian ball room is that the ladies require so much assistance from the gentlemen. They can't carry their own pocket handkerchiefs, or bouquets,—and the sweet creatures in their desire to act fairly by all parties, give the handkerchief to one swain, the bouquet to another, and their fair hand for the dance to a third. This is delightful condescension, and I have been much pleased and charmed by the dexterity with which some ladies contrive to keep their three aid-de-camps in good humour. They have a sweet smile and a glance for all of them in rapid succession. There is another peculiarity too *after* a dance, which is of great advantage to a lively coquette. Look at Mrs. A. for instance ! The polka has finished, and as she joins in the promenade round the room, three or four young admirers start forward and accompany the procession. This brings Mrs. A.'s vivacity into action, and occasions sundry movements of her handsome head, and her languishing eyes can come freely into play. Indeed, this is a very pretty contrivance, and is quite a study to the spectator.

" Ah ! Mr. Rochfort, you sulky old man ! And you're here too," lisps the ever charming young simpleton, — No ! I shall not mention her name.—" This is indeed the Elysium that the poets write about." " Undoubtedly, fair damsel," I reply, " this is that Elysium, the only one indeed for which so admirable a creature as you is at present fit ;"—with a smile of appreciation that wild young Polkite was whirled away, and my thoughts began to run upon a scene in Fletcher's " Mad Lover," which describes that young Sylph's Elysium. Here it is.

Mem.—There handle that place ; that's Elysium.

Chil.—Brave singing, and brave dancing, and rare things.

Mem.—All full of flowers.

Chil.—

And pot herbs.

Mem.—

Bowers for lovers

And everlasting ages of delight.

There is a pretty description, fair ladies, of your Elysium, a ball and rare things! Don't think of the squalling children at home, nor of your husbands worn out with a hard day's work. Keep up the tiresome creatures until four in the morning, and then go home to dream of Elysium and everlasting ages of delight! There is negus in the next room, fit beverage for a tropical climate, and eyes will presently brighten under the influence of sparkling champagne. Pulses already sufficiently high, will beat faster then. Yes, one more waltz and then to — supper.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus—*

Charming Bacchanalians!

Dance away, Ladies fair, and gallant Gentlemen! The spirit of music invites you, and now that you have fairly tired yourselves, come to supper. There is a handsome supper table: and how the corks pop! No stint here, for the 118th is a crack regiment and has a reputation to maintain, and it must shew its appreciation of the female character, by exhibiting the most reckless extravagance in order to effect the object, and give a "stunning ball, the best of the season—to the Ladies of Juuanpoora." Fair Ladies, you have had a most agreeable ball, have you not? And you laugh when told it has cost 1,200 rupees—did you ever think or reflect regarding the means of those who provided this splendid entertainment for you? Who in vulgar parlance, is to pay the pipers who have piped for your amusement? Gentle Ladies, let me whisper the name of the pipers. Those tradesmen pay the piper, whom the youngsters of the gallant 118th N. I. cannot satisfy for many months, now that the Mess Manager has cut from their pay each man's share of the expenses attendant upon that "clipping" ball, which gave such immense satisfaction.

I have heard of a distinguished General and his wife who repeatedly declined public balls offered by regiments, on the ground that the young men had sufficient to do with their money besides giving balls. Ladies of Juuanpoora, what think you of such a refusal?

There goes the General at last; we shall soon have an empty room, and then the master-minds of Juuanpoora will rush back to the banquet room for a second supper. Bache-

lor's custom; heads will ache to-morrow :—amongst them that of the Growler. There they sit until sunrise, drinking and smoking, the bachelors of our station, and talking nonsense aye and worse than nonsense, seeing that they have so lately been in the company of ladies. Much good has the purifying influence of woman done them! And what wonder, seeing, that all things are but vanity, and the women of Juuanpoora the greatest vanities of all.

But the Growler is getting uncomplimentary, which arises from the champagne and the ham sandwiches, of which he partook too freely at the grand ball given by the gallant 118th N. I. There is a moral in the above, which we leave to ladies and gentlemen fond of a ball.

If they read it aright, they will reprobate extravagant entertainments for the future, and will insist upon dancing for dancing's sake, and that there shall be no useless display or profusion, when there is nobody to pay the piper. If the ladies will put a stop to extravagance, and introduce a system of economy in balls, as on the Continent, then the Growler shall cease to growl: his roar shall be "as gentle as any sucking dove." "I will roar you an't were a nightingale"—and will wish you a fair good night and pleasant dreams every evening upon which you dance without the aid of champagne and a sit down supper, in the following parting words—

•
•
• God save your Ladyships!

This is fine dancing for us.

PAPERS ON PUBLIC AFFAIRS IN THE N. W. PROVINCES.

No. VIII.

Quæ mala, quæ bona sunt, spectes.

In conclusion of the papers on police, we redeem our promise of offering a few suggestions for the improvement of the system at present in operation. These suggestions will affect, first, police in towns, and secondly, the rural police. We shall endeavour to show how the force may be rendered more effective in preventing and detecting crime.

There are three desiderata in a preventive policeman, honesty, discipline, and watchfulness. These are best secured by active supervision, liberal pay, and considerate employment of physical strength. Honesty in our police force is the exception, we are afraid, and not the rule. How far policemen are disciplined, may be understood at a glance by the curious spectator of their parade exercises, or by the attentive observer who in passing by a police station in any large town, sees the sentry upon duty get up from his seat, and run to his arms,—on hearing buggy wheels, or on recognizing the features of a public officer. The *Crow Pultun* is the name usually applied to Nujeebs; and in truth they are usually as ill dressed and ragged, as the unfortunate birds from whom they derive this soubriquet. We would wager a round sum that no one ever went into a Magistrate's Court, without seeing some burkundaues in waiting to answer charges of neglect of duty or insubordination; and with regard to the chokeydars, they are perpetually being suspended, or dismissed, for absentsing themselves, or for being found asleep at their posts. In large towns, in which the officers of police make any attempt at night patrols, the chokeydars are constantly in trouble for this propensity to sleep.

In the very last report on the administration of criminal justice which issued from the Nizamut Adawlut, we noticed that they prominently remarked on the very large number of chokeydars summoned to the Magistrate's Court in one district, to answer for neglect of duty. We are not quite posi-

tive, but think that the number was "five hundred." We ourselves remember to have seen a ludicrous instance of police watchfulness, in a chokeydar belonging to the district of Agra. We had started in company with a friend, by night, in order to visit a large cattle fair in the district, and on our way we fell into difficulties. The horse which was to have drawn our buggy, objected to night work, and we had to draw *him*. This alteration in the relative positions between man and horse, however agreeable to the latter, was anything but so to us; and we were anxiously looking out for a policeman, in order to obtain his assistance in hurrying to the goal of our distress,—the horse which we had posted in advance. We trudged on, but saw no policeman—at length we reached a small chokey, and hailed the chokeydar. A deep and sonorous snore was the only response—on entering the chokey, and after searching for the snoring voice of the night, we came upon its possessor not only asleep, but undressed and comfortably tucked up in bed.

So much for the honesty, discipline, and watchfulness, of the police force.

We have said that active supervision, liberal pay, and considerate employment of their physical strength are the best means of securing honesty, discipline, and watchfulness in policemen. There is already plenty of material for active supervision. The superintendent of police for each division, now all but a shadow, might do more to improve the police than he does at present. He might do more to stimulate the energies of the officers of police, who are supposed to be under his superintending influence. We have also the Magistrates, who are more particularly interested in developing the talents and zeal of their subordinate police officers, since the absence of crime in their district reflects credit upon themselves. In the largest towns of which we are particularly writing, we have a chief constable or cotwal, with a numerous staff of thanadars, or inspectors, in charge of divisional police offices. There are policemen in abundance, and a legion of chokeydars to boot for each town—yet the result is the same. We are constantly hearing of increase of thefts and robberies. There is clearly not enough supervision, or rather the supervision, such as it is, does not reach those whom it should concern, the superior native police and their followers. There is neither honesty, discipline, nor watchfulness. We attribute this to the fact that the chief officers of police in a large town are natives. It is all very well to say that there is less bribery and cor-

ruption now, than of old. Even if this were so, one must remember that honesty does not alone consist in abstaining from taking money, but it is exhibited also in a punctual and faithful discharge of duty. It is our opinion that the honesty of our police officer is not so suspicious, as to be offended at the sight of money, which the custom of the country admits of his taking; and we know that the amount of this quality which they possess is not sufficient to make them earnest and strict in the performance of their duties. No doubt the work called for is very laborious, and the remuneration very small. In addition to this, few thanadars have any prospects of increased emoluments or of promotion, to look forward to. Once a thanadar, always a thanadar is their only resource. Promotion to them is a shadowy dream that may by some chance come true. Degradation to a lower office is frequently an unpleasant reality. Whatever the cause, the fact remains the same, that to be honest in a thanadar is to be one of ten thousand; the greater number, we will hope, are indifferent honest—and that is all that can be said for them. This want of honesty, and indifference to their duty on the part of the thanadars reacts upon their subordinates. It is a death blow to the efficiency of the whole force.

We can only remedy the evil, generated by the custom of the country and the indifference to their duties displayed by native police officers, by making a radical change in the nomination of persons to police appointments. We must oppose European agency to this same custom of the country. The present separation between the European Magistrate and his subordinate police is too broadly marked. We must connect the police office with the Magistrate's residence by a more intimate and trustworthy agent. We would therefore in all large towns fill the superior grades in police with Europeans. We would have a chief constable to superintend both the detective and preventive force, and under him we would have at least two European inspectors. The chief constable should receive 200, and the inspectors 100 rupees a month. There should also be divisional thanads, under natives on at least 50 rupees a month. These inspectors and thanadars should have nothing to do with the investigation of crime. That should be the part of the chief constable and a separate police. The time of the inspectors and thanadars should be specially devoted to enforcing upon the police under them the necessity of watchfulness in preventing crime. In order to bring that

portion of the police force under a Collector's controul, which is maintained by the chokeydaree tax, more immediately under his influences, an entire remodelling of the chokeydars should be sanctioned. The force should be one and the same with the Nujeebs or Burkundauzes. They should not be nominated by a Punchayut, without regard to their merits or physical qualities, nor should they be untried men. The principle that people in towns should assess themselves for their own protection should be fully maintained; but the training and discipline of the force so enrolled by assessment should be left entirely in the hands of the Magistrates and their assistants. The chokeydars should be absorbed into the thana police force, and every possible means should be devised to drill and discipline the very respectable body of policemen which would then be under the immediate eye of the European inspectors. Each private should receive at least 5 rupees a month; and the jemadars, duffadars, and naiks proportionately. The arms of these municipal policemen should consist of a lattee only by day, of a sword and lattee by night. The ridiculous practise of placing policemen to keep watch and ward in a particular place, during the whole night, should be at once abandoned. It is one of the most senseless features of the chokeydaree system, that the chokeydars are expected to be answerable for all robberies, &c. which occur within their respective wards both by day and night. It is clear that an honest chokeydar, if he strictly did his duty, would be debafred even that amount of sleep, which sailors denominate taking "forty winks." There would be no rest for him. He would take to drinking, and die of delirium tremens.

The force of chokeydars, and najeebs or burkundauzes being consolidated, should be distributed over the several thanahs in the city and its environs—which should be mapped out into beats, upon which policemen should be tallied off, and relieved every three or four hours day and night. The practice of the English police in this respect should be carefully studied, the beats being so arranged that each policeman should be able to communicate with the one in the next beat, as necessity required; he should also know when and where to station himself as the hour of relief drew near. The sowars, always in stables at a Sudder station, should be the patrolling policemen at night, moving through every part of the city, and keeping the officers to their duty, and reporting those whom they found asleep or absent. The two European inspectors and the chief con-

stable would also patrol at night on horse back. They should be mounted officers, their horses being supplied by the Government.

In assessing a town, the farce of allowing the richest man in each ward to tax himself and his friends lightly should be finally shelved. The Magistrates should assess every house. Their experience and the facility of making enquiries which they possess, would enable them to do this with advantage not only to the State, but to the poorer inhabitants of a town. The proportion in which the poor are assessed, in comparison with that which the rich pay, would astonish the uninitiated, as it has done us. We have seen some of these papers, and have recognized the names of parties assessed at 8 annas, whose quota would have been still moderate if put down at treble that sum a month. There is also another important fact, which is that enough is not made of the assessment such as it is. In many towns there are more chokeydars kept than necessity warrants; in others, though as many are enrolled as the law admits of, there are still not enough for the protection of the inhabitants. Locality in a great measure accounts for this. We think that this inequality might be rectified, if the principle observed in the collection of the ferry funds was also carried out with regard to the chokeydaree assessment. We think that the country might be fairly divided into Unions, and that a general distribution of the aggregate collections in large towns might be made throughout the different districts comprising the Unions. Large towns, such as Delhi, Agra, Allahabad, Benares, Mirzapore and the like, would benefit from this. It would enable the Magistrates of these towns to maintain a sufficient force of Burkundaues or Nujcebs for the preservation both of peace and property—at any rate, we do hope that the employment of chokeydars to sleep all night in their respective wards will soon cease to be the folly, or one of the follies, of the present time. We do hope that the wisdom of consolidating this force with that provided by the State, will eventually be realised. If to this be added European agency, better discipline, sounder discretion in distributing the police force, and vigilance by each policeman for a period compatible with physical strength, the good effects of the change will speedily be apparent in the diminution of midnight thefts and burglaries, which have disgraced our own city, amongst others, for years past.

It may be objected to us that in thus assigning day and night work to the police in towns, we have totally forgotten

diction outside the city and its immediate environs; and that on the occurrence of a robbery or other heinous offence in a village under the Cotwal, there would be no available policemen to accompany him to the spot. We have not forgotten this. We repeat that the police force which we have sketched, should have nothing to say to a crime after it has been committed. They would remain within the city and its environs, and not go beyond. But the duty of proceeding to make an enquiry regarding an offence committed in a neighbouring village would devolve upon the chief constable and his body of detectives; and this brings us to the question, how a detective police can be formed in towns for the recovery of property or apprehension of offenders.

It is clear that a detective force cannot also be a preventive one. Its duties are so widely different,—the men comprising it have no regular or fixed hours of employment. They are constantly occupied in sifting crime, and improving hints or information which they collect from private and public sources. The preventives may be dull machines, which work, if they are well looked after; the detectives must be men of ability and observation. In this country they should be clever rogues; it would be better still, if they had been thieves and robbers, as was the case with the Thuggee approvers. Such men if well supported would prove efficient and faithful in their calling as honest detectives. They should be well paid, not less certainly than 10 rupees per mensem. They should be selected with care, and if possible be men thoroughly acquainted with the class and haunts of those thieves who are accustomed to exercise their vocation in certain cities. An Agra detective for instance should know the Gwalior, Dholepore, Bhurtapore, and Rajpootana rogues. He should be able to recognize their faces in the bazar, and by keeping them in view, should be able to form a pretty good guess as to the particular part of the city in which they proposed to effect a robbery. The preventives would then be warned, and would exercise greater vigilance. This force would not necessarily be a large one. It should however be the head quarters of the detective force for the whole district, some of its officers being posted at each thanah. The men should also be encouraged to remain honest, by rewards on recovery of stolen property, or the apprehension of criminals who had absconded. The legislature has deprived them of their commission on recovered property, and has offered nothing

that the Sudder thanahs may comprise a considerable jurisdiction. The meaning or policy of this is unintelligible to us. We are sure that it will have a damaging effect. In this country besides good pay, a detective would naturally look to some further reward, and the Government has taken away the only reward which he could receive without expense to the State.

It may be asked, how we intend to provide for the increased expenditure which the employment of European agency, the formation of a detective police force, and the increase of pay generally, must doubtless occasion? We can only reply that the means must be found somewhere, and we think they are partially at hand in these provinces. We feel sure that a very large reduction in the number of chuprasses and personal guards might be effected. We are at a loss to understand how such impartial dispensers of justice and equity as the Sudder Court and Board should require personal guards, or such a large establishment of chuprassies, as at present lounge about their residences. Every public officer of Government must needs have a body of retainers about him, who are recipients of four rupees a month from the public treasury, but whose vocation appears to be confined to the carriage of Ladies notes, or those pledges of affection, little Anglo Saxon boys and girls. Every officer has from two to six native aides-de-camp, about him; who stand behind his chair in office, carry his box, or dandle the baby at home. This is surely unnecessary, and the evil which obtains in high places is followed below stairs. Native Deputy Collectors must have their chuprassies to run along side of their palkees, fan them, or do other odds and ends. The Sheristedars must have a man to carry their papers and ink-stands. Each of the omlah at the head of a particular department requires similar honors, and — the people of India pay for all! Verily, we think that a sweeping reduction in the number of chuprassies who are only personal attendants on the different hakims, and the appropriation of the money saved to the improvement of the police, would not only savour of decency, but we will go further and say that it is a sacrifice of personal aggrandisement imperatively called for from a people who affect to be the most honest nation in the world.

We have only a few words more to say, and they concern the improvement of the rural police. In this force too we would make use of European agency. We would learn a

lesson from the efficiency displayed by the Salt Department, and would have European inspectors of thanahs, that is we would have an European inspector for each pergunnah on 100 rupees a month. We would increase the thanadar's pay to 50 or even 75 rupees a month according to the size of his thanah. We should insist upon his being a better educated man than he is now, and we should prohibit the Tehsildar from interfering with him or his proceedings. He should be subject solely to European controul, and not be liable to a snubbing from the Tehsildar; we believe that this would raise him in the eyes of the natives, and perhaps tend to keep him honest. Above all, nobody but the superintendent of police for the division should have the power of suspending him, and no power less than that of the Government itself should sanction his dismissal from office. We know something of thanadars, and for our own part, if we through misfortune became a reduced gentleman, we would rather consent to live—in Calcutta—as a billiard marker, (than which we know no possible greater degradation) than accept the thankless office of a Darogah under the present system. We would abolish the office of thanah jemadar, which is useless; we would have fewer men in the thanah itself, and more in the district. We would utterly destroy, and root out from the land the very name of chokkydar—they should be consolidated with the rural police generally. In a small circle of villages there should be a jemadar's post, supported by a sufficient body of police, and two of the horse patrol; in each of these villages at night a policeman (native) should be stationed, and the jemadars should take their reports in the morning, and visit the villages, two or three times a week, submitting daily reports to the thanah. These villages should never be more than a mile from the Jemadar's post. In the districts in which the villages are scarce or far apart, the force so stationed should be larger, and the patrols doubled. No Thanadar should be allowed to waste his time and that of his subordinates in making written enquiries regarding heinous offences; but on arresting criminals either red-handed, or through his preventive officers, or subsequently his detective officer,—he should forward them at once to the Magistrate. He should be taught to feel this most strongly, that he is not a judicial officer, but that his duty is to keep his subordinates in such a state of efficiency that they may really prove, what they are only fit to be, preventive policemen. Instead of writing reports and getting up evidence, he should be directed to visit every

village in his jurisdiction at least once a month; and the younger officers of Government should be cautioned not to trouble their police with the investigation of simple cases of assault, or misdemeanours, which the regulations expressly forbid them to entertain, and which it is the duty of the Magistrates themselves to take up and determine. In short we are fully convinced that Europeans are required to look closely after the Thanadars, and to visit the villages more frequently; the Thanadars require to be better paid and better educated, they require also a better place in the estimation of the people, than they at present hold. The Chokeydars must be removed more completely from the controul of the Zemindars, who can be rarely called in question for neglect of police duties, and this either through the obscurity of the law, or the perverseness of the Zillah Judges,—it matters not which, if the effect is the same. They exercise at present a degree of influence over the Chokeydars, which we believe they would lose, if these were declared to be no longer village servants, but police Burkundauzes. The more readily to effect this severance, the pay of a Chokeydar should be assimilated to that of a Burkundauze, and they should be entirely withdrawn from the neighbourhood, and drafted into other thanahs. Once let a detective force be established, thoroughly acquainted with the neighbouring provinces and the district in which it serves,—and it appears to us that all necessity for Chokeydars disappears at once; all that a Chokeydar can tell, a good detective will know before. His enquiries, and his myrmidons have made him thoroughly acquainted with the people and their ways of life in each village, and he is prepared for any result that turns up.

These may appear very rough and crude suggestions, written hastily and apparently not original. Perhaps so; many of the suggestions which appear here may have been made before. Some have certainly, in the columns of the *Mofussilite* paper, by the writer of these pages, as the Editor can vouch for. Whatever may be the fate of these remarks, whether they receive praise or dispraise, the object of the writer has been fulfilled. He will have called attention to the several subjects touched upon, and that is something. This is the last paper on public affairs which it will be in the power of the writer to offer, but he trusts that a far abler pen will be found to complete the series.

LINES ON A COPY OF THOMSON'S "SEASONS."

"It will bring thee all together,
All delights of summer weather,
All the buds and bells of May :—
From dewy sward to thorny spray."

KEATS

When fiercely rushing from the south,
The blast as from a furnace mouth,
Sweeps madly o'er the burning plain ;
When unrefreshed by genial rain,
Each flexible shoot and pensive flower,
Droops low within the garden bower :—
When all is hushed on vale and hill,
And e'en the distant mountain rill
Scarcely murmuring tells its wonted song,
As down it feebly speeds along ;
When the fierce glare of garish day
Spreads on all its manly grey,
How shall then in tropic clime,
The lonely exile pass his time ?

Let him close the chamber door,
While without the hot winds roar,
Let him cause a silken gloom,
To pervade his silent room ;—
And hid from sight of mortal men,
Read the glowing "Seasons" then.
With that Song divine shall rise
Milder suns and milder skies,
Above, around, from far, and near,
Distant beds shall tinkle clear.
Fresh once more shall beam the morn,
Pearls shall glitter on the thorn,
Hedgerow elms shall wave around,
Pausies paint th' enamelled ground ;
Music sweet, shall wake the bowers,
Rosy nymphs come robed in flowers,
Roe bucks bound across the lea,
Blossoms, deck the linden tree ;
Yellow light, shall fringe the leaves,
And creepers, cluster on the eaves.
By magic soft that lay shall bring,
All the varied joys of spring,
To cheer his sadness,—he shall view,
Distant mountains robed in blue,
Hear the mild, and genial showers,
Patter on the forest bowers,
Feel the cold winds round him blow,
O'er meadows, spanned by Iris' bow,
Or bathe perchance, in crystal rills,
By shady nooks, and sunlit hills ;
See lark, and linnet, dart at morn
From out the early April corn,
And hear them, hid in light and cloud,
Pour their wildest songs aloud !

From spring to summer let him stray,
 And sunnier joys shall crown his way,
 The early primrose he shall mark,
 Fox-gloves pale, and hyacinths dark,
 Nun-like lilies, violets blue,
 Pinks, all bathed with morning dew,
 Daffodils of beaten gold,
 And snowdrop, drooping pale, and cold.
 Or 'neath lawn-shading oak and pine,
 Or hedge row hung with clustering vine,
 With shepherds he shall pipe his fill,
 Or angle in some azure rill,
 What time young zephyr breathes his sigh,
 And light clouds fleck the marble sky.

If rural sports his heart will cheer,
 The "Seasons" shall such sports bring near;
 Though dust, and glare, be all around,
 He shall stand on English ground,
 With merry reapers, harvests reap,
 Hear the plunge of struggling sheep,
 O'er grassy meadows roam at ease,
 Or dance with Phillis 'neath the trees,—
 (Fawn-eyed Phillis, slim and fair,
 Lily handed damsel rare):—
 Or yet, recline at noonday hour,
 On sloping bank, in silent bower,
 Where round, the breezy streamlet bends,
 And taste the fruits, September lends,
 The golden peach, and scented lime,
 The sunny plum of foreign clime,
 Red striped apples,—cherries rare,
 And quinces, blushing, soft, and fair,

If ice-crowned winter and his train,
 Come summoned, by that glorious strain,
 His heart with rapturous joys shall bound,
 For absent friends shall then throng round;
 And while *without*, 'tis frost and snow,
Within, the Christmas logs shall glow,
 Jokes, and jibes, shall pass in mirth,
 Nuts shall crackle on the hearth.

Then, when dust and heat oppress,
 The weary soul with heaviness,
 Let English exiles in this land,
 Take the "Seasons" up in hand,
 And such scenes as these they 'll bring,
 Hitherward on fairy wing,
 And the dust and glare of day,
 All at once shall pass away.

Calcutta, 17th March, 1853.

TEMPLETON'S STORY.

(Continued from page 210.)

"La plus part des hommes emploient la première partie de leur vie à rendre l'autre misérable."

While on my way to the Hall, next morning, I could not help thinking that La Bruyere, when he penned the above sentiment, must have been suffering from a fit of indigestion through a surfeit of the highly esteemed *Pâtés de Strasbourg*: or some such condiment. But I almost doubt whether the pâtés were yet invented, at the period when he committed to the consideration of posterity this severe stricture on his fellow men. I asked myself,—does it apply to me? The buoyancy of youth enabled me to answer, with ready confidence, in the negative:—yet, when I reached the tall iron gates and the formal avenue of elms which led to the mansion, I slackened my pace, and almost paused;—for, the large, square, and gloomy mass of red brick, with its battlements of yellow sand stone, loomed frowningly;—the spacious lawn, of most verdant and smoothest turf, did not wear to my imagination its usually placid, pleasing aspect;—the bright parterres of flowers, bordering on the shrubbery;—the roses and clematis;—the creepers covering the ancient gothic portico;—the magnolias in all their stately uniformity,—the groups of laurustinas, laurels, and junipers,—seemed to have lost the charm they possessed of giving an air at once of rustic elegance and ornamental grace to the home of one fondly endeared to me from early childhood. The pressure of this unaccountable sadness did not, however, remain long in force. I pursued my path with quickened step. Reaching the portico, I involuntarily glanced at the inscription, which Emily and I had so often read and ridiculed—not that it was in itself deserving of ridicule—but because we felt a pleasure in criticising the motives of her ancestor, who had adopted it as a fit motto to attract the attention of visitors. Having led a very dissipated life in his youth, he imagined that he might be considered as one who had been the sport and plaything of fortune—and therefore inscribed these lines, in Massive Saxon letters, over the entrance—

"Inveni portum,—Spes et Fortuna valet,—
Sat me lusiatis,—ludite nunc alios!"

Gil Blas, in his retreat at Lerida, had indeed, much reason for inscribing this motto over his ivied porch:—not so the *roué* Cavalier of Beverton. There is a vast difference between the buffets of fortune as drawn down upon us by our own self-sufficiency and thoughtless imprudence and extravagance—and those which she gives us in all her fickle varying mood, to try our vaunted constancy, or to prove the strength and durability of the empty vows we so incessantly offer up at her shrine.

I entered the gloomy antique hall. Its oaken floor and dark coloured pannels savoured of an antediluvian age,—over the ceiling,—of the Italian school,—appeared to scramble sprawlingly, Gods with Goddesses,—Venuses with Apollos,—Cupids with Psyche's innumerable. The very fantastic grotesqueness of the Basso-relievos proved it to be no butterfly villa of the Putney order;—but, a place where “Lucy of Lammermoor” might have curtsied to the doffed hat of the doomed “Master of Ravenswood”—or where the solitary secluded and not less unfortunate Amy Robsart might have hastened to meet the much loved but blood stained “Lord of Leicester.” It was, truly, a spot where a lively fancy might have painted scenes in which courtly dames and intriguing courtiers had once enacted some “passage of love.” I enquired of the hall porter,—an old retainer of the family,—how his young mistress fared, and was informed that the family physician was then in attendance,—that Emily was confined to her bed by a fever, of what virulence he could not say. What ready shrewd guessers of the secrets of their superiors, are these old servants! He saw how much I was grieved by his words—and said—“Ah! Master Cecil, I wish I could tell you better news, but, Miss Emily's maid knew nothing herself!” I passed on into a small drawing room,—a kind of boudoir, *her* favorite sitting room,—commanding a beautiful prospect of the surrounding scenery, with its glades, and groupes of wide spreading trees and shady groves. Furnished in the most tasteful mode, it was elegant but simply neat,—its draperies of the palest blue silk,—the old pannelled walls of glossy yellow maplewood elaborately carved in the corners of the pannels. No costly gilding dazzled the eye. No magnificent pieces of Ormolu—Buhl—or Dresden, detracted from the chaste tout ensemble of this select retreat; here and there, books and flowers were placed, without over exact arrangement, on the highly polished tables—intermingled with these were antique vases and pateræ of

green and white Genoa marble and bronze : the sides of the room were not decorated, or rather disfigured, by pictures in gaudy frames, but ornamented by a few landscapes, in water colours, of the neighbouring country ; and by a small cabinet containing the miniatures of her parent and other beloved relations.—

I.

“ Portraits, so fair and bright,
A deep mute sorrow clings
Around ye with your tints of light,
Silent yet speaking things !

II.

Yea, still the thinking eye
It cannot choose but stray,
From where lov'd features limned lie
In bitterness away.

III.

For though not ev'ry space
Should sever, nor the tomb
Hide time lessly,—yet years !—what grace
Spare *these*, of beauty's bloom ?

IV.

Yea, ye are changeless all !
No woe can dim your eye !
— Time, Death, n'er breathing beauty fall,
But ye, ye cannot die !”

I seated myself in an easy chair, and my thoughts reverted musingly,—and with fond regret—to the many happy moments I had spent,—by her side,—in this recess,—careless of the future—regardless of the past. Ere long I was aroused from my reverie, by the entrance of a gentleman of mature age, who paced up and down the room for a few minutes, and then consulted his watch. His countenance bespoke a mind inured to severe and prolonged meditation : but there was a quiet composed *empressement* in his demeanour which told of that self command which experience and knowledge of the world,—its miseries—and trials,—imprint so forcibly and enduringly on their possessor. I fancied that I could detect in his furrowed and deeply lined features some traits indicative of the physician, and bowing slightly, I enquired if he had just arrived in Beverton. “ I came down by the express train—a few hours ago—having been called in on account of Miss Compton's indisposition.” “ Is she in any danger ?” Something of nervous earnestness in my manner attracted his attention. He asked Hibernice whether I had been long acquainted with the family, and as he spoke, his eyes were fixed on mine with a very marked expression. “ Oh yes, a very long time !—and

I take a great interest in their welfare." "Your's is a time of life when the feelings we nourish for our friends are of the purest and most ingenuous nature; would that we could ever obtain or entertain, in later life, such unalloyed, unsullied feelings. Perhaps it is, however, the less to be regretted as regards our peace of mind: for, where the sentimentality of our disposition gains the mastery over our principles or our virtues, we are often lead into imprudences which the flight of time can scarcely erase, or the power of the brightest intellect totally obviate." He gave utterance to these sentiments as if he were lecturing an audience, professionally. I was about to reply, to, if possible, learn something respecting his patient's state: he did not however give me time, but abruptly left the room. I then remembered that this must be the celebrated and talented Sir Lucius Astley, whose late lamented death has shed such a gloom over his numerous circle of friends and extensive practice in the metropolis. His very arrival betokened danger;—for, Sir Lucius was seldom called out of London unless the case was of a precarious tendency.

Revered follower of Esculapius! That pulse which so often beat in strong contrast of time in contact with those of the weary, desponding, delirious, and dying—your patients, whose sinking spirits and aching frames were wont to be cheered or renovated by thy soothing manner and skilful art—has ceased to beat in sympathy with theirs! That hand which has gently pressed, with tender and anxious attention, the pulses of thousands of the victims of disease, has "lost its cunning" in the darkness of the tomb. They termed thee—they who knew thee not—the physician of "Dives," but little heeded, in their ignorance, the precious crumbs of health and peace of mind thou so often—though so secretly, so silently,—administered to Lazarus.

• • • • •

Once again we met—ere thy funeral knell had sounded:—the words of encouragement then uttered, as it seemed, by thy oracular tongue—will ever remain indelibly imprinted on my memory. Venerated spirit;—how many of the living mourn over thy ashes!

My ruminations were disturbed by that peculiar rustling sound which gives warning of the approach of the daughters of Eve;—it was Mrs. Riversdale. With that grace and ease of carriage for which she was distinguished, she advanced towards me, inquiring, in her soft musical voice, for my mother and sisters. Here, I interrupted my

friend Templeton. "Was this the Mrs. Riversdale one of the belles of the season of 183?—the same—the belle of Almack's, the leader of *ton*—the authoress." "I scarcely remember her although I have seen her." "Ah! my dear Compton I remember her but too vividly. Believe me, she merits a more brilliant biographer than I can claim to be. She was the 'belle ideale' of the most refined the most worshipped ornament of English Society. One of several daughters of a nobleman of long ancestral line, but of impoverished fortunes, she had, at an immature age, foregone the happiness to which the natural bent of her affections had tended,—and, in obedience to her mother's dictates, had accepted the hand of a wealthy commoner, in preference to sharing the fortunes of her heart's own choice—a captain of Infantry, with but a few hundreds a year besides his pay. As time rolled on, she may have almost forgotten her early love :—or, it vibrated, per chance, at long and broken intervals—feebly and faintly :—as the echo of some favorite air, long since heard in early youth, seems still to be borne along on the passing breeze, though the strains of its music have ceased to resound. Some years had passed since she had abdicated the throne of beauty, and had nobly descended from that envied height,—which is never, however, to such as her, entirely lost,—feeling sensible that those alque who are conscious of possessing no innate charms, of person or mind, regret their fall, and ever murmuring revert to a past which can never return."

Moulded by the experiences of an *exigeant* society, Mrs. Riversdale possessed profound depth of soul, united to the grace of a queen—the tact of a diplomatist,—and the fascinations of a syren. A few years of comparative repose and retirement had restored to her complexion the freshness lost awhile in the vortex of dissipation. The vacuum in her heart, having never been filled, threw a slight shade of sad melancholy over her thoughts and actions, when these were not trammelled by the presence of strangers.—Reminiscences of the past,—serious and impressive in their import,—lent to a meditative brow an aspect at once mild and majestic. It would have been impossible for the most practised physiognomist to have discovered the calculation and decision, which was carefully concealed under the exquisite and classic delicacy of her features. The countenances of females deceive, far more than those of men, baffling inquisitive science, and searching observation, by their calmness and highly finished finesse.

They must be observed when the passions are at play—but this is difficult; or when they have played out their game,—the game of life,—then, it is useless, because too late,—for, when a woman grows old, she seldom or ever dissimulates. Mrs. Riversdale was one of these impenetrable characters,—she could personate any part she pleased to adopt,—whether playful, infantile, or innocent. For the purpose of creating despair in her votaries, or to cause uncertainty, she would become subtle, serious, and absent; verging on the age of forty, she did not seem to be more than thirty; this was, in part, owing to the golden tint of her hair, and to the perfection of her coiffure and toilette. The latter was completed daily, in the most studied style of which it was susceptible—such as, in itself, expresses, as it were, *an idea*, or at least, which the eye accepted as one,—without perhaps, comprehending the cause. I can, even now remember it to have been, on this hapless occasion,—an harmonious combination of lilac colours,—a sort of half mourning, graceful and yet *négligée*:—the habiliments of a woman for whom life has no charms—no ties—except those of natural affection,—for some child perhaps:—but, who was otherwise, weary of existence:—merely in patience, awaiting, with philosophic resignation, its anticipated termination—but exhibiting an elegant and *degagée* ennui which had grown, at length, into a striking characteristic.

Taking my hand in both of hers, she said “you have come very apropos dear Cecil, for I have much of importance to discuss with you.” Leading me to a *ris-a-ris* she resumed, “I can, of course, easily divine the object of your visit, and regret to say, that I can give you but sorry tidings of Emily;—she is not better—nay she is even worse—you have seen Sir Lucius;—he told me so. You will be distressed to learn that you are, in no small degree, the cause of poor Emily’s illness;—she has been delirious all the morning. On Sir Lucius’s arrival, he proceeded at once to the apartment of his patient—while standing by her bedside—attentively watching her countenance—he heard her mention your name several times during her delirium—after writing a short prescription he went down stairs and must then have met you. I know not what passed between you, but he returned immediately and begged to have a few minutes conversation with me. It is needless to detail the subject of our conference, except to tell you, dear Cecil, that I have been compelled to reflect that Emily’s future happiness requires that you should bid us farewell—at least, for the

present. However much I may esteem and even love the many good qualities which distinguish your kind and gentle disposition, I cannot abstain from blaming myself, very seriously, for thus allowing two young undisciplined hearts to run wild without guide or guardian."

"Bid you farewell—you cannot intend that I am to leave Emily for ever—that I am no longer to visit at the Hall!"

"I am afraid it must be so—for some few years ; you are both too young, far too young and inexperienced, to be permitted to entangle your feelings in a web, which may be rent asunder in a moment by a stronger hand than you ever anticipated. As it is, I dread to announce to Mr. Riversdale what has been so painfully disclosed to my view this morning. You must go and fulfil your destiny—in the paths of knowledge and science there are many wreaths to be won by those like you possessing industry and intellect—soon will you forget—if you are not different from the majority of men—your early love. Ambition has precious and brilliant attractions for those who worship at her shrine."

She might as well have preached to the winds or reasoned with despair as have endeavoured to supplant the love which enthralled my heart with a love for fame, which seemed to me to be more "stale and unprofitable" than the decaying sea weed on the lonely beach. "Ah! Mrs. Riversdale, said I, you do not understand the feelings which now possess me—if you did, you would scarcely imagine that I could successfully struggle for the wealth of fame, while my energies and thoughts were engrossed by a dearer object."

"What would you have? My dear child is too young to decide for herself—even were she of an age to do so, you would nevertheless, have many insuperable obstacles to overcome—her father's ambition—your present position in life is not yet such as he would deem sufficiently advanced to undertake the responsibilities of married life."

"I do not ask this latter consummation of my hopes so immediately as you suppose—but a time may come when the same objection will not hold good—will there *then* be any hesitation on your part?" "I can only speak for myself—as her mother—the retrospect of earlier days, induces me to regard with a favorable eye the first and truest affection of the youthful heart. I will never interfere with Emily's preference—but, let me ask you one question, to which I pray you to answer in all truthful candour ; have you sought

any promise—any pledge from her by which her affections may have been plighted?" "Yes we have mutually plighted our troth by all that is sacred!"

Reclining her head upon her hand she considered for a moment, and then said—"It was wrong, very wrong: I have, I see, been much to blame; but now, it is my duty to atone for my error. Mr. Riversdale must know all this."—"I surely cannot want for an advocate in Mrs. Riversdale, if all my mother has told me of her past history be well founded." "I doubt not, indeed, that what my dear friend has told you is correct; few know me better—and now, in the autumn of life—almost, she said with a sweet sad smile—I may say in the sear and yellow. I need not dread recalling the past, it is in doing so that I have judged you with a more indulgent eye than most mothers would have done. But remember, Cecil, that this indulgence must not sway a parent's duty to her child—nor indeed have I even been perfectly able to decide whether if I lived over again my life with him who gained my earliest and purest affection, I should have fulfilled a higher or a happier destiny than has already fallen to my lot. Perhaps this has had its source from a principle natural to mankind; love is succeeded by ambition—but ambition rarely follows love—women do not differ so much from men, in this respect, as one would, at first sight, suppose; they, equally with men, desire the power and the means to gratify and satiate their ambition, when it takes the place of the more natural passion of the mind—love. Thus it has been with me. Time, that magnanimous and all powerful comforter, in the end, schooled my mind into that composure, and contentment with my lot, which wisdom would have taught me in the first instance, had I been disposed to have benefitted by her lessons.—Well then! *I hate* gratified my ambition, and am, therefore, perhaps as satisfied as others who have attained to the same end by the softer though less enduring passion—love."

"May you not have deceived yourself and mistaken the gratification of your ambition for happiness. May you not, unwittingly, have proved a traitor to the best feelings of the heart? For, not having tested, by actual possession, the value of heartfelt love, how can you judge whether you would not have obtained a greater share of happiness from its genial warmth, than from the fiercer though more unnatural flame of ambition. Pardon me if I speak, without reserve, the sentiments I feel—I cannot understand how any one can be said to have been completely happy who has

never loved. It is true that we can love without being happy, and we can, also, be happy without loving—but, to love and to be happy, forms the crowning climax of all human enjoyment. To be wearied with volatile adoration, blessed with fictitious adulation,—worshipped as a temporary idol, and yet, not to have loved!—how dreary, how dismal a desert to contemplate! where all the fragrant foliage has faded and withered!"

"My dear Cecil, your sentiments appear, *in theory*, just and generous. How few ever have the opportunity of putting them into practice by marrying their first love! After all I am but mortal, and, like ninety-nine out of a hundred have played the hand allotted to me by fate; and although I may not have held the honours I most desired, yet, I have had a sufficient number of trumps to make the game of life interesting and withal successful. We must not, however, permit these discursive disquisitions to divert our attention from more important subjects. I must seek Mr. Riversdale, who alone can determine your happiness."

I was left to my reflections.

Some women have the power of giving to their words a peculiar sanctity. Mrs. Riversdale possessed this faculty in an eminent degree; there was a fervour in her manner which extended the sense of the ideas she expressed, and gave them an interest of intense effect. If her hearers, charmed by this attribute, could not readily recover from their surprise, still her object would be effected,—this is the prime property of eloquence.

I was the dupe of her words. Seduced by her persuasive manner, I could not refrain from admiring her still nearly perfect beauty, which was matured by reflection, and, as it seemed to me tinctured with the hue of past regrets, and adorned with a *melange* of intellect and sensibility—yet, methought, she has been a star—envied and admired—envied for her matchless beauty—admired for her transcendent genius! Alas, how much or how little of love and respect was mingled with this admiration. All that she may have sighed for, as a woman, has scarcely, if at all, been supplied by what she may have gained by name, fortune, or in social influence; she may have won a name: yet her own sweet life has been sacrificed at the temple of public applause—she is but "a reed shaken by the wind!"—A valuable exotic too immaturely forced in the hot house of fame! The jewel displayed but on high days and holy days! The aloe whose blossom is deemed to be fabulous because so seldom if ever

seen ! The Jewish Maiden from whom in the land of the Gentiles,—

“ They demanded the song ; but oh ! never
That triumph the stranger shall know !
May this right hand be withered for ever
Ere it string our high harp for the foe ! ”

A captive clothed in embroidered vestments—bright desolate and sad.

The aspiring brow may be decked with a wreath beneath which how many thorns may be latent !—the laurel may conceal the prostrate intellect, as the closely interwoven ivy hides from the sun's rays the decaying trunk of the centenarian oak.

My ruminations were disturbed by the return of their subject, who giving me her arm, accompanied me to the library—pausing at a few paces from the door—she said, “ Can you trust your temper, for believe me it will be tried.” “ I can promise anything, and fulfil my promise, for her sake whom I love.”

We entered the library, and found the squire sitting before a large semicircular table which was covered with a green cloth and strewn with books—papers, and parliamentary documents ; for, having held a second rate post in the last Ministry, he was, now, a hot opponent of the existing one, which shewed buff colours,—advocated measures of Free trade, and professed a preference of manufacturing interests over the agricultural. Mrs. Riversdale seated herself opposite and near her husband, to whom I bowed. He did not return my salute, but pointing to a chair commenced in the following half bantering half indignant strain.—“ So Mr. Cecil you must needs take it into your head to run away with my daughter's affections ; a pleasant pastime, no doubt, for a Cambridge student ! May I ask if such a pursuit is one of the studies necessary to obtain a degree ? If so—Cambridge is vastly changed from the days when I graduated under her fostering wing. In those days we should have termed it presumption—to say the least of it—to make love to a neighbour's daughter without his knowledge or permission ! ” “ My dear Henry,” said Mrs. Riversdale—“ use our young friend gently—the faults which spring from the heart are mostly of a gentle nature, and need not so severe a treatment as censure and reproach.” “ Pooh ! pooh ! Mrs. Riversdale ask your young friend whether they permit such an argument at Cambridge ; do they argue there that the faults of the heart are not to be corrected by the judgment of the head ? Does he suppose, for an instant, that I would

have permitted his visits at Beverton at all, if I had suspected that his head was not sufficiently strong to control and regulate what you so fancifully and sentimentally term the feelings of the heart? However, I have not leisure to trouble myself with the imaginary delusions of a boy who ought to be occupied with the study of Mechanics and Mathematics—studies more fitted to his age and prospects than dangle after the illformed attractions of an inexperienced maiden's mind and beauty: my sentiments on this head shall be duly communicated to the vicar, whose good sense will, doubtless coincide with my opinion and wishes."

I certainly felt very much inclined to give him an angry and perhaps indiscreet reply—but as I was about to speak I caught Mrs. Riversdale's eye, and checked the rising choler—for I remembered my promise. I therefore briefly excused myself. "My studies may not have been so neglected as you appear to premise—but I conclude from your expressions that it would be impossible for me to make you comprehend that my conduct has been marked by no unworthy motives—but by the best impulses of the heart. I could not believe that I was following an ungenerous or unnatural course in visiting a house which contained one who was dear to me—in seeking the society of her whom I loved and by whom I believed myself loved." "These sentiments" he retorted, "are too high flown for the practical life in which we move—they may sound well in novels and in the commonplace fictions of mercenary Magazines, but can have no weight with those like myself versed in the experience and knowledge of the world—and further, I do not permit myself to confide in the fact that my daughter's affections are so deeply engaged as you prematurely predict—or as you—"turning to his wife"—would zealously lead me to conclude; however, whether it be true or not I shall adopt stringent and immediate measures to prevent so undesirable a dénouement of your visits to the Hall: in furtherance of this important object, I must beg that you will, in future, consider that you are not on terms of either intimacy or acquaintance with my daughter—at least, not for some years. It is not my intention to deal harshly with my child; but she is not of an age to judge for herself. When she has arrived at years of maturity, I shall not then deem my interference so necessary. You, also, when more experienced than at present, having learnt the relative duties attached to every individual's station, will not judge that I am now acting on ill advised grounds, whatever you may inconsiderately conceive under

the circumstances of your present disappointment and vexation." I was about to answer him, when he continued—with a wave of the hand, "My mind is fully and definitely settled on the matter we have discussed—all further conversation pro and con would be superfluous—your father is too old and esteemed a friend of mine, for me to treat his son more unceremoniously or uncourteously than I have perhaps already done; in bidding you farewell I may safely say, that in public life and probably in private, after a lapse of some years, I shall be happy to see you in my house on the same friendly footing as heretofore; any influence I may possess, however slight at present, my friends not being in power, shall be willingly exercised towards your advancement and welfare; and now I trust to your honour and gentlemanlike feeling not to intrude your society where it is neither desirable nor beneficial." With these words, he rose, and ringing the bell asked in almost the same tone of voice,—“Did you ride or walk.” I replied the latter—Bowling with a certain degree of hauteur he said “I wish you a good morning, and immediately resumed the perusal of sundry ponderous Manuscripts heaped before him and which he had deserted on our entrance; I was so thoroughly confused and perplexed by the unexpected turn things had taken, so dismal in prospect—that I was totally unable to collect myself for a reply—partly from indignation partly from his determined decried manner and from arguments apparently powerful.” I remained silent for a moment—hesitatingly. Mrs. Riversdale relieved me from the dilemma by taking my arm and leading me from the room. We turned mechanically, into the conservatory, and remained silent for some time intent upon our own thoughts. At length I said, “Can you give me any consolation any hope?” “What shall I say? What can I say? Obedience is with me a duty. My husband’s words are those of worldly wisdom—who belonging to such a world can gainsay their value or validity? What would you have? Believe me, my heart beats with the true pulse of a woman’s sympathy. Anything reasonable, in my power, I will venture to effect for you—but nothing in opposition to the warning voice of my conscience.” “I ask nothing unreasonable—nothing injurious to the happiness of you or yours. Mr. Riversdale I think, said that he would not interfere with his daughter’s choice, when she had attained to the age of maturity—she has already plighted her troth to me—if she is as constant and true as her gentle noble disposition denotes, our happiness

is secure. I fear a mother's influence over her daughter ; promise me then that you will not in any way influence her in my absence." "I know no reason why I should deny your prayer." "One favour more ; obtain I beseech you, a parting interview for us—it is cruel to separate us at once, for ever it may be,—so hurriedly—so unexpectedly." "This I cannot you know well decidedly promise ; much depends on poor Emily's state of health, and Mr. Riversdale's own determination ; however you can but hope for the best. I will exert my feeble powers of persuasion on your behalf—and will let you know the success or failure of my exertions. And, now, I must return to my poor child's bed-side—to tend and cherish her, is not, believe me, dear Cecil, the most wearisome or the most sorrowful of a mother's duties. Farewell till we meet under brighter auspices,—at least for you !"

When she left me, I felt as if my last hope of happiness had been severed. I wandered forth into the park, without regard to the direction my steps were taking. I found myself at length on the bank of the river some distance beyond the demesne wall. I know not how it is, but I have always considered the bank of a river a most appropriate place for those who seek the contemplation of the past ; whether it is that the unvarying monotonous flow of the stream has some mesmeric effect on the vision and is communicated by it to the reflective faculties—or it may be that the observation of the particles, floating by on the surface of the water, disappearing in the distance and succeeded by others in quick succession, remind us of the events of our life which linger for a while on the memory, and then vanish to give place to others fated, likewise, to fade away in the vista of time.

"What moralizing ! chewing the cud of thine inward man ! prithee fair cousin art in love or in debt ? Wherefore so solitary ?" I turned to see who thus abruptly interrupted my soliloquy and found that it was Dorimer—pointing to the mossy bank beside me, I said "What sport have you had ?" "pretty fair"—said he seating himself, "but your country bumpkins ought to be looked after—the birds are confoundedly wild. Why you look as if you had been raking—so pale and woe-begone ! Any scrape ? eh !—let us have it—trust Harry Dorimer for getting a fellow out of his difficulties. I will be either your 'Fidus Achates'* or your Mentor—I half guess already—some contretemps in that happy quarter," said he, pointing towards the Hall. "I know all the history of your affaire de cœur—it was hinted to me last night by I wont say whom. In love ! Know you not, fair

cousin, that the current of true love never runs smooth—'tis the untrue—the feigned love that comes in a winner—and that too, hard held. As in war so in love—the citadel of the fair one's heart is oftener gained by stratagem than by fair fighting. Trust your troubles to an old campaigner—all aid that Harry Dorimer can give shall be willingly afforded." He spoke so frankly and withal so friendly, that I could not doubt his sincerity. I did not then know his true character. I was aware certainly that he was known to possess an acute perception and experience of the motives of men, in which I was deficient, although much further advanced in general theoretical knowledge. I fancied him to be just the person to advise me soundly in my present disappointment. I told him all that had taken place. When he had heard the history of my love and its present miserable prospects, he did not hesitate—as I imagined he would have done—to comment, with a free and bold touch, on all that had passed—"Why these sort of things occur every day in society! What other answer could you have expected from the politic old foxhunter. In these days of steam and stereotype, people don't marry for love—as they used in the good old time as sung by Spenser, Surrey, and Sidney. We cannot, now, win a fair bride, as did the Knight of yore—at tilt and tournament—at least so they tell us." "I fancy there must have been many an exception to the general rule:—and that many a poor lady's heart has broke when the head or neck of her defeated lover was broken. And she necessitated to culture the loathsome embraces of brute strength." "As to the Lady Mère, do not place implicit faith in her bland soothing notes. Mothers generally sympathize with the distress of their daughters' lovers, but they, at least those of *haut ton*, are consummately skilled in procrastinating and temporising with an intelligible but preferred favorite, until they find the eligible but perhaps indifferently regarded rival. Besides you must remember that Mrs. Riversdale is poetically inclined, and such are invariably fickle. A Poet tells us further that, '*Varia famina est*'—and he is not far wrong." "Yes but he does not depict Dido as such, when she enacted a species of 'Suitee' to the Memory of her deserted love, and its deceiving deserter. Mrs. Riversdale may moreover exercise unbounded influence over her husband as Fontenelle tells us:—'*De l'homme au monde le plus impérieux, une femme peut faire tout ce qu'elle lui plaira, pourtant qu'elle ait beaucoup d'esprit, assez de beauté, et peu d'amour.*' Again, do you think that either of the parents

would seek to destroy the happiness and peace of mind of their daughter by swaying the bent of her affections?" "Happiness! peace of mind! delicious dream! Ah! it is upon this very point, that young unsophisticated lovers, and hacknied heart-withered parents are at issue; these have long ceased, in all probability, to employ those sentiments in the same sense you do. Happiness with them is synonymous with rank and fortune—peace of mind with the independence and in-conscience, with which those gifts are ordinarily supposed to be accompanied. Oh ye shades of departed patronesses of Almack's, forbid that such a falsity as true genuine love should be considered in *haut ton* as anything but an obsolete phantasm! Another fashionable vagarism believed to exist only *hors de barriere* in the pit and galleries of life but a robe *passée*—*hors de saison*,—which no lady of the *dress* circle could possibly appear in, without serious danger to her reputation and risk of ejection from '*les salons exclusives*.'" Your only hope lies in the firmness and constancy of your *Cara Amica* herself—a truly broken reed to depend upon, if my experience tells me truly. Watch that pheasant's feather floating slowly and smoothly on the surface of the stream; the first blythesome zephyr with its wanton smiles and deceptive sighs will beguile it from its pleasant path, and from the bosom of the water sprite—Even as I have said!—see!—it skims lightly and coquetishly towards us; such then is woman's love! Why enlarge or dwell upon the simile! Let it suffice that it is too truly complete." "Yes, if it be true, are we to decline the analysis of the opposite opinion, as recorded, from time out of mind, in the history of all ages and all nations—that there have lived but two men whose love has exceeded, even in an abstract sense, the love of woman—as between the sexes, however, the love of man cannot, for an instant, be compared to that of woman!" "Granted, as the Gentleman of the long robe say—provided that I ever attempted to define what you term the love of man, or to compare it with that of woman—but I do not do so—for the best of all reasons—that I am somewhat sceptical about both one and the other; it would, therefore, be an undertaking worthy of Aristotle to define anything, the actual existence of which is very much doubted. I speak practically, and I opine, you argue from theory—we may both be correct. I draw my conclusions from the study of society, as it is at present constituted, and you derive your arguments from the knowledge of traditions of the past." "But why should the

practical differ so strangely from the theoretical?" "Why? because it hath pleased philosophers and poets—wiser than their generation—to paint the ideal of love in warm and brilliant colours, over which they have laid a coating of rich and glowing varnish; and all this with so fanciful an art, that it surpasses and exaggerates the reality. Thus, the effect is, that when men have tried its truth and found it wanting, they run into the extreme of scepticism, and disbelieve altogether the truthfulness of the enchanting picture—in the same manner as when we find a man, on whom we have confidently relied, failing in honour and honesty, we are inclined to infer that he never possessed these virtues. This reasoning has, of course, no reference to what is termed sensual passion, about which we have not, I imagine, been debating. Metaphysics apart—what course do you intend adopting? Do you propose to fly from the scene of your misfortune and seek a remedy in time and absence? Believe me, they work wonders; notwithstanding the popularity of—"Absence makes the heart grow fonder." And stuff of that sort! 'Take my advice! travel—wander over the world—become 'Le Juif errant'—do anything to divert the mind from the course which preys upon its vitals. Enter the Army; depend upon it, a good Mess and boon companions are an extraordinary specific for the blue devils. I engage Sir Harry to obtain a commission for you in three weeks—albeit the polite and usual reply of the Military Secretary to anxious expectants of Military glory leads us to think that it is hopeless, with six thousand on the 'List.'—"I do not think myself suited for the Army, it is a profession for which one requires to have an intuitive taste, which I have not. Yes, but one must make a virtue out of a necessity. Let me see, you are intended for the Bar, you cannot expect to hold many briefs before ten years of incessant grinding, at what they please to term 'Legal literature'—even then, it is a mere chance whether you take the eye of the lynx-eyed observant solicitors—whereas, in the Army you cannot fail of being a Captain in seven years. Besides, compare the difference of life you would lead during those ten first years—a life of comparative *laissez faire* enjoyment; you will see the world in all its shapes—not such as sucking heirs see it, who are sent on the Continent for a few years to learn German and gambling—French and flirting—dancing and dressing—with sundry other fashionable accomplishments. But if you manage well you may visit and reside for a certain time in the five divisions of the globe—and this at *Her Ma-*

jesty's expense. Observe how extensive a tour a Regiment may take in the space of twenty years—in Spain, [Gibraltar]—Italy, [Malta] Greece [Corfu.] West Indies, Canada, Cape, Australia, India, and China. In all these countries you may serve within twenty years, by exchanging judiciously, and this without detriment to your promotion."

I felt in the same mood as a wretched recruit does before he takes the shilling from some plausible be-ribbon'd recruiting Sergeant, and thinks that he cannot be more miserable than in his present state, and therefore any change must be for the best. Besides I remembered that I must be absent some few years ere I could have hope of winning my beloved Emily. Visions of rapid promotion and deeds of renown bedecked in scarlet and gold flitted before my excited imagination. "Perhaps it is, after all, I said, the most agreeable plan—especially in my circumstances." "Well then we will go and refresh the inner man, and inform the good old vicar." We returned to the Parsonage. Immediately on entering a servant informed me that my father wished to see me in his study. Half guessing the purport of his summons, I hastened to his presence. It was as I surmised—"Cecil he said I have just received a note from Mr. Riversdale—you are, doubtless, aware of its contents, so that I will not pain you by reading them—you have judgment and discretion. I have proved them—do you think of returning to Cambridge?" Excellent guileless parent! Deeply impressed on my Memory is thy generous delicacy—thy tender respect for my feelings! Such as thee we mourn a life long! to meet once more such as thee renders the prospect of death less supportable. Sometimes indeed more than desirable—a happiness—often in other days, when comrades rung the discontented discordant changes of ridicule and even hatred on the real or imaginary parsimony and pride of their parents. I have sincerely though silently offered up a tributary sigh to thy honoured Memory.

"Tis past—dear venerable shade, farewell!
Thy blameless life, thy peaceful death shall tell;
Clear to the last thy setting orb has run
Pure, bright, and healthy, like a frosty sun,
The truest praise was yours—a cheerful heart!
Prone to enjoy, and ready to impart;
Farewell! thy cherished image, ever dear,
Shall many a heart with pious love revere!"

I answered, "I have thought over the subject with, I may say great care, and have decided that my mind is too

unsettled to enter upon any study with a hope of success—this is a source of deep regret to me—but I know no better plan than to leave England for some time. I should wish to enter the Army. Capt. Dorimer says that there will be no difficulty in obtaining a commission.” “I trust this is no hasty resolve, which you may afterwards repent. No, it is preferable to travelling without any other precise object than distraction of mind—if it meets with your approbation I should wish to leave as early as possible.” “Well, probably, it is the most prudent thing you can do—you are as well fitted by education for the Army as any other profession—so I will not say you nay—Dear Cecil—I will mention your wishes, by to-day’s post, to General Dorimer—whose interest is I believe sufficient to gratify your penchant for his cloth, without any inconvenient delay.” And thus friend Compton, “the die was cast and the Rubicon past—the black coat exchanged for the red.” Compton seemed faint and exhausted with the recollections recalled by his narrative; and I begged him to desist until next day, when I would again visit him. “If you are fond of sailing, said I, my little lugger shall be in readiness to-morrow morning.”

(To be continued.)

SONNET.

To think on thee, amid the cares of life,
 And when the din is loudest, for a space
 Forget all else, to picture out thy face
 Angelic in its innocence, is rife
 With a rare pleasure, pleasure greater far
 Than weary mariner’s on the long-veined main,
 When through the parted clouds, he sees the star
 That guides his course, its crest uprear again.
 But to enfold thee thus at close of even,—
 And thus to feel these arms my neck enfolding,—
 And thus on cheeks of nature’s rarest moulding
 Imprint a father’s kisses!—God of heaven,
 It makes my heart, full! Tremblingly I bless
 The hand that showered on me such happiness.

X. Y. Z.

OUR MAHOMMEDAN LITERATURE.

(Continued from page 251.)

Moulvee Ismacel, having established that, at all times and under all dispensations, *shirk* was prohibited, enters on the subject of *Ishrak-fil-ilm*, or, to repeat our paraphrase of this term, the idolatry arising from believing any one a partner with God in the knowledge of hidden things. There is not, perhaps, in the whole range of Mohammedan religious controversy, a subject of greater importance in its practical bearings. Ninety-five per cent of the true believers firmly hold the possibility of discovering the future and unknown; and daily resort to the most absurd practices for that purpose. Most of their Moulvees and learned men, together with all the Wahabees, of course ridicule such absurdities, but all others are nearly as deeply sunk in superstition as their fellow Hindoos.

On the subject of a knowledge of hidden things the orthodox Mussulman belief appears to be, that beyond what man can discover by the external senses, or arrive at by thought and conjecture, he knows, and can know nothing except by immediate inspiration from God. Nor though once inspired does he always remain inspired. The gift of inspiration and prophecy is conferred upon him at certain seasons, according to the will of the supreme, and then withdrawn. The prophet becomes thus merely an instrument for communicating the will of heaven. Husrut Ayesha, when she lagged behind the encampment of Mohammed, and made her appearance afterwards in company with a man, was accused by her enemies of incontinence. Mohammed was sorely grieved at this untoward event; for several days he remained almost in despair unable to arrive at the truth, but at last a revelation was vouchsafed pronouncing Ayesha innocent, to the great relief of the Prophet. Quoting and paraphrasing the Soorah Arâf, the Moulvee says:—'And the people saw the wonders that he did and learned the mysteries of God from him; and all the elders obtained their sanctity and reputation from following in his footsteps. And because of this his great dignity, God commanded him to explain to all people his precise condition and the powers that had been communicated unto him. Then Mohammed

said : I have no supernatural power of my own, nor do I possess, of myself, any ability to discover what is hidden or future. I can work nothing to my own advantage of others. Did I know the future I should abstain from every undertaking that would work me loss, and engage only in those that would bring profit ; but herein I have been frequently deceived. To this knowledge or power I lay no claim, as that would be laying claim to God-head. I only lay claim to the qualifications of a prophet ; and these are the right to teach and instruct the people in whatever I have received inspiration from heaven ; and whatever other power may be communicated by God of his own good pleasure ? Again, in the chapter of the *Mishkât* called *Atan-ul-nikâh* we have the story of the Nazarene marriage at which Mohammed was present. Several Nazarene girls began to celebrate the praises of the prophet saying, while they sang, that God had given him such power that now, of himself he could discover what was hidden and future. The prophet, however, forbade them to indulge in such praises, and denied the possession of the power attributed to him. From this Hadees, remarks the Moulvee, it is seen that if God gave aught to the Prophet it was a free gift, and that when he withheld power the Prophet was helpless, and that whatever poets may say respecting the supernatural endowments of the Prophet, or of the elders, or of the Saints, is all falsehood and exaggeration. Finally, the Moulvee quotes an Hadees explanatory of the passage in the end of the Soorah Lukman, where it is expressly stated that no one, except God, has any acquaintance with the five objects of hidden knowledge. The five objects of hidden knowledge, as is well known, are, the day of judgment, the descent of rain, the sex and condition of the fœtus in the womb, what shall happen on the morrow, and where and when any person shall die. Of all these things Mohammed himself is expressly declared ignorant ; then what mention is there of the knowledge of others, and what a gross act of idolatry it is to associate any one with God in a knowledge of hidden things, when we are expressly told that he has reserved such knowledge for himself. Many other passages might be quoted to the same effect, but perhaps the above will suffice. Let us now see to what account this can be turned in the Mohammedan controversy.

The first step that every candid man, who wishes at all to influence the Mahommedan mind, should take is to make himself acquainted with Mahommedan modes of reasoning,

and to accept in full their conclusions when they are at all legitimate. Now we have heard, and we have read, quirks, quibbling, and sophistry, put forward lately on a subject, cognate to a knowledge of hidden things, that would disgrace a schoolboy. It is well known that latterly an extensive controversy has been carried on in some parts of Northern India respecting the claims of Mahommed to the power of working miracles. Mahommed himself in several instances denied that he was endowed with miraculous powers, but this, with an orthodox Mussulman, no more proves that he did not sometimes work miracles than his denial of the power of discovering the future, proves that he never predicted what was to come. That he predicted the future frequently, every good Mussulman believes, although at the same time every good Mussulman will deny that Mohammed had given him any power whereby he could foresee at all times. That he pretended sometimes to predict the future, when the spirit of revelation was upon him, is notorious and must be conceded; and the only way to handle satisfactorily the controversy respecting his power of working miracles is to shew that that power ought, essentially, to be a constant attendant on the prophetic character and that it is difficult to conceive a prophet without it, to quote the latest words of the prophet apologising for his never having wrought miracles, and to hold up to ridicule the puerile nature of the few attributed to him. Once become involved in the quibbling and hair splitting of logic—the Mohammedans since the days of Mansur have been famous for their logic—and there is no telling to which side victory will incline, but if broad common sense views be taken, the Mohammedan will soon decline the contest. To return, however, to the subject of the incapability of man to discover hidden things.—

Perhaps in no country where the Mohammedan religion prevails was there a greater necessity for the appearance of a reformer than in India. In addition to the superstitious practices that arose out of the corruptions of his own religion, the Indian Mussulman became addicted to many that were peculiar to this soil, and to none more so than that class of practises by which the veil that shrouds the future is attempted to be torn aside. The modes of foretelling the future and the hidden are innumerable, and we will only glance at a few of them here. First we have *Kushf*, or disclosure. Many self-styled pious persons pretend that, after fasting, abstinence from all sensual indulgences, the practice of

many religious ceremonies, and the close contemplation of God, they obtain the power of discovering and revealing what happens in distant places. These people are much resorted to by those who have relatives at a distance; and many wonderful stories are told of the correct revelations made. The accuracy of the revelations may generally be depended on, for these impostors have correspondents in all directions who send them the earliest news, and, as they are generally consulted after the event, they are almost always correct in what they say.

Istakhârah, or the petitioning for what is good, is a method of determining whether, or not, any business should be proceeded with. It is usually practised in the following manner. Two pieces of paper are taken, on one of which is written the word *iful* (do), and on the other the word *lutuful* (do not). They are then, with the eyes closed, placed under the carpet of prayer. Then a particular service, called *Salât-ul-istakhârah*, in which two inclinations of the body are made, is read and then another particular prayer. After the prayers the hand is inverted under the carpet and if the paper on which *iful* is written be first grasped the business is proceeded with; otherwise it is abandoned. This is much practised both by the learned and ignorant, by the highest and the lowest. Another way of performing *Istakhârah* is as follows:—a man begins to say a short prayer and count his beads at the same time, having previously determined on an odd or even number as the lucky one. Well, when the prayer is concluded the number of beads told over is counted, and if the lucky number (i. e. an even or odd number as the case may be) has been told, the business is proceeded with, otherwise it is abandoned.

Tukveem—or predicting by means of an Almanac. This practice is very prevalent among the Shias. They prepare with great care a *Tukveem* for every year in which the motions of the sun, moon, and planets are registered, according to their fashion, for every day in the year. Generally speaking a certain portion of every day is lucky and another unlucky. Any undertaking that has been commenced or will be commenced in the lucky portion will prosper, while that which is begun in the unlucky portion will miscarry. This is nothing more than a species of astrology.

But the most extraordinary method of discovering hidden things is that of throwing the dice of *Ramal*, and one practised, in a great measure, by those who imagine themselves exceedingly profound and scientific. It is almost impossi-

ble to describe it in an intelligible manner ; but we may say, in a general way, that there are four dice attached together, and that on each of the four sides of a dice—not on either end—there are four marks. There may be either four dots, or four lines, or any four marks made up of dots or lines. Now when the dice are thrown, the marks which appear upwards are taken down upon paper and made to go through certain alterations and permutations until at last a final combination is arrived at. We know that with four dots and four lines sixteen different combinations can be made. Every different combination has its own peculiar interpretation, and according to the final combination is the response to be given to the inquirer who resorted to this method of discovering the decrees of fate. The history of this science, as it is termed, is as curious as the mode of practising it. Some affirm, says Abd-ul-Ghunnee of Shirwan, who has written a very large treatise on the subject, that the Angel Gabriel instructed Adam in this science when the latter wished to discover the state of his posterity then scattered over the whole world ; or, as others say, when he wished to discover the locality of Eve. Adam, when separated from Eve, was standing pensive on the shores of Ceylon, when the Angel Gabriel descended and furnished him, by the gift of this science, with the means of reunion. By Adam the science was handed down to Enoch according to the authority of Huzrut Alee himself (so says Abd-ul-Ghunnee). From Enoch, after many ages, it came into the hands of the Prophet Daniel, and since the days of the latter it has always been celebrated. Others affirm that the science was first made known to Daniel by the Angel Gabriel. Daniel being persecuted by the Infidels fled to a mountain and there employed himself in the worship of God. Gabriel appeared, made him acquainted with Ramal, and commanded him to go down and instruct the people in the knowledge of God. Daniel, by means of Ramal, was able to predict the result of all the undertakings of the people who flocked around him. The King heard of his fame, came, saw, and believed ; and he and all his people were converted to the faith. Daniel instructed the Prince (the King's son) in the science of Ramal. And one day as the King, the Prince, and Daniel were sitting together, the latter asked the Prince, saying ;—In all times there has been living a prophet of God, is there any one living now ? The Prince having drawn the figures of Ramal in the sand replied in the affirmative. Then Daniel asked in what city the prophet was. The Prince re-

plied, in this city. Daniel asked who is he? The Prince replied :—Neither I, nor any of my father's house, but thou art the prophet ! From that time the prophetic character of Daniel was firmly established. . It seems almost ridiculous to repeat such childish tales, but it must be borne in mind that it is of the greatest importance to become acquainted with the daily puerilities of those amongst whom we labour.

Another method of discovering the hidden and the future—and one in universal use—is by the readings of the *Fâl-nâmah*. We question if there be one Mohammedan out of a hundred who does not occasionally adopt this mode of becoming acquainted with the decrees of fate. Men are frequently seen wandering about the streets with a *Fâl-nâmah* in their hands or under their arm, and they meet with numerous customers ready to expend a pice or two in consulting the oracle. But the methods of taking a *fâl* are infinitely various. In addition to the regular methods, a few of which we will mention, scarcely a word can be spoken, or an object met, at the commencement of an undertaking that is not of good or evil import. The simplest method of taking a regular omen is to open a book at random—frequently the Koran, but there are many other books customarily used for this purpose—and according to the import of the uppermost line, or stanza, in the page that first meets the eye will the undertaking you have engaged in, or are about to engage in, be prosperous or otherwise. Another very simple mode is to draw a figure with eight compartments on the ground, or on a piece of paper. The omen-seeker then shuts his eyes and places, at random, his finger on a compartment, and according to the compartment so is the interpretation. No. 1 is very fortunate ; No. 2 very unfortunate ; No. 3 promises you success, but only through prayer and devotion ; No. 4 is lucky ; No. 5 unlucky ; No. 6 promises success, but after great difficulties to be encountered ; No. 7 is the most fortunate of all, all the desires of your heart will be accomplished ; No. 8 also promises success but after a long time. This *Fâl-nâmah* is a very flattering one to those who consult it, the chances being four to one that success is promised. There is another mode, that invented by Mohee-ul-deen of Ghilan : it is exceedingly complicated but on much the same plan as that just described, with this difference that a child or an ignorant man is to place his finger on the compartment, and there the sentence written against the number in the com-

partment is consulted and thus the will of the fates known. But, to proceed no further with this detail, all these methods are declared by the Wahâbee doctor to be the grossest impostures. 'Whoever,' says he, 'claims to be able to discover the future by means of Kushf, istakhârah, tukveem, the dice of Ramal, or a Fâl-namah is a liar and deceiver; and is likewise guilty of the grossest idolatry!'

Having demolished ishrak-fil-ilm Moulvee Ismaeel proceeds to attack ishrak-fil-tusurruf, or the idolatry arising from believing any one a partner with God in dispensing blessing. The first effect of this species of shirk is prayer and supplication to Saints and Angels. To shew the folly of this in the outset the Moulvee quotes and paraphrases a text of the Soorah Atukâf of the Koran. He who is guilty of shirk is a great fool in that he forsakes God and invokes others. In the first place he invokes those who do not hear him, and who, did they hear him, have no power to aid should he continue invoking to the day of judgment. Then the Moulvee recites and refutes the apology offered by those who pray to creatures.

It is surprising what a close resemblance and intimate connection there are between the different kinds of idolatrous superstition, wherever it may prevail in the world, under what form of religion it may exist, and by whatever name it may be called, saint-worship, image-worship, or idol-worship. The idolaters of Mekka, in the time of Mohammed, apologised for praying to their idols by saying that they did not esteem these idols as equal to God in knowledge and power, but that they only prayed to them to intercede with God in their behalf. The very same excuse, the Wahâbee tells us, is put forward by the Mahommedan of the present day to justify his praying to some celebrated imâm of ancient times; and we know that the very same excuse has, in all ages, been alleged by the Church of Rome for the adoration of Saints and Angels. One species of intercession is, however, acknowledged by the Koran, but that intercession is by the express permission of God as we learn in the Soorahs, Jonas and Saba. Let us, however, hear the Wahabee doctor on the whole subject. Quoting and paraphrasing a passage in the Soorah Saba, he says:— 'If a man petition any being and in the time of difficulty demand help; then if that being be able to grant these petitions, he must either be the Lord, or the partner of the Lord, or have authoritative influence with the Lord. Suppose, on the earth, a very great Ameer should intercede for

an offender whom a King might wish to punish according to the laws; then the King, thinking it less matter to forgive a criminal than to offend the Ameer, who is the glory and the prop of the state, might be compelled, from the exalted rank of the intercessor, to issue a pardon. This kind of intercession is called the intercession of rank, but can have no place with God, as there is no creature so exalted as to confer glory on his kingdom, or so powerful as that God should dread his displeasure. The greatest and the least, in his sight, are equal; and whoever believes that there can be such an intercessor of this kind with God is an idolater. Another kind of intercession is that of affection, such as we see in this world when the son, wife, or any dear friend intercedes with a King for the pardon of a criminal, and the king pardons the criminal sooner than give pain to the object of his affection; but neither can this kind of intercession take place with God, and who believes that it can is an idolater. There is a third kind of intercession, such as may take place when a man offends once against the laws through inadvertence or strong temptation, but is not an habitual sinner. When he become aware of his transgression he fears sorrow and repents: but does not betake himself to any Ameer or great man. He awaits patiently the sentence of the law. The King perceiving his sorrow and contrition wishes to pardon him, but cannot do so consistently with his respect for the laws until some Ameer, knowing the pleasure of the King, comes forward as his intercessor. The King then pardons the criminal, apparently to do honor to the Ameer, but in reality because such is his own pleasure. This kind of intercession may take place with God; and wherever intercession is spoken of in the Koran and Hadees this kind is meant! From this the Moulvee takes occasion to shew that prayer to any creature of whatever dignity is, at the least, altogether unprofitable; and he then proceeds to prove that from the omnipresence and condescension of God, prayer to him direct will always meet with its reward.

The gist of his paraphrase of a portion of the chapter *ut-turukhul-o-ul-subr* of the Mishkat is as follows:—"God, although he is the King of all kings, and the Lord of all lords, is not proud after the manner of kings of this world. He will never refuse to listen to the supplications of the meanest of his subjects. There is no need to obtain the aid of powerful intercessors with him as the subjects of earthly kings must obtain the intercession of Ameer. Nor

is there any need of a vakeel to introduce a cause into his court. Does any one, the greatest sinner, incline his heart towards God, then God inclines his heart towards him, and that although he is purer than all things and higher than all things. The court of heaven is not like those on earth where a poor subject cannot gain admittance without giving a bribe to the door-keeper. Moreover God is omnipresent. Does the humblest of his servants meditate on God, God is immediately at hand. He is the nearest of all objects, and is only distant from those who neglect him. Then whoever calls upon a saint or a prophet to present his petition to God does not consider that the latter is nearer than the former. He acts just as if a subject was sitting alone with his king who was disposed to attend to and redress his grievances, and then the subject instead of presenting himself his petition to his majesty, should invoke the aid of an Ameer or Vuzeer from some great distance. The subject must either be blind or mad. The Prophet himself commanded all people to make their petitions to God and in the time of their distress to ask assistance from him, and to remember that the writing of fate never can be changed nor blotted out though the whole world collected, great and small, should desire it; and the writing of fate is the will of God. What some say, that the writing of fate can be changed—such as that a man fated to be childless, can through the intercession of the saints, propitiate God and obtain children, and that a man can prolong his life beyond the appointed time—is altogether wrong." The following is so quaint that we must give it in the Moulvee's own words. It is from the book *Ul-davât* of the *Mishkat*. 'Do not think that God is like the Kings of this world and that he only transacts the most important business himself, handing over the less important to his ministers and servants, and that, therefore, it is necessary, in the less important affairs of life, to adore and supplicate these servants. God transacts all his own affairs, both great and small, and must always be adored and supplicated to the exclusion of all others.'

REMINISCENCES OF THE COAST.

I had had a long spell of it on the Mediterranean station ; the old Ship was paid off and in high spirits I mounted the Box of the " Dilly Dally," with fond anticipations of a long stay with my family, soon doomed however to be dispelled. For hardly had a week of such happiness as is only enjoyed by a light hearted Mid. elapsed, when an ominous looking missive from the Admiralty curtly informed me that I was appointed to H. B. Majesty's 10 Gun Brig " Mackerel," stationed on the coast of Africa, and ordering me to report myself on board the " Horrible" Steam Sloop at Portsmouth without delay. Lots of good advice having been tendered by the Governor, and sundry enquiries from my Mother regarding Flannel having been duly answered, nothing remained but a parting interview with a certain pretty Cousin, then on a visit to the Family. This trial took place in the Arbour, and after eternal vows and locks of hair had been exchanged, amid tears and blushes. I snatched a hasty embrace, and sprung once more on the box of the old coach by which was managed the traffic between Portsmouth and my native place !

This now antediluvian vehicle was steered by a right good fellow, one Charley Besant, with whom from early boyhood, I had been on most familiar terms. Poor Charley, unequalled on the key-bugle and with the manners of a gentleman, had as the guard of the " Dilly," so the coach was familiarly termed, won golden opinions from great and small for his polite attentions to the passengers. The barmaids for fifty miles were hopelessly in love with him, and carried on a constant siege in vain against his heart. When old Wilkins "*went down the road*" for the last time, in the *black coach*, Charley was promoted to the Box, and had ever since tooled his three queer ones and a bolter with unrivalled skill. My little depression at leaving home soon was off under the genial influence of his humour ; jest swiftly followed jest, and the roars of laughter from behind told how well his repeated sallies were received. Nothing disturbed his serenity save a troublesome female or a halt at the Railroad, prophetically feeling that the latter was destined soon to supersede him. Alas, poor Charley, the grass is

now growing in the court-yard of the "Green Dragon" and a ghostly resemblance to thy former self, may be seen haunting the "Tap," dependent for a crust on chance charity, or the occasional "tip" of an old friend!

Getting down at Portsmouth at the "Ship Hotel," on making myself known I was agreeably surprised to find a small party of my future messmates diligently engaged in making a night of it; fraternising immediately with the frankness of sailors, I was admitted into the circle and amid songs, toasts, stout, and oysters, home and even the charms of my witching cousin were temporarily forgotten. The next evening we were steaming away out to sea, and after three weeks, during which time nothing particular occurred, stood in and approached Sierra Leone. This settlement, the principal one on the Western Coast, and about which I had heard so much, is beautiful, and even romantic to the eye when seen on a fine day, but deadly as a residence; the splendid scenery, beautiful river, extensive harbour and pleasant looking town and villages, excited in us all flattering hopes in respect of health and enjoyment, notwithstanding strong previous impressions to the contrary. As we drew in with the shore, signs of civilization appeared and increased with rapidity both in number and attractiveness. Arrived at that point of distance from which I saw all the broad out-lines and apparent characteristics of an extensive scene, without discerning minute details, the effect was magnificent. On the left the Bulloar shore, low but covered with luxuriant and richly colored bush, the "palm" and "puloor" trees rising in graceful form above the mangroves, seemed in appearance to embody the notions formed of fairy land, but its realities sadly illustrating the folly of such dreams. Landing at Free-town, which runs to the water's edge and is surmounted by Barracks and protected by a Fort, I was agreeably surprised in finding the heat moderate, and the people very hospitable; dancing appeared to be the rage, and we all entered into the fun with spirit. In two short days during which we lay there five of the men who had night watches were taken ill: and two died. Yellow Jack occasioned by the "Malaria" steaming up from the mangrove swamps was the cause, and right glad were we all to leave this lovely but treacherous spot. Hardly had we left ere we were over-taken by a most appalling visitation,—a violent tornado consisting of lightning, thunder, gusts of wind and deluging rain. Never had I beheld so terrific a combination of the elements; fortunately we were pre-

pared and had made all snug, or there must have been an end of the old "Horrible." Most awful was the preliminary suspense, the very functions of nature seemed paralyzed and a sensation of approaching suffocation oppressed us all, though on our beam ends for hours and considerable damage done, we finally weathered it. But not being able to replace the floats of the wheel, carried away by the heavy seas we encountered, we had to depend entirely on her sailing powers which were of the very feeblest class; and it was not until several weeks after, that we sighted the Island of "Ascension." Barren enough it appeared; a row or two of white barracks, the home of a few unfortunate marines, one small hill on the top of which a few goats gleaned a wretched subsistence, their food consisting apparently of a small modicum of very withered grass, bits of sail cloth, broken bottles and other waifs and strays from the Ocean. Several vessels I found lying there, and amongst them the "Mackerel;"—so bidding adieu to the "Horrible," I hastened to report my arrival, and was met with the pleasing intelligence that the River Gambia was to be our destination as soon as a transport with fresh provisions arrived. The wretched "Mackerel" had suffered greatly for want of fresh meat; scurvy had appeared, and all hailed with glee the long wished for "transport," which was descried two days after my arrival.

All was now bustle and apparent disorder, but after 12 hours hard work in taking in fresh stores, all hands made sail and we quitted the Island. Having stowed away my traps I went on deck and took a short survey of the ship and crew, built by Sir Thomas Stygons, the then Surveyor of the Navy. The "Mackerel," unlike others of the batch turned out by that scientific individual, was not a complete failure; she positively could sail, and had only been altered three times in twelve months. Her commander, a gentlemanly old fellow, and thoroughly practical seaman, received me most kindly, and as I had met a brother of his in the Mediterranean, rather more conversation passed between us than is usual between the "King of the Quarterdeck" and one of his humblest subjects. The crew consisted of 47 English and 14 "Kroomen," a sort of bastard tar, with black figure-heads, but the merriest dogs in the world.

Things went on in the usual "Man of War monotony:" little to do, and less to talk about, except the hope of a speedy brush with a slaver. One evening I was leaning over the side watching the bubbles as they flew past; we were be-

ginning to feel the influence of the trades, and the ship was gliding almost imperceptibly through the smooth water, when a wise looking old Jack came up to me, and respectfully touching his hat, remarked on the beauty of the night.

"How is it," said I "that the trades have taken to be so variable; before I came to sea, I always heard, that you might bowl along for weeks at a time, without even a haul on the main brace?"

"Why Sir," said he, "turning his quid in his cheek and ejecting a perfect stream of tobacco juice, certainly in my younger days (and here he looked at me) they used to blow uncommon steady: and I can't now how account for their coquettish tricks, except it be these 'ere Steamers."

"Why what can the Steamers have to do with the Trade Winds," replied I much amused?

"Well you see, Sir, that's just it. Providence sees that these screw contrivances can get on just as well without the winds; so what's the good of their blowing?"

(Here old Jack having fairly answered me, looked wondrous scientific, and went off convinced he had fully solved the Problem.)

One morning soon after this conversation, just as were piping to breakfast, the look out on the mast head sung out "Sail Ho!" "Where away?"—exclaimed the old Quartermaster who had just come on deck;—"Right away on the larboard bow, Sir!" Now in the Latitude we were in, it was a rare thing to fall in with any vessel, that was not hankering after black flesh; so great was the excitement, when she was made out to be a schooner-rigged vessel and standing right in for the shore, with a long black suspicious looking hull and raking masts, that left no doubt in the minds of the knowing ones, that she was a "Slaver." Glorious visions of endless prize money floated before the eyes of the youngsters, when, perceiving us at last, she altered her course from West South West, stood in the same direction as ourselves, and hoisted Brazilian colours. Our Commander appeared to take no notice of her, and we continued on our course keeping a vigilant look out on her movements. We were coming up hand over hand with her, for the "Mackerel" could sail two feet to her one, when suddenly she shifted into her former course. The "Mackerel" was now laid the same way, our friend still keeping steadily in towards the shore. Orders were now given to run out the "stud-ding sails:" and a fresh breeze springing up, we flew through the water. It now became evident that the stranger want-

ed to shake us off, and as the shore loomed large and distinct, we could easily make out a large creek for which apparently she was making as a harbour of refuge. Some of the old hands set her down for the St. Salvador, who had given us the slip some time before, and was a regular sneaker.

"Well, if she gets in there, I remarked to our old 1st Lieutenant, nothing will be easier than to cut her out?" "Not so sure of that young fellow; why there are trees and grass big enough to hide a 'Liner' in full sail, let alone a little stinking craft like the St. Salvador." Sure enough up to the creek bolted "Slaver" greatly to our disgust, for not having a Pilot we dared not follow her; so as night was coming on, it was settled to anchor at the mouth of the River, keeping a sharp look out throughout the night and to row Guard in the boats, by way of a blockade to prevent our black charmer from quietly dropping down when the tide turned and eluding us in the hours of darkness! Utter silence reigned throughout the night, and by dawn of day two of the Boats were manned, a couple of bow guns mounted, and off we started to look after her. As we approached I went forward in the bow to look about me, the heat was intense, the sun broiling us alive, not one breath of air. As we entered further into a broad and sluggish river, low swampy banks on either side effectually prevented any breeze from finding its way to us. As we pulled up, the pestilential effluvia from the banks nearly poisoned us. Never had I seen anything to equal the glorious vegetation; birds of every variety rushed out from the mangrove bushes disturbed by our approach, the river was alive with fish and at the bottom we made out some queer looking figures which were supposed to be Alligators. After sculling in for several miles we discovered a small branch which ran off from the main river, and through which we feared our hoped for prize had escaped; and no signs of any Ship or boat appearing, baffled and disappointed, we sulkily retraced our way, afterwards to find our suspicions confirmed, for coasting along the shore we found the opening of the smaller river. Seizing on some natives who either could not or probably would not give any information, we selected one villain and by dint of threats and promises of reward, extorted from him that he had seen a small schooner sail out the evening before by this very branch. Our intended prize had levanted, that was clear; and exhausted and wearied out by the sun and rowing, we returned to the Ship in no very good humour. The

Captain fearing we should be unsuccessful, was engaged in superintending the weighing anchor, and decided to seek for his friend about the Gambia. Having weighed, not without great difficulty, for we lay over a perfect bed of mud, and the strain was so great that one of the flukes gave way, we made sail again for Sierra Leone.

The next morning we spoke the "Flying Fish," our consort, she had not seen a sail for weeks, consequently could give us no information of the "slaver." From her we learnt the disastrous tidings of the Cabool Retreat and Massacre, and I heard with sorrow that my poor brother was amongst the victims; a deep gloom was thrown over the ship by this painful intelligence, none of us but mourned the loss of some relation or dear friend in that ill-fated army.

While on our way to Sierra Leone we fell in with a felucca, the *St. Astria*, long suspected of being engaged in the trade; we overhauled her, but could find nothing to lay hold of, so reluctantly were obliged to let her go! While passing Sierra and close to Gambia Bay, a loud hail from the mast head attracted our attention. Glasses being produced great was our delight to find it was our dodging friend, who stood out to sea instantly hoisting the Yankee stripes. We were not to be taken in by this shallow device, and crowded all sail in chase; in a few hours we came near enough to treat her to a few pills from our long eighteen pounders, one of which carried away her fore top mast close to the cap. The Boats were lowered, and spite of her sweeps which were vigorously going, we soon came up with her. After three discharges of small arms, from which two of our men were killed and four wounded, we boarded her. Previous to this she struck her colours; but as we sprung on deck a murderous volley at close quarters took fatal effect on five more of our poor fellows: and seven fell badly wounded. I received a ball through my right hand between the forefinger and middle, just at the knuckle; the sensation was as if a small heated poker had been thrust through my hand: and I fainted from excessive pain; consciousness returning I found that two well directed volleys had swept the decks, and the *St. Salvador* with 21 slaves and 14000 dollars was ours! She was on her way to the Gambia when we took her, to complete her cargo, as she could stow away from 180 to 200. The poor wretches were *ironed* between decks with no room even to turn round, four feet by 2 was allowed to each, and the decks only 4 feet high. None but those who have seen it, can conceive the horrors of a slaveship; huddled together without distinc-

tion of sex, the dead and the dying chained together, alternately cursing their captors and themselves, the shrieks for water and the prayers for air, make up a scene so truly awful, that time can never obliterate it from my memory, and I yet have ringing in my ears the shouts and groans of the wretched Africans!

Ten of the crew of the *St. Salvador* we found lying dead, and several died from their wounds soon afterwards, a prize crew was immediately sent to "*Ascension*":—there to wait for further instructions. The prize I found on examination had eight swivels, and mounted on the bulwarks a long twelve pounder amidships, which however was considerably honey-combed. She was a noted clipper, relied on being able to hold her own against any man of war on the coast, and, but for the lucky shot, would have got clean away from us. Proud of my first command and with a parting caution to take care of myself and ship, I made my bow to the Captain, and trod the deck a perfect king. Fine weather and favorable breezes soon brought me into *Ascension* without an incident worth noting. I found I was to take her into *St. Helena* and on arrival at the Island made her over to the Authorities, when she was sold only to be bought in again for the same purpose,—spite of every precaution. A wiser system has now however come into play;—all slavers must be broken up. This considerably deteriorates from the value of the prize, and of course affects the distribution of prize money to the captors.

While at *St. Helena* I observed a most remarkable phenomenon. One afternoon the sea suddenly became of a perfect cream color, and at the same time enormous rollers rose, each succeeding wave swelling larger and larger; not a breath of air rippled the water at the time, and the sun shone with sickening intensity heating the atmosphere until almost unfit for breathing. Gradually the Breakers increasing in fury, drove half the small Craft on shore; many were stranded and the coast was strewed with wrecks. A large water tank belonging to old *Solomons* was completely destroyed, and the landing place washed away; thousands of pounds worth of damage was done in an hour. I happened to be on shore at the time with my crew and was not sorry to be clear of it all; amongst the others the "*St. Salvador*" was wrecked. Many were the learned explanations given by the Island wise acres of this curious freak of nature; one told you that a heavy gale at sea had caused it, others that an Earthquake had happened somewhere. I believe they

were all out in their reckoning, and did not hear a satisfactory reason assigned for it. I afterwards heard that this marine Earthquake was severely felt at "Ascension," where the sea came in and destroyed all the Turtle ponds, and an old Serjeant who lived on a sort of natural mole, and whose ostensible occupation was looking after a very rusty and useless big gun, was horrified at waking to find himself on an Island, out at sea, the breakers roaring and heaving around him !

During my stay at St. Helena, Prince Joinville arrived in a French Frigate to convey the remains of Napoleon back to France. The disinterment was conducted with great ceremony ; immense excitement prevailed in the Island, but the Governor made over the precious dust with entire non-chalance, and nothing could be more absurd than the contrast between the Governor and the Royal recipient. When the Prince went away, the "Penelope" Steam-Frigate was ordered to accompany him for a short distance, with the old Commodore of the coast on board. This vessel had been made into a steamer, lengthened, shortened, and played every kind of trick with by the sapient "Admiralty" people, and spoilt accordingly. At full speed 8 knots could only be got out of her : it was therefore with some alarm for the honor of the service that the old Commodore received a friendly invitation from the Prince to try the merits of the two vessels. The signal having been given, off started the competitors, and the issue did not long remain in doubt ; for after having steamed twice round the old wash tub, the "Penelope ;" the Prince fell gracefully back into his former position, at the same time dipping his "Flag" much in the same way as a French Fencing Master will, when he has pinked you, politely remove his hat and doubtfully enquire if it was a hit. This defeat so enraged the poor old Commodore, to be outsailed by a "drawing room lubber" as he called the Prince, that he took to his bed, and, some say died in consequence :—for he did not live to reach his native shores !

After a while, I went back to my old station in the "Horrible," and on nearing the "Bight of Benin" a thin streak of smoke far away in the horizon betrayed a Steamer and possibly a "Slaver ;" fortunately at the time we had clear fires and no smoke, so we made her out long before she was aware of her neighbour. On descriing us she instantly made off, apparently confident of escape, and declining to show any colours. At this moment the "Mackerel" showed her

nose, and a spirited chase commenced and continued for four hours. The "Mackerel" could render us no assistance as the C ——— k, as she was called, was far to windward of her: however luck was with us and we at last ranged alongside, when she hoisted the Brazilian flag. On boarding her, which we effected without the slightest resistance from the crew, we learnt that she belonged to a rich old Don, and hailed from "Bahia." A quantity of slave irons and casks of the "Cassino" or slave meal were found in the hold, but no slaves. So confident were they of being able to outstrip our cruizers that the Captain had his "Donna" on board, his Cabin was fitted up in exquisite taste, every luxury abounded and she proved to us a most wealthy prize. Amongst the many curious things in her, we came upon 4 large cases of silver tooth-picks, with several gilded mirrors intended for the native chiefs, who are all more or less engaged in the slave trade. The captain, a magnificent looking half caste Spaniard, was superbly dressed in very wide trowsers of yellow silk, slippers of velvet looking Spanish leather, no stockings, a broad belt of leather round his waist; the folds of a bright yellow Indian Shawl hung down like a sash on one side, a huge knife and a garnishment of pistols completed this formidable personage's appearance. He received us with great politeness, prayed that no insult might be shewed to "La Carsa" his lady, and produced some bottles of unexceptionable liquors, much to the satisfaction of the junior Officers. "La Carsa" did nothing but weep for the first few days, fearing that her husband was to be hanged, on arrival at "Sierra Leone;" but on being assured to the contrary, she, with her nation's fickleness, fell desperately in love with a very fair and good looking middy whom we immediately called "Servante," and he was ever afterwards known by that name. "La Carsa" was certainly very beautiful, very dark, with large black glittering Tigerish looking eyes, that warned you that quarrelling with her would be dangerous, and inconstancy fatal; she assured us that it was far better hunting slaves than wild cattle in point of profit, and insisted that their condition was a happier one, than if free, arguing that the real injury fell on the master when the slave was ill treated. I am however of a different opinion, judging from the fearful howlings of "Mataika" and "Matawanba," two of her private slaves, whose piteous sounds we had the pleasure of daily hearing.

Some weeks after the capture of the Slave Steamer I was

warned for a pleasing duty of six weeks, which consisted of laying off shore in a boat, with instructions to beat up and down the coast for fifty miles, and on no account to land unless driven in by stress of weather! This is the work to try the constitution, and if you survive it human ingenuity would fail to kill you. The first night I was out at this work it was utterly impossible to sleep from the continued drumming sound proceeding from the boat's bottom, and which on examination I found came from a certain round fish, which possesses the power of inflating its body at pleasure, and like a bladder amused itself by bumping under the keel; the noise sounded at a distance like a drum. The fish is called "Tamboruella" and Jack has given it the facetious name of "The Bumping Billy." The rains now set in, and we were kept perpetually bailing to keep our boat afloat; in the interval between the rains the rank effluvia from decaying vegetation and the heavy dews were most intolerable: and I firmly believe the plentiful use of tobacco alone saved the men. In all marshy feverish places smoking is a grand safe-guard and a great preventive against "Yellow Jack" is the narcotic weed. Heavily hung the time on our hands for many a long and weary day; fishing was our only amusement, the coast abounded with a vast variety of fish, some with extraordinary outlandish names such as "old wives," "bull eyes" "baracouts," the stock fish, and a kind of "mackerel" which latter when eaten in any quantity produced a most troublesome and irritating rash, and some of the crew suffered greatly from over indulgence! The native "Fingoes" brought us off daily huge boat loads of fruit, yams, pigs and fowls, for which we bartered pieces of old sail cloth, rusty iron and old brass buttons. The buttons were a great catch, and at any time we could get tons of provisions for half-a-dozen. The dress of some of these chieftains was highly ludicrous; some made their bow in a military stock and pair of boots, others with an old regimental coatee obtained from some West India Regiment; one, a great personage, struck my fancy amazingly, being clad in nought save a tarnished cocked hat and a pair of epaulettes tied on naked shoulders. Most of these fashionables spoke a little English, picked up from the American slave dealers, or the skippers who trade in palm oil; before us they professed deep abhorrence of the slave trade, but few would resist lending a hand in it if required. The Portuguese Governors are well known to be engaged heart and soul in it, otherwise they could not live and keep up their little state, their own

government allowing them but a paltry salary. These important functionaries often command a fortress consisting of 3 men and a boy, with one superannuated old gun, which would entail certain death on the man rash enough to fire it off, a few of the more consequential are able to fire a *salute*, sending in a bill for the powder expended afterwards.

Five men had died in five weeks of the boat work and several others were helpless, having been seized with spasmodic affections, when with joy we hailed the order to return: and on the very evening I made the ship again, a severe attack of swamp fever entirely prostrated me. With some difficulty I was saved from the fishes, invalided and sent home by the first opportunity; and fearfully reduced I was carried ashore at Plymouth in an almost insensible state and removed to my home by easy stages. For many weeks I hovered between life and death, thanks however to a good constitution and womanly kindness and care, I recovered and returning convalescent jotted down these random and ill strung recollections of the Coast.

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

MAY, 1853.

SHAKESPEAR'S COWARDS.

A SHORT time ago, we anticipated the highest enjoyment from a day with some other Cowards of the great Master. We had some sport with Signor Drum, and fully intended to pass an hour or so in the villainous company of Sir John Falstaff and his hard-drinking attendants, and to have laughed with that tun of a man and the true Prince at "the swaggering vaine of ancient Pistoll and Corporall Nym," as the play bills of the day describe their appearance in that "most pleasant and excellent-conceited comedie of Syr John Falstaffe and the Merrie Wives of Windsor, by William Shakespeare." But though in admirable fooling for the company of these reprobates, a short time since, we now are as dull as Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, who, though the tallest man in Illyria, with three thousand ducats a year and all the good gifts of nature, was nevertheless constrained to admit that "methinks some times I have no more wit than a Christian, or an ordinary man has : for I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit." No question ! as Sir Toby says ; but though we are a Christian and an "extra"-ordinary man to boot, and are not known as being partial to beef, we never the less now feel ourselves as flat as a pancake, and as dull as Sir Andrew. We are unable to do justice to the fat Knight's amiable servants. Now this dulness does not arise from any sudden revolution in our moral man. We have not thought it necessary to turn over a new leaf, as Harry the 5th did ; we have no wish to banish from memory Honest Jack and his other mislead-ers, by burning our admirable likeness of the gentle Shakespeare, or by investing a small sum in the purchase of a par-lour edition. No ! Far from it. We had simply deter-mined never to open "Will's" works again—and what

Because we have been knocked down by a feather, after perusing an article in Dickens' House-hold Words, by which an enemy tries to persuade us that Shakespear, whose name was only to perish with Time, kept a Poet, and paid him so much for each play as the purposes of the drama required, and the public taste demanded a change in the bill of fare at the little theatre, in which he was not only a Comedian, but actual manager.

So this has to be the end of our passion for the dramatic works of William Shakespear,—that he should be guilty of the roguery of these latter times; that another should sow, but he should reap. We knew that many of the plays which bear his name had been attempted by others, and that their rough sketches had been polished by a master's hand. This we could contentedly admit; we were quite aware that the very play in which the Prince's loose companions are introduced, and in which the humours of our friends, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol are so graphically described, owes its existence to an anonymous Comedy, and the Chronicles of Holinshed, regarding whom it is probable not one in fifty of our numerous readers has ever heard. But what of that? "It may justly be conceded," says a writer on Shakespear's plays, "to the anonymous author, that the representation of Henry surrounded by dissolute companions led to the production of Falstaff, Poins, Bardolph and Pistol: his claim to any other merit in their composition will never be asserted." We should think not! "Shallow, Silence, the Page, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble and Bull-calf, Mrs. Quickly, and Doll Tearsheet, are all foils for Falstaff's wit. What other dramatist could have afforded the expenditure of so much talent upon the adorning of mere auxiliary characters?"

Well might he ask, what other dramatist could do this?—and now we are told that Shakespear's Poet did this, and much more besides. He went to Scotland, we suppose, on a tour through the Highlands; and became acquainted with the Witches, and afterwards wrote *Macbeth*,—his Master, the Manager, paying his expenses with ten broad pieces. The same again with the play of *Romeo and Juliet*! We can fancy Shakespear, the man of "small Latin, and less Greek," crying to the nameless Poet,—

I, petere Italian ventis,—

and don't spend too much money on the journey; or if you do, the amount will be cut from your next play.

Shakespear, Reform your tailor's bills! Warren of the jet Blacking, and L. Kobs of Bombay both kept poets; and between the former and the latter, there is no difference? Not the slightest!—

Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive—

It is all very well to say, what does it matter? You can admire the plays, just as much, though some body else, whose name you don't know and never will know, wrote them, and not Shakespear? Now we can do nothing of the sort, and if one could, *we* wouldn't. We don't want to be juggled and deceived perpetually, from infancy to the grave. We don't want real Champagne poured down our throat, and to be afterwards told that it's Walker's Sparkling Gooseberry; we ought to have known better, and are consequently wrath.

We don't wish to be told that Shakespear murdered the parts which he enacted, out of the plays which bear his name, because he couldn't comprehend them: and vexed the soul of the real author who stood at the wings during their representation, biting his nails and crying out—

Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores!

"Either Shakespear, or no one," shall be our motto,—and we will have nothing to do with the works said to be his, if he stole them. Let his memory be imprisoned, and his writings be burnt by the common Hangman. We will have nothing to say to them.

Such were our thoughts, such our musings! We had dreamt a dream, but were now awakened;—and we vowed a vow that though our much loved friend, the Editor of Ledlie's Miscellany, should be pounded for want of matter, and ultimately driven to accept "the Vicar of Wakefield," (before declined as not being original,) in order to fill up his pages, we would still hold to our purpose: and rather perish than spend half a minute on such miserable cowards as Bardolph and Co. who owed their origin to an anonymous writer in the time of Elizabeth, who lived in a wretched garret in an obscure corner of London, and hadn't sufficient spirit to put his own name to his own works!

And we should have kept our word, if it had not been for thee, O rare Ben Jonson, and for gentle Fletcher, and others who knew Him well, who loved and venerated Him.

Kinsmen, and did not the other write the preface to the first edition of his works? Are we then to believe that Fletcher sought assistance from, or that the author of *Sejanus* would consent to write a preface to the plays of a mere "shake scene?"—an opened-mouth, bawling, hearse ranter, who had borrowed his speech to the actors from Ned Alleyn, as is alleged in the letter from Peele to his friend Marlow quoted in D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, and which we take the liberty of re-quoting here—"Friend Marlow," writes Peele, "I never longed for thy company more than last night: we were all very merry at the Globe, where Ned Alleyn did not scruple to affirm pleasantly to thy friend Will, that he had stolen his speech about the qualities of an actor's excellency in Hamlet his Tragedye, from conversations many fold which had passed between them, and opinions given by Alleyn touchinge this subject. Shakespeare did not take this talk in good sortes: but Jonson put an end to the strife by wittilye remarking,—this affaire needeth no contention; you stole it from Ned, no doubt; do not marvel: have you not seen him act times out of number?" A very pleasant story indeed, but it happens to be a forgery; still it is just what Ned Alleyn and others of his brethren were always ready to say: and it comes in well in this place.

However, what Jonson and Fuller have written is no forgery—"Nature itself has all the art which was used upon him," says the latter; and the former declares—

Yet must I not give Nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion.

And we will have faith in the past: in Jonson, Fletcher, and quaint old Fuller, who chronicled the worthies of England; and strong in our faith, we bid defiance to those impertinent critics, who knock down our pleasantest fancies, and are unable to supply us with others. And again with renewed spirits, and an increase of love for quids and quiddities, jests and jokes, we will betake ourselves to the society of Sir John and his rascals, "sitting silent in their company and sucking in their several humours into our observation." So come forth, the worst of the lot, come forth Messieurs Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol mine ancient,—a bad lot indeed, it must be confessed. One can hardly take each of you; for look you, "three such antics do not amount to a man?"—sprung from a family of tailors, you three were. Does not the Boy say so?—not a vulgar, little dirty London boy

of the present time, but as sharp witted and pert a fellow as ever had a combat of wit with your fat Patron,—does he not say, or rather imply, that your fathers sat cross-legged and plied the goose? You have had relations with the needle and scissors. The Boy embodies his belief of your having been born of a yard-measure, in the emphatic sentence—"three such antics do not amount to a man." He correctly, and with a quaint conceit, brings to remembrance the old saying, that nine Tailors make a man; and that it is impossible for a smaller number to arrive at that dignity. This indeed is all that is positively known regarding the birth, parentage, and education of our three worthies. Falstaff to be sure, bought Bardolph in Paul's; he says so himself, but this leaves the question of his having been tailor-born, pretty much where it was before. He was a runaway tailor perhaps, or an idle apprentice; and Honest Jack picked him up in the very place where you would expect to find such rogues.

Look at Bardolph! "He is white-livered and red-faced: by the means whereof a' faces it out, but fights not. For Pistol—he hath a killing tongue and a quiet sword; by the means whereof a' breaks words, and keeps whole weapons. For Nym—he hath heard that men of few words are the best men; and therefore he scorns to say his prayers, lest a' should be thought a coward: but his few bad words are matched with few good deeds, for a' never broke any man's head but his own, and that was against a post when he was drunk."

They were too disreputable even for the Boy. He left them and sought a better service. True samples no doubt of the day, and of the bad men in a Regiment, up to the present time, from the raising of the Falstaff ragged corps to the passing hour. But what matter? "They are good enough to toss, food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better; tush, man, mortal men, mortal men." Very likely Sir John, but they knew better than to become food for powder, and you taught them that trick, you rogue!—

"*Prince H.* Tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?"

Peto. Why he hacked it with his dagger; and said, he would swear truth out of England, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bardolph. Yea : and to tickle our noses with spear-grass, to make them bleed ; and to be-slabber our garments with it, and swear it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not these seven years before, I blushed to hear his monstrous devices."

Bardolph and Nym, we know came to a bad end. They were partners in filching, and as Harry the 5th did not approve of plundering, when the army was in the field, they very naturally fell under suspicion ; and proof following suspicion, the Provost Marshall made short work of them. What became of Pistol, we don't know ; but he ought to have been hanged. The Welshman's leek was so unpalatable, that the shores of Gallia became disagreeable to him. Men began to nose him. He was waxing old after Agincourt ; and honour had been cudgelled from his weary limbs. He felt that England was not only his home, but his proper sphere. He could steal there, and had a fair chance of escaping detection, and so he determines as follows :—

" To England will I steal, and there I'll steal :
And patches will I get unto these scars,
And swear I got them in the Gallia wars."

And not the first or the last man of his cloth, was ancient Pistol, who has made a livelihood by his scars and Military appearance !

Bardolph was not strictly speaking handsome. " His face was all bubuckles and wheelks, and knobs and flames of fire ; and his lips plows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue and sometimes red ; but his nose is executed and his fire's out !" —Eheu ! Poor Bardolph ! his unfortunate physiognomy partly prevented his marriage. We say partly, advisedly ; for Bardolph was of opinion that a soldier was better accommodated than with a wife. His face was every man's jest. Prince Hal, prophesies of his meteors and exhalations. " My Lord," says Bardolph, " do you see these meteors, do you behold these exhalations ?

Prince H. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend ?

P. H. Hot livers and cold purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. H. No ! if rightly taken,—Halter."

Now the Prince was right ; for Bardolph was found robbing a Church, and halter was the issue. As Fluellen or Llewellyn remarks, " his nose was executed and his fire went out." And this came of drink ! For, mark you, if he

had only forsworn sack, he had been an estimable and serviceable footman. He was the crown and delight of the good knight his master. He would have saved him fuel and candles, but for the unfortunate circumstance to which we have alluded. He expended the savings from economy in tallow, by ever taking a superfluity of drink. His face wore a bright aspect, and but for his love of liquor, he would have been a never failing Bachelor's save-all. He was "a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire." "Thou hast," enthusiastically exclaims Sir John, "thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tavern and tavern; but the sack thou hast drunk me, would have bought me lights as good cheap, at the dearest chandler's in Europe."

And this invaluable domestic robbed a Church! Alas, for the failings of poor human nature! yet they do say that some Bishops have robbed a Church, without meeting Bardolph's fate. But this is scandalous!

But we have said nothing of curt and brief Corporal Nym. In the play of Henry IVth he does not appear at all;—but in Henry Vth, well met Corporal Nym.

Nym. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

[We find that two of these three brothers in robbery had fallen out, and as usual from the beginning to the end, a fair lady had originated the quarrel. Bardolph is the man of peace, and is ready to bestow a breakfast to make them friends. Nym will, and he wont: he is afraid to fight, and he would rather not be reconciled. He has been wronged, for Pistol has married Nell quickly, and she was troth-plight to Nym. There must be conclusions. "I cannot tell; things must be as they may: men may sleep, and they may have their throats about them at that time: and some say, knives have edges." He is brooding over his future revenge, when the object of it suddenly enters, with the teter-rima causa hanging on his arm. This is too much for Nym the injured lover, and he draws his sword. "O well a day," cries the unconstant lady, "if he be not drawn now! Now shall we have wilful adultery and murder committed. Good Lieutenant Bardolph,—Good Corporal, offer nothing here."

Nym. Pish!

Pist. Pish! for thee Iceland dog! thou prick-eared cur of Iceland.

(Nym relents, when bid by beauty to shew his valour, and put up his sword.)

Bardolph. Come, shall I make you two friends? We must to France together; why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

This proposition is so clear and reasonable, that Nym on certain conditions is prepared at once to meet Pistol half way.

Nym. You'll pay me the eight shillings, I won of you at betting?

The answer of Pistol is at once dignified and decisive, and men of his stamp have never forgotten the saying, to this day—

“BASE IS THE SLAVE THAT PAYS.”

Ordinary men would have succumbed in admiration, and would freely have admitted that the enunciation of such a splendid and convenient doctrine was in itself sufficient, ay and more than sufficient, payment for a trifling debt of eight shillings, mere filthy dross. But Nym was not an ordinary man, and he will have the money; that's the humour of it. Pistol feels that to give way now, were to forfeit, what he never possessed, self-esteem.

Pist.—As manhood shall compound, push home.

Bardolph, the peace-maker, threatens to kill the man who makes the first thrust; by his word he will.

Pistol respects oaths, and *word* is an oath; and oaths must have their course.

Bardolph threatens Nym, should be continue implacable, with the loss of his friendship, and Pistol handsomely terminates the disagreements, as follows:—

A noble shalt thou have, and present pay;
 And liquor likewise will I give to thee;
 And friendship shall combine, and brotherhood;
 I'll live by Nym, and Nym shall live by me;—
 Is not this just?—for I shall sutler be
 Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
 Give me thy hand.

Nym. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In CASH most justly paid.

(None of your promissory notes, or bills on Aldgate Pump, or some city jeweller; but down, on the nail, the best of all money, ready money. 'Tis done, and the quondam friends are once more partners in iniquity.)

Nym. Well then, that's the humour of it.

They set off to France, and Nym and *Bardolph*, having come to steal adventurously, are, as we have said, put out of this passing world,—in a word, are hanged. *Pistol* is

fortunate enough to capture a French soldier as arrant a coward as himself, and to extract from him egregious ransom, a matter of two hundred crowns; our little friend, the Boy, being his interpreter. He subsequently is made to eat Fluellen's leek, and hearing that his Nell was dead, betakes himself, as we have shown above, to merry England. He ought to have been hanged in France; for he was the worst of the three. "I did never know so full a voice issue from so empty a heart; but the saying is true,—the empty vessel makes the greatest sound. Bardolph and Nym, had ten times more valour than this roaring devil i' the old play, that every one may pare his nails with a wooden dagger; and they are both hanged; and so would this be, if he durst steal anything adventurously." Here we must part with Pistol, on his way to England: for our time is up, and that's the humour of it. We would gladly have seen him in the good town of Windsor, an unsuccessful borrower of a penny from Sir John, who when Mistress Bridget lost the handle of her fan, took't upon his honor that Pistol had it not. We would gladly have witnessed the amazing spectacle of Pistol's standing upon *his* honor, and refusing to bear an amatory letter for the fat wooer, to whom it was as much as he could do, to keep the terms of his honor precise. "I, I, I myself sometimes," says he, "having the fear of Heaven on the left hand, and hiding mine honor in my necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch; and yet you, rogue, will ensconce your rags, your cat-a-mountain looks, your red-lattice phrases, and you bold-beating oaths, under the shelter of your honor!" We would willingly have done all this, and much more, had time sufficed. But men must sleep, as Nym says, and to us sleep is the sweet of the night. So we must fain part from our friends, from the agreeable society of Falstaff and his satellites,—from Justice Shallow, the Doctor, and Parson Evans. First then bring to their healths a cup of wine that's brisk and fine; and let us leave master Silence, who has been merry time and once ere now, in the midst of a song commencing thus—

Fill the cup, and let it come;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom.

☞ We have not attempted to reduce the orthography of the great Dramatist's name to uniformity, in the above article. But our personal predilections incline to "Shakespear."

TEMPLETON'S STORY.

(*Concluded from page 366.*)

"With thee my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to :—
So not again to mine.
Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves !
And when you sail my sight,
Welcome ye deserts and ye caves !
My native land—Good night !"

CHILDE HAROLD.

Next day Templeton and myself found ourselves in the pretty clipper *Lily*—beating out of the harbour against a fresh southerly breeze—the lugsails close hauled—and the two seamen ready to shift the tacks and sheets as we went about :—Templeton steering. When we had made a good offing, and commenced a long reach—I reminded my friend that he could, if he felt disposed, continue his story. "Well!" he said, "you had perhaps better steer, and thus give me more freedom of thought for retrospection." I took the tiller. Then, casting a melancholy glance to windward over the curling crests of the blue dancing waves, he said ;— "those three weeks, what an eternity they seemed to me, the period to elapse before I left Beverton. Fanny was slowly recovering, and Mrs. Riversdale had wrung a reluctant assent from the Squire that Fanny and I were to meet, but once, for a final parting interview—but not until I had obtained my commission and was on the point of starting. He also reiterated his former words, that he would not interfere with his daughter's predilections ; if she continued to retain the same feelings towards me which she then felt, he would not object to our union ; he would not, however, allow any correspondence to ensue between us—there must be a perfect silence, after that interview was over. How much I thought myself at the time indebted to Mrs. Riversdale for these favours ! But I discovered afterwards that I owed all to Fanny herself, who besought her father to grant them. In the meantime, all study, amusement, and varied daily occupation were thrown aside. I became the most use-

less, the most pitiable of all mortals—a contemplative, solitary idler. I wandered about without an object, without a desire, beyond that of wishing myself a month older. * * Miserable beings that we are! we fear death, and yet, in our anticipations, we long for nothing so much as to see glide away the brief space of time which it is permitted us to pass on the earth. Children, we wish to grow taller—youths, we burn to be classed among men; and then, far from being satisfied with our lot, whether of love, ambition, or of renown, we think it necessary to create a thousand projects for the future—and anxiously await the morrow, which, we imagine, will always render us happier than yesterday. The parent wishes to see his children established in life: the lover longs to obtain the heart of her whom he loves: the ambitious to arrive at the pinnacle of his expected honours:—the poet, painter, musician, dream of more brilliant successes than those they have already won! All these to-morrows arrive: and find us, alas,—still awaiting the next!

I would at that time have willingly become a mole: and slept for several weeks without a break. How often did I visit all our favorite haunts—each bower and bank—sweet scenes of short-lived innocent happiness—past, long past! but never for a moment forgotten! It was in vain that Dormer sought to divert my mind from these enthralling reflections, gave it up in despair, and declared that he would exert his influence with the Squire on my behalf, and became a constant visitor and guest at the Hall.

At length the expected letter arrived from the Horse Guards, appointing me to a Regiment in Ireland. I had ventured a vague hope that it might have been to your Regiment, but did not then know that it had gone to India. A letter from Sir Harry Dormer informed my father that I could obtain a few months leave preparatory to joining, if I felt disposed to avail myself of the indulgence. I was, however, strongly advised by Dormer not to accept it, since it would have an appearance of zeal for my profession to join with as little delay as possible. I took his advice, and applied for a month's leave only—Dormer promising to manage all the details respecting my traps—as he termed them professionally—and saying that he was up to the secrets of the London tradesmen, and the mysteries of that profit-loving and long-bill-making race, the metropolitan military tailors. He expounded to me, for a full hour by

the clock, the necessity for getting my coatee from Stultz and pantaloons from Stovell. He supplied, in short, a variety of valuable information regarding nearly every article of accoutrement—and expressed his intention of writing to his friend Newton of the Guards, to put my name down for the "Rag." I do not think, sincerely, that I could have had a more experienced friend in these matters. I accordingly thanked him warmly,—and the more especially, since he reported to me, almost daily, the progress he was making in the Squire's opinion, and in the good graces of Mrs. Riversdale—from which he prognosticated that I could not fail of eventual success in being considered at least, as Fanny's *affiancé*. The time for my departure approached; and I left no means untried to hasten it, since I should then see Fanny,—though it were to be the prelude to a long and wearying absence. The day named by Mrs. Riversdale arrived. With what sensations of mingled delight and sadness, did I welcome its advent!—delight at the happiness of seeing Fanny—sadness at the reflection that I must in a few short hours be forced to desert her. In that same boudoir,—sacred to retirement,—which I have before described to you, I remained anxiously awaiting her coming. She came, accompanied by her mother! But oh! how pale, how changed! how dimmed the lustre of those bright eyes!

It required a lover's remembering eye to trace the enchanting beauty which had fled for a time from her perfectly formed features. A strong emotion seized me, and I advanced to embrace her with a feeling of pity and love; but her mother's presence restrained me. I pressed the hand which she gently resigned to me—and asked in a low tone, if she had quite recovered. "Yes!" she said, "I am now well—but, still very, very feeble." "You must not fatigue yourself my dear Fanny," said Mrs. Riversdale,—“I must leave you for a moment, as I have some visitors to receive—do not distress her Cecil, with too long a farewell.” When she had left us, I led Fanny to a seat, with one arm encircling her slender waist—the other hand softly parting the hair from her forehead. "You have been very ill dearest Fanny. Do you know all that has passed during your illness—that I am to leave you whom I love so well; that we are not to meet again perhaps for years?" Her countenance became paler than before, as she answered; "Yes Cecil, Mama has told me all—the worst indeed, I believe I know." The

tears fell from her eyes, moistening the cheeks where the rose-blush had been wont to dwell. "Do not be disheartened, dearest; if we are constant to each other all will yet be well. Heaven ever rewards the constancy of true lovers—and such we are, is it not so? My own heart tells me that I love you, and that I shall never love another as I do you. Swear to me then that you will never wed another, if I remain true to you." "Yes, I swear it! you may indeed depend on my truth and firmness."—"Then our vows will be recorded in Heaven! You will be sadly and severely tried—more than you now perhaps can imagine; they may endeavour to make you marry one wealthier and of brighter prospects than myself; but remember your devoted lover, who, perhaps in far distant lands, dreams of and remembers you alone—who hold the first place in his heart. We may not be permitted to correspond; but never let the recollections of the happy hours we have spent together, the vows we have sworn, and the troth we have plighted, be forgotten! It is true that you are young—they say, too young to know your own heart—but believe me, dearest Fanny, there is no love like first love, the love of early youth, with true fresh disinterested bloom and innocence; and when that is past, farewell to any feelings of the same pure growth in after life, when the heart fails to create for itself the bright paradise it had fondly anticipated in its youth. The love we felt in our early days remains lingering in our memory, like the perfume of the flower that has faded beneath the rays of a too powerful sun, or the note of the nightingale, oft heard in the spring of the year, which we fondly imagine we still hear singing: although our spring and summer may have long passed away. The worldly wise have decried such love as but a dream of the night—but what is life but a dream? And if such love be a delusion, what blissful reality can they give to compensate for its loss? Will pomp or power, wealth or renown, be taken in exchange by those who have once dreamt this dream? The best and noblest amongst Earth's talented ones acknowledge with a sigh the fatal vacuum this rapturous dream has expiringly left in their existence. When the gay and gallant smile and sigh around you, amid the dance and song—whispering perchance in softer, more tuned, accents than mine, the sweet beguiling notes of love; think, oh! then think of me—and turn a deaf ear to the charmer, for the sake of your absent Cecil!" "What can I say to assure you of my constancy; you have but

little to fear for me—but will *you* always be true and constant to *me*?"

Why should I prolong the wearisome detail of all we said and vowed. Every one knows how insipid is the converse of lovers. It is like their *billet-doux*—written when they believe that it will be read solely by themselves: and is replete with expressions, and comments, deemed charming by each; but which appear ridiculous in the extreme to any indifferent person who may chance to read them: although this person may have in his own pocket a similar letter—for do not all love letters resemble each other more or less? I need not say more than that her words were those of eternal regret for our sorrowful separation, words in which her whole woman's heart seemed to be poured forth—words like fragile and precious vases full of incense and perfume, which would have broken in pieces in a hand less true and transient than hers. I placed a simple ring on her slender tapering finger, and implored of her to remember the giver whenever it met her eye. Mrs. Riversdale's approach recalled us to the dreary reality of our existence. Hastily embracing her—I turned to leave—but she had fainted in my arms. Mrs. Riversdale gave me one look of sympathy and reproach—and we both exerted ourselves to restore her; she revived slowly—her eyes opened not on me—my heart prompted me to fly from a spot where it were agony to linger. All other partings had been concluded ere I went to the Hall; so that I was soon *en route* for London, where my stay was but short. Some of Dornier's transactions opened my eyes to traits of his real character, which subsequent events unfolded. I found that he was a noted gambler—but this was not generally patent beyond the precincts of the Club house. My leave soon expired, and I found myself, after a rapid journey, dressing for Mess in the quarters of the Adjutant of the Regiment, who had kindly consented to be my cicerone; the —th were then in the Palatine Square of the Royal Barracks in Dublin. I need not weary you with a description of my introduction and gradual initiation into the mysteries of Regimental life. Are they not familiar to every soldier? Dublin was then crowded with troops; the garrison is at all times the strongest in the two Islands, but now was considerably increased on political grounds. I cannot say that the retrospect of that period of my life affords me much satisfaction. In a vortex of gaiety and dissipation, I was whirled round

like most others—there were very few who were not carried away by the strength of the current. Notwithstanding the unnatural state of excitement in which I revelled, amidst the greatest crowds, the most attractive scenes, and the most enticing allurements of that popular Military station, the Irish Metropolis, I never ceased to remember her whom I had left behind, in all the acute sorrow which those alone feel whose early and first budding affections have received a withering blight. That much loved form, with all its youthful grace, those features of perfectly classical beauty, haunted me continually; and if I ever hesitated in my wild career to bestow a moment on the contemplation of the past, they seemed to flit mockingly before my view. The very notes of that sweet musical voice were echoed at times, with mournful melody, in my hearing. The memory of her was the all pervading, engrossing principle which gave impulse to my actions. Often, indeed, I must confess, I have vainly sought to seek refuge from these remembrances, in the short-lived and artificial incentives to forgetfulness, which are never in any station of life so much resorted to, as in the Army. But in vain—there was no relief—reaction! dread dismal reaction! how much misery! how much ruin dost thou create. Mephistophiles of the intellect! art thou not satiated with the restlessness of this victim of the mind, without seeking its total annihilation? The letters received from Beverton, were soothing potions to my fever. I became however, nervously anxious, when I learnt that the Squire had insisted upon Fanny's general introduction into the most fashionable and frequented *salons* of London Society, with the hope, I imagined, of diverting her mind from the all absorbing feeling which possessed it: and, by presenting to her unsophisticated gaze other and superior attraction, of weakening her youthful prepossession for me. I could not, however, learn the success or failure of his plans to supplant me in her heart; she had relapsed into indifferent health on my departure: yet, they still continued to carry her from one scene of gaiety to another. She never imparted to a human being the secret of her soul, but moved with marble like indifference among the throngs of the bright and fair, coldly regardless of the envy of the one sex, or the admiration of the other.

Some months had elapsed and we had gone into country quarters, and it was my lot to be sent on detachment to a small town, which proved to be anything but Elysium.

My companion was the Captain of our Company, a worthy good hearted fellow, with a wife and six children. He was a very zealous Officer, and spent most of his time in settling every trifling matter his Pay Sergeant could invent to occupy him—and the daily conferences they held on professional matters were incredible. The lady was a kind motherly creature, who would do anything in her power to gratify her friends; but her children, with their coughs and colds—their clothes and cleanliness—their squabbles and squallings, engaged her whole attention. The people seemed in a wretched state; there was positively not a family in the place whom it were a pleasure to visit. There were certainly evident remains of former hospitality—a few large castles, with forest-like demesnes peculiar to Ireland, were in the neighbourhood; but they were tenantless. The prevailing topic of conversation among the lower orders, seemed to be, potatoes—and the majority of the middling class were addicted in an inordinate degree to politics and punch. I cared for neither, and consequently could not join in their arguments, or partake of their potations. It was, however, a famed and excellent place for field sports of every kind. I indulged my penchant for fishing and shooting, to its utmost bent—but these amusements were necessarily more or less solitary, and this only served to fan the flame which was destined to be my bane. For, as I roamed over hills and moors, in search of game, or sought the trout and pike in lough or stream, there was still no means of driving away the memory of the past. To such a miserable state was I at length reduced, that I had serious thoughts of exchanging, when the Detachment was called into Head Quarters: the Regiment having received sudden orders to proceed to Cork, preparatory to embarking for India. It would be difficult to describe the various sensations and feelings of which this order was the parent. It was a crack Regiment, and its members had but little expectation of visiting the dreaded land of sun and sepoy. Visions of glory and renown, united to imaginary prospects of promotion and prize money, were speedily floating in the minds of those who had made the Army their profession:—while those who had entered it simply, for the name of the thing, as an outlet for their spare cash, and a passport to the best circles—were plotting how they could possibly manage to avoid the alternative of “sell or sail,” by a judicious exchange into the Cavalry or some Regiment just returned

from foreign service. Not that these last were deficient in the manly attribute of courage; they would have fought in the first rank in their native country, if occasion had demanded their services; but to be sent to such an "unfashionable hole as Calcutta," to use the words of one of these independents, "that sort of thing didn't pay"—by which he meant, that he could not have in India, amusement or society, for the value of his money—and you, who have been in India, are well aware that there is some truth in the slang phrase. However, many of them could not avoid embarking—as they did not wish to give up the Service altogether. You may readily conceive, what a blow to my hopes this arrangement appeared to me. I would willingly have gone to Canada, or the Mediterranean. But I always had an instinctive dread of India—not from the fabulous accounts I had heard, or read of, at school—but for a far more practical and tangible reason; because in fact, I had been repeatedly told by men who had served many years in the East—"that India was a very easy country to get into, but a very difficult one to get out of."

And what then, was I to do?—At last I wrote to the Vicar, and proposed exchanging into a Regiment at Corfu. He replied that I could suit my own views, but that Sir Harry Dormer, to whom he had applied for advice, peremptorily forbade my leaving the —th. Fearing the effect of the Squire's systematic experiments on Fanny's mind, and the warning Dormer had given me respecting Mrs. Riversdale's diplomatic tact and duplicity, I dreaded to, as I then thought, desert and expose my affiancée, unaided and unadvised, to the wiles of flattering fortune-hunting suitors. My doubts as to the best course to pursue, were speedily dismissed by the refusal of the Colonel to forward applications of any kind, except to sell. There was now no alternative; I could not obtain even one day's leave. How little did I think what pangs of home sickness I should ere long suffer in a strange and ungenial clime! How willingly would I have resigned the vaunted luxuries of the East, for the humblest cot and the simplest fare of the peasant in my home of homes! It is well that we are not permitted to unfold and read the tablet of the future; how much misery are we spared by our ignorance! You, doubtless, remember your first impressions on landing in India; who ever forgets them? Are they not recorded in every journal which the vanity of the writer inflicts on book-sellers and book

societies? To one circumstanced as I was, possessed by an invincible monomania, it was the prelude to an existence which can only be compared to that of purgatory. As far as I could judge of my companions and those around me, I was led to conclude that when any care weighed down the mind the body suffered proportionately: and the effect, in such a climate was truly terrific. While in India, we become so callous and accustomed to the common routine of life, that we seldom take the trouble to note the ruinous effect of the climate, not so much on the frame as on the intellect. Ennui, that pernicious bane of Indian society, saps the life blood of the most cultivated and intellectual mind. The heat and the close confinement to the house for so many hours at a time, gradually enervates and undermines the most powerful energy. Those who are compelled to obtain their livelihood by excessive mental labour, almost invariably support the intellect at its due power by means of anodynes and stimulants. And strange it is, the very reverse of this is witnessed; those who have least to do are very much inclined to have recourse to the unnatural excitement of stimulants. I never could understand,—when I had been told in England, with a sneer, that a Regiment went to the dogs in India—what was the reason of this; but to a certain extent, it was too fearfully revealed to us during the first year or two of our sojourn there. The —th was a pattern Regiment when they came out; I do not think they ever became less effective in India—I am now alluding to the intellect. On reverting to the past, I am obliged to confess, that misery of mind and home sickness caused me among many others, to be constantly in quest of excitement to kill time, and stifle ill concealed regrets and longings for fatherland. Those who in England had been foremost in denouncing, in contemptuous terms, India and every thing Indian—were now the first also to display in their own conduct and lives the deplorable consequences of the ennui induced by the climate and exile; the one thorn in my side still goaded and urged me to seek refuge from memory, and join in all the follies and vices of that class. It was one increasing, unvarying, indulgence, from morning till night, in artificial excitement. It was then that I learnt to regard with a partial eye those errors which in England we had so emphatically decried. And I believe that if a saint was compelled to live in India, he would sooner or later suffer in intellect from the overwhelming influence of the

climate on the frame,—thence transmitted to the intellect. I have explained these facts to you, as an excuse for the dissipated life I led at this period—much more so than in England, and of a more degraded description. Conceive this list of luxuries—Billiards, Beer, Brandy and water, Cheroots ad libitum! Some have been fastidious enough to declare anything low as a tippie under Madeira, but they did not nevertheless fail in sometimes entirely killing themselves. My love for Fanny was ever the prevailing idea uppermost in my mind; yet, although I expected to obtain the greatest happiness in receiving her hand—singular to think—the hope of this happiness was the fountain-head of all my misery. Ere long I was awakened from the dream which had been my evil spirit ever since I quitted Beverton. I had received a kind letter from Mrs. Riversdale, expressive of the warmest sentiment of friendship and affection, saying that Fanny was unalterable in her feelings towards me—this was prior to my embarkation at Cork. A campaign had been fought and so on, which delayed, and prevented me from obtaining leave to England. To my disgust and astonishment I received another letter from Mrs. Riversdale, to say that she could hold out no hopes to me of succeeding in marrying Fanny—since she had arrived at an age at which she could determine for herself, and that she begged her mother to impart to me that when she had made the promise at Beverton, that she would ever remain constant to me, she was too young to know her own mind, but that she still esteemed me as a most estimable friend; beyond that, she had no warmer sentiment. I immediately saw through this *ruse de guerre*, and wrote to say, that I was content to remain constant to Fanny while she remained unmarried. For a long time I heard scarcely a rumour of their movements, except that they had been on the Continent.

It was on an occasion of festivity in the Regiment; I forget the reason—but I remember amid a circle of jovial companions, the Overland papers were handed to us. Among the marriages was the following:—"At St. George's Hanover Square, Harry Dormer, Esq., Captain —th Hussars, to Fanny daughter of Ripton Riversdale, Esq., of Beverton Hall, —shire; and grand daughter of Viscount Poverton." The paper did not drop from my hand, nor did I faint—both of which by the laws of novels, I ought to have done. I pretended to continue reading for a few minutes: then calling for champagne, filled a tumbler and

drank it off. At such moments as these, we recognise the truth of the scriptural doctrine, that wine is intended to make glad the heart of man. It is not in moments of joy that we prize the balmy cup, but in the hour of sorrow—the heart is elevated by joy, and therefore needs no extraneous aid; it is depressed by sorrow, and requires support to preserve its equilibrium.

My thoughts now turned seriously homewards. Oh, patria! quando te aspiciam! has been echoed by many an exile—close pent in punkaed and tattied bungalows—with a yearning which proves the truth of that home loving sentiment. During the hot winds, I could babble a'green fields for ever. Even the poor geraniums, myrtles, and roses which cheat our verandahs and gardens into a sort of English horticultural aspect, were dear to me as reminding me of home—of happier days and every pleasant well remembered haunt of early childhood. Here the summer when she came was like a stranger; I scarcely recognised her face. I missed the happy green of the hazel—the hanging blooms of the modest blue-bell—the heath with its yellow furze—the very mole hills, and rabbit tracts leading through besom, ling, and teasel burrs. I missed the woodland oaks—the mossy paths—and the very rooks that croaked their discordant music in my native fields. Methinks the nightingale is singing now—its song resounds from every hedge-row and orchard—but here—all is strange and new! There the trees and summer, how happily, smile.

Yes! green, sunny green they seem in the weary imagination of the wanderer. I lean against my grapery, and my heart goes far away, to dream of happiness. Thoughts with home bred pictures arise, many a one,—of shady lanes, and old crooked stiles, where the village maiden is wont to rest her pail full of the evening milk. I feel, it ill becomes a man to dwell on trifles—as a child. Set in that strange land I see much alone,—far from places my heart esteemed—far from the heaths, the woods, the pastures and running streams—the trees and shrubs were hung with blossoms, but of a duller hue; they were not those of my native land—my thought, like weedings, ran wild; they had no present joy to share, and turned to other spots known so long—finding no resting place in foreign scenes.

Three years and more had elapsed. I returned to England. My first enquiries were for Fanny's welfare—another would not perhaps have mentioned her name. Alas! I

loved her still. My dearest friends wished that another form should erase from my mind that of her I could not obtain—and that I should seek other attractions—the remedy was of no avail. What is a caprice compared to a true passion? and those—the fairest I met, seemed not so fair as Fanny. Time had as usual worked many changes since I had left England. Dormer had sold out after his marriage. The Squire and his son had both died. Beverton Hall was in Dormer's possession, in right of his wife. He could not expect to retain it long; he was childless, and Fanny was not expected to survive the winter. She had been sent to Torquay. She had pined away ever since her marriage. My sister Amy—now married—was her constant correspondent; from her I learnt much of the causes which had created such misery. That Fanny had been betrayed there was no doubt—and Dormer's plans had met with temporary success. Aware, when he first came down to Beverton, that his friend Riversdale could not long sustain the wear and tear of the life he was leading, and that the Squire's estates descended to Fanny, he sought her hand; it was apparently a plausible match too for her. Dormer was heir to a Baronetcy,* and extensive estates; I was absent: and not even permitted to correspond with her. Entreated and urged by her mother, who did all in her power to persuade her that I had completely forgotten her, that I was leading a grossly dissipated life, and could not expect her to keep faith;—under such circumstances Fanny struggled long against the authority of her father and the affectionate entreaties of her mother, saying—"I cannot forget Cecil! Why should Captain Dormer seek to marry me; he knows I never shall love him as a wife ought to do." But, under the continued strain brought to bear on her gentle disposition, it gave way passively; I blame her not—hundreds with less excuse have done the same, and perjured themselves at the altar. Blame not the victim, but the tyrant!—

A year had flown since I returned to England; my passion was not extinguished. I sometimes spoke of Fanny to my sister, and to her only. I wished once more to see her; Amy dissuaded me from it, saying "No, Fanny dare not see you—she herself desires a retired life—poor thing! she never can forget you—would that she could! She is too fatally alive to the despair of her state. With your return to England and the knowledge of the truth, has returned

her former sentiment, to banish which she vainly strives; her agony of mind is too painfully expressed in her letters for me to doubt it. She looks forward to death as a happy release—and you should the more regret that her love still exists, since it is the sorrow of her young life. She avoids every place, every chance which might recall you to her memory. Alas! the heart ceases not to see things which the eyes can no longer behold, and my poor friend will ever be miserable. I have consoled her as much as I could—I have spoken of you to her—and answer your questions—thus endeavouring to please both. Capt. Dormer has ceased to importune her—and leaves her to her own solitary reflections. She will not be consoled—and wishes to dwell far from the crowd in some quiet retreat. Time is an excellent Physician for diseases deemed incurable. Fate was deceived in not making you the husband of Fanny; but how often is it deceived in the union it arranges? She wishes you to forget her, to marry and to be happy. I know that it is useless to tell you this; but when a passion is without hope, we are told that we ought to exert our energies to subdue it, at least they advise us so; but how few can follow this advice.”

Some weeks after this conversation I received a note from my sister, saying that Dormer had written at Fanny's request to ask us to see her once more, before she expired—the physicians at Torquay had despaired of her life. In a few hours we were by her side. Stretched on a sofa—Fanny appeared so lean, so pale, so changed from the Fanny of Beverton, that I could scarcely believe her to be the same; acute anguish of mind and cankering sorrow had claimed their prey. Dormer himself seemed to be deeply distressed, and said addressing us, “you can perhaps console her,” and left the room. Poor Fanny was perceptibly dying; taking her emaciated hand I pressed it to my lips; she raised her drooping eyes, and fixing them on me with a languid sorrowful expression, said, “Cecil, dear Cecil, can you forgive me; if you knew how much I have suffered, you would say that I have received my reward. But we may meet in Heaven—those we love—may we not?”

* * * * *

I cannot linger on a death-bed scene of such a one. She sleeps the slumber of death—where she loved so well to dwell—in Beverton—and I am left to eke out the wretched remains of a burdensome life—without a hope—without a

joy. Welcome Death! thou hast no horrors for such as me!

* * * * *

The clouds had become darker and darker as they collected around us, the white foam of the waves being thrown out in strong relief around the surrounding gloom. Many drops of rain fell here and there, but still we flew along, the little *Lily* sometimes sending the spray over her foreleg and half-deck as she dipped her bows in a rising billow. The press of canvass we were carrying was evidently too much for her, as she careened over, gunwale under, to the force of the heavy gusts which struck her at frequent intervals. The two seamen had crouched down at the cabin door, to escape the sheets of water which darted up from the weather side, and were carried away with the wind far to leeward. I remarked to Templeton that it was advisable to house some of the canvass;—he gave me no answer, but continued steadfastly gazing through the mist, smiling with an unearthly expression as if holding communion with some wizard of the storm, one hand holding firmly the gunwale and the other thrust in the fold of his jacket. I turned my eyes away from him in the direction of the wind and saw the rapid approach of a squall, "Sheets and halliards;"—I cried, at the top of my voice to the seamen, and let go myself the main and mizen sheets. The men were on their feet in a moment, but too late. I tried to jam the tiller hard up, to let her pay off, but Templeton was in the way, and he seemed insensible to our danger. * * * The *Lily* jerked over, and balanced for a moment on her beam-ends on the top of a wave; the succeeding one went right over us engulfing the whole. I struck out through instinct, and felt as if whirled along, my eyes blinded by the sleet and spray, the curling crest of the sea sinking me again into the trough of the waves. I do not remember how long I remained struggling for life. My last recollection was that of hearing a hissing splashing sound behind me and feeling a severe blow on the back of my head. I then lost all consciousness.

* * * * *

"Full and bye—East-Nor-East; what's the fellow about?" I believe these were the first words which recalled me to my senses; and little wonder, considering the trumpet-like voice that uttered them. I rubbed my eyes, but could scarcely distinguish any thing, the place was so dark. I at

length managed to discern through the darkness, made visible by two bull's eyes let into the deck above, that I was in a small cabin, which had a very narrow end from the fine run of the vessel. At the rudder boards sat a short square figure, on a horse hair sofa, with his legs on the table, his eyes cast up to the deck, watching, as well as I could make out, a swinging compass, to which he seemed to have addressed the above cruising sea terms. A *Meerschäum*'s smoke enveloped a red round weather-beaten face, which was turned at length to watch the process of mixing grog by a dirty-faced boy in a large peacoat and souwester—without shoes or stockings—"stiff, boy, stiff, there's lots of salt water in him;" to judge from the colour it did seem enough for Bacchus. I turned uneasily in the standing berth, five feet four by two and a half—and feeling very sick from the quantity of water I had swallowed, or from the blow on my head, ventured to ask the owner of the *Meerschäum*, as blandly as I could,—where I was? "Her Majesty's Cutter *Cameleon*, Lieut. Bulger," said the trumpet—giving a short terrifically deep cough, as if to add dignity to his words.

"All the rest saved? where is the lugger?" "Take some grog, do you good." The boy handed me the grog which enabled me to get up; and in an hour or two I felt myself quite recovered, except a slight dizziness. Lieut. Bulger clothed me in warm apparel, and made me as comfortable as he could. I went on deck and found the cutter hove to under easy canvass, as nearly as possible over the spot where the *Lily* went down. The humane old sailor left no measures untried to discover her; the two seamen were saved with myself. The blow I received was caused by a boat-hook which had been stuck into my collar as I came under the lee-bow of the cutter. For the whole of the day and night, the *Cameleon* remained "full and bye," as Mr. Bulger termed it, without finding a trace of the *Lily* and its hapless owner. Templeton's body was never found.

I owed my safety to Lieut. Bulger's anxiety for prize money; and his mistaking us for a well known smuggler. The *Cameleon's* speed brought her up in a few minutes to the scene of catastrophe. Lieut. Bulger did not lose his reward.

* * * * *

I never thought of consigning Templeton's story to print,

and, even now, wonder how it could have so interested me; since it is after all a common place tale of ordinary life—his earnest melancholy manner, and mild amiable disposition had, perhaps, some effect on my feelings at the time. On my return to India where I had more leisure than in England, I thought it might serve to amuse, for an hour, any one as idle as myself and as little given to scribbling.

HEAVEN.

How just is heaven!—It's laws how good, how pure!
 But follow them, and thou hast nought to fear.
 What, though, a few short hours, thou must endure
 The blighted hope, or shed the lonely tear,—
 Beyond the grave earth's sorrows disappear.
 In Heaven is joy, for those, who in this state
There place their hopes, nor build them *here* in dust—
 Who do not seek repentance when too late,
 But follow in the footsteps of the just;
 Who turn their hearts from "envy, malice, hate:"—
 And earn a passport *here*, to heaven's high gate.

THE MAJESTY OF BEAUTY.

Oh that my passion were for one less fair!
 For thee to love, requires emotions higher—
 No earthly raptures, but an angels' fire!
 There is a bliss that verges on despair,
 When highest joys reach not the soul's desire!

I gaze on thee with wonder and delight,
 Thou ideal beauty of my soul reflected!—
 Pure loveliness—calm—noble—unaffected!
 A lily still unsolled by worldly blight—
 A mind to sordid cares still unsubjected!

Some form less perfect—features less divine—
 'Twere well to love; but thou requirest more,
 Oh pure ethereal nature! For to soar
 Into a heaven of beauty, such as thine—
 Makes love's wing droop while pausing to adore!

COMMUNION.

There may in dreams a spirit-union be ;
 In sleep our souls in unison may dwell.
 As oft thy phantom form appears to me,
 So may this breast with love beside thee swell ;
 A love intense and deep 'tis hard to quell.
 It burns in solitude, and in the throng ;
 Vain joys do not its secret charm dispel :
 To it far nobler trains of thought belong.
 Its pensive mood is deepest moved by song,
 Or nature's lavish stores, in which the heart
 Sees symbols of that beauty it adores.
 Love hath no true affinity to art :—
 Above the littleness of *self* it soars,
 And sees that mystic world man ne'er explores.

THE FRUITION OF HOLY THOUGHTS.

I heard a voice,—the whisper of my heart :—
 It said—Ah ! wherefore, for earth's treasures toil ?
 For soon or late, from them thou must depart,
 And from the lov'd—all but thy parent soil ;—
 E'en *that* thou leavest with this mortal coil.
 Improve the present for a nobler fate,
 A sphere where moth nor rust shall e'er consume,
 Where wearied spirits like the dove find rest.
 Eternity's bright olive, there doth bloom—
There, purest aspirations shall be blest.
 Dost know the way ?—'Tis by the darksome tomb ;
 To brighter worlds man passeth through its gloom.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS.

Roll on ye gloomy years, your light hath fled,
 And dark'ning clouds the sad scene overspread—
 With *after* years, the joys *they bring* depart,
 Yet leave unchanged the first love of the heart !
 Thus the frail tablet by th' Egyptian* coast
 But for short space displayed the *Royal* boast ;
 The *superficial* perish'd, and alone,
 Deeply inscribed the purer marble shone !
 * Pharos :—built by Sostratus.

THE SAXON IN THE EAST.

"God shall enlarge Japheth, and he shall dwell in the Tents of Shem."

Genesis, ix. 29.

The first direct communication between England and India by the Cape of Good Hope, was in A. D. 1591, when "three armed ships," under the command of the gallant Captain Raymond (styled the Admiral) set sail from the Thames one fine spring morning, to pursue their fortunes in the Eastern Seas. Commercial speculation does not seem to have been the object of the voyage. The plunder of the Portuguese ships trading in the Indian ocean was the grand end of the undertaking; but though several rich prizes fell into the hands of the adventurous navigators, still through the joint effects of tempests, sickness and famine, few, very few returned to their native land, to relate the marvels of that distant coast. The ships were lost, and the scanty remains of the crews having found their way to the West Indies, returned in French ships, after an absence of three long years and upwards. Among those who survived this disastrous undertaking was James Lancaster, one of the most daring mariners of his day, and who, nothing daunted by the failure of the first expedition, seems to have kept his eye steadily fixed on returning to the far-famed "Ind." Hence it came to pass, that when in 1601, the first company of merchants trading to the East was formed,—with a capital stock of £70,000 and the Earl of Cumberland for their Chairman (to use the modern joint stock designation)—the gallant Lancaster was selected as "General of the Fleet" of four stout ships; and though their chief object was trade, the craft were armed, manned, and commissioned to take, burn, and destroy, any or all, the ships of Portugal or Spain they might encounter in those latitudes. The doughty Lancaster (afterwards knighted by his Majesty) went provided with a sort of roving commission of embassy to *all* the Kings of the East; and as the Spaniards and Portuguese invariably granted a simi-

lar distinction to their Sea Captains, the precaution was a wise one, as it ensured the "General" a more favorable reception than he would have received at Oriental courts as the servant of a body of traders; a calling held in no great esteem even in the present day, at the Courts of Eastern potentates. Though one ship was lost, and the crews of the others sadly thinned by sickness and privation, still they returned to the shores of old England after an absence of two years and eight months; and though many who hastened to greet their nearest and dearest relations had to deplore the fate of the gallant souls who sleep—

Full many a fathom down,
In the wild and stormy deep,—

yet the voyage was a profitable one to the survivors, and the Right Worshipful and Noble Master and partners of the Company had no great reason to complain. For, though they have left us no record of their gains, still they lost no time in fitting out a second venture, which we are told brought in a clear return of 95 per cent. on the capital employed; and in several subsequent voyages the profits reached as high as 225 per cent. (think of that ye Mofussil Banks and Calcutta shippers, and sigh for the days when our Indian speculation made such golden returns!) Little did the adventurous merchants who started the project of an India Company, imagine that they were laying the foundation stone of an edifice, which was in time to drop its broad shadows over the whole dominions of the Great Mogul: a potentate of whose power, riches and splendour, the Court of the virgin Queen had only such vague ideas, as school boys, in our young days, used to entertain of the Court and Camp of Prester John. And while boldly venturing their money on a noble commercial speculation, the Earl of Cumberland and his wardens and stockholders, could never have formed the most remote conception, that they were in reality playing for an Empire; and that the day would come, when the Directors of the East India Company, would support as a pensioner the descendants of the monarch on the outskirts of whose dominions they deemed it a privilege to be allowed to trade. Of the territories and the men who inhabited these vast dominions, they possessed but such vague notions, as the few travellers who had then visited the East could supply; or the still more vague and marvellous narratives which the gallant sailors (whose credulity seemed invariably to have kept pace with their spirit of

adventure) could bring back from the sea coasts they touched at, or from other seafaring men they encountered in the course of their voyages and travels.

No tale of fiction is more strange than the rise and progress of our dominions in India. The Portuguese power sprung up and passed away, and has left little than records, to attest its existence. But even in its most palmy days, its extent, strength, and consolidation, were as nought, compared with the fabric we have reared. And we too must renovate and support the pillars of the edifice, if we desire to see it stand the storms of another century. Still there is much that is substantial in the building, and much that gives fair promise of durability,—provided no rude hands, bent on experiment, shall introduce unsound materials or uncrafter-like workmanship into the skilful architecture, which a host of well-tried artificers have by their genius reared, and, for the greater part, by their bravery protected.

History has many a strange tale to tell, in her progress down the stream of time, but we doubt if she has a single story, in all her varied and romantic records, more strange, more eventful, or exhibiting more powerfully the energy and enterprize which free institutions impart to the spirit of a people, than the rise and progress of our empire in India. A body of merchants in London, in the first year of the sixteenth century, combine to enter on a trading speculation to India, then a country little known, but believed to be a land of boundless wealth and of a strange people skilled in arts and manufactures then unknown, but since transferred to Europe,—of whose habits, manners, and language, the people of England had but the most imperfect idea. In the course of a century and a half, this trading association had become proprietors of a few factories by the sea coast, which necessity more than inclination obliged them to protect by some petty military defences, and a few half-trained soldiers. The ambitious views of France on one side of the India peninsula, and the love of plunder in an Eastern satrap on the other, involved these traders in the turmoil of oriental politics; and the merchants became transformed, first into warriors, then into conquerors, and lastly into sovereigns. The contest once begun, the issue could not long remain doubtful; for when native sloth, craft, and ignorance were opposed to the energy, activity, and skill of the Saxon race, incited to a thirst for re-

venge and a love of gain, power, fame, and patronage on the other,—eventual success was a matter of certainty.

It was neither the crown nor the aristocracy of England, that founded our Indian dominions. British merchants started on the race of enterprise, and for a century and a half increased and extended our commercial dealings: formed the germ of our armies, and carried on our diplomatic relations with kings and princes; and it is to the class which British commerce has created and nurtured, that we still owe the splendour of our oriental Empire. At one of the grand banquets where with the Lords of Leadenhall Street delight to honor the men who go forth to rule this land, Chevalier Bunsen, the Prussian Ambassador in London, declared India to be the empire of the middling orders, attributing to the enterprize, and energy, and talent of that class (Britain's boast and glory) her magnificent appanage in the East. There are few philosophers and politicians now living whose views are more sound or more far-sighted than the Chevalier; and his just appreciation of the influences of free institutions in training a class on whom the wealth and greatness of our country mainly depend, is a proof of his clear insight into the working of our institutions. It is only when men have full scope for their exertions, that commerce flourishes, arts prosper, and colonies spring into life, to become the nurseries of future empire. Thus foreign dominions prosper and add to the greatness of the mother country; and even conquests treated with justice and humanity are held by ties more secure and permanent than the dread of armies or the fame of conquerors. All that has been achieved by England in converting the solitary creek by the ocean's shore into the busy port and bustling city, or the wilderness into the fruitful field, in restoring order in place of anarchy, or in protecting industry from rapine and violence, has been the work of the class so justly lauded by the Prussian philosopher. And if the states of Continental Europe have been left behind us in the race of commercial enterprize, (for all have more or less endeavoured to establish, but with small success comparatively speaking, colonial empires either in the East or the West) it is just because the spirit of free institutions have been less felt and their influence has been less enduring than in our native country. The United States, the rising power of Australia, the existing empire of Hindostan, are the proudest monuments ever raised to the energy, enterprize, and genius which free in-

stitutions call into life and activity,—as becomes the nursing mothers of religion and civilization.

We wish we could say that the people of England had honestly discharged the debt they owe to the land we live in ; they have bountifully received, and but scantily repaid ; and like too many godfathers and godmothers have contracted obligations of the most sacred and binding character, which they fulfill by very small instalments ; instead of paying back the principal with liberal interest. The guardianship has been held by a strong and powerful grasp ; but having once obtained it, little interest has been bestowed on the mode in which tutors and instructors have discharged their tasks. The application of science to the arts of life, has gone far to make “ of one family all the nations of the earth.” The ocean has been bridged, the desert has been spanned, space itself has contracted into one quarter of its ancient dimensions. A voyage or journey from London to one of the Indian presidencies is hardly as hazardous an undertaking now, as a journey from the North Highlands or the South of Ireland to the British metropolis, in the days of our grand sires. And though the men who dwelt within the sound of Bow bells of a verity in their times cared little for the Highlanders (save when they marched to Derby in 1745) or the citizens of Cork ; still we venture to assert that to the great body of the British people, the state and condition of that vast mass of the human family who reside in India, is a mystery as profound as the state and condition of the natives of Jupiter or Saturn.

It is no easy matter to induce people to take an interest in what they do not comprehend, or to exert themselves in behalf of men, or of objects, they care little about. Now though there are few respectable families in the United Kingdom who are not bound to India by ties of the strongest and tenderest nature ; still provided the monthly or bimonthly letter is received, or the yearly or half yearly remittance comes safe to hand—the habits, manners and customs, the happiness or misery of the people of this country, form no topics for the domestic circle at home. If the relatives or friend is well and thriving, if there is no war to endanger his safety, or visitation of Cholera to imperil his health, the wide spread desolation which disease may create among millions, or the effects of famine in desolating whole districts : or the blessings of a bountiful harvest which scatters plenty over the face of the country, give rise to hardly a pass-

ing remark, whether of pity or of pleasure. Nor are the dwellers in India free from blame in this respect; for of all the legions of letters, which every Overland Mail conveys to the British shores, bearing with them joy and sorrow into the bosom of many a household, how few are there that shew the slightest concern for the natives of the land! A neighbouring city prostrated by sickness, or swept away by a flood, will probably fill a far less prominent space in a home despatch, than some silly piece of Cantonment gossip, which ought to interest no one beyond the passing hour. The visit of a Missionary "just from India" may rouse some little attention in a neighbourhood, but the interest excited flits away as the hour passes, and many a pious citizen and zealous Minister imagine they have discharged their duty to their Indian fellow mortals, when they have benevolently bestowed a shilling or half a crown to send their gospel to the Hindoos—without perhaps troubling themselves to enquire through what current their precious offerings are to be conveyed to the distant land—in which they felt a momentary interest. Men in high station are often deplorably ignorant of all that pertains to this country, and even in Parliament exhibit an extent of ignorance which is only not considered discreditable, because it is shared by the great body of the people of all grades.

No well educated person will admit a total unacquaintance with the histories of Greece or Rome, or of any modern European nation; but there are many persons in what is called good society, who were they to display the full extent of their ignorance of India, its Geography, history, races and creeds—would neither be considered illiterate or uninformed. But India is as much a part of the British Empire as Northumberland or Cumberland, and her people as much the subjects of Queen Victoria as the dwellers in the fens of Lincoln or the bogs of Tipperary. It is not a little extraordinary, that works on India have never up to the present day formed a part or portion of the popular literature of England. The early conquests of the Spaniards in America have been popularized by the pens both of original writers and a whole flock of compilers—and are familiar to all readers of all classes. The voyages of Cook and Anson are most deservedly found on the shelves of every parish or school library, and the habits and manners of the South-sea Islanders are the favorite studies of the cottage fire side. Yet we very much doubt if in one such institution an account

of the religious habits or peculiar customs of the inhabitants of Hindostan finds a place, or, if it did, would find a single reader. Yet the mythology of the Hindoos is just as interesting from its traditions and antiquity as the mythology of the ancients, which is often taught to children with far more care than the doctrines of scripture or the writings of the Bible; and the habits and customs of the people of India, were they unconnected with us by the bonds of subjectship, are in many respects far more curious, far more ancient and far more connected with past ages, than the habits of South-sea Islanders or North American savages; and in many respects tend to illustrate and confirm the truths of holy writ.

Very few works on India have become popular with the British public. Bishop Heber's travels, had probably a larger share of public favor than any of the books in India which have issued from the Press during a quarter of a century—and yet the information to be gleaned from these volumes is but scanty. The impressions of a well informed traveller, expressed with the elegance of a scholar, and the feelings of a Christian Gentleman, rendered the book agreeable to the general reader; but had Heber been spared to have made several visitations, and after a matured experience published the result of his wanderings—we have little doubt he would have done much to popularize the subject; but interesting and attractive as his book will ever be, as the record of the observations of mind richly endowed by nature and improved by education, as a book of travels, it can never be rated high by any one who has resided in India, and is in any degree familiar with the habits of the people. Writers have put forth light works in abundance, which profess to sketch Indian life and manners—but in all productions of this stamp, it is more the habits of the European than of the Native, that are depicted. And as such sketchers have come to the country—almost if not altogether ignorant of the native language, character or feelings, they often form the most erroneous ideas of the persons thus depicted, and hence instead of diffusing information too often propagate error. Old Indians are not much given to book-making, and if per chance they do take up the pen, it is to advocate some particular question, or argue some particular point of Indian Policy—or to support or impugn some particular view on the Indian revenue system, in which the initiated only are addressed. It too often happens that the amount

of knowledge which the reader is pre-supposed to possess, renders the whole production nearly unintelligible, at least distasteful to ordinary readers who know nothing practically of India or its institutions, and have only the idea that it is a very hot country where there are water drinking and rice eating races, a very innocent ill-used people, who sometimes burn widows and devour children or thug travellers, as acts of mistaken religious zeal, and are ruled by a set of grasping servants of the Honorable Company, who try to get all they can from their poor persecuted innocents. Elphinstone is almost the only old Indian who has devoted his time and talents to make the land of his early days intelligible to his country men. But though he has written well, very well, still he has erred in making his history too long to be popular, and in many points too heavy to be a favorite with the general reader. Mill, who is received in England as a high authority on Indian questions, has been much overrated, and even in Wilson's edition the book is still held far beyond its worth. He was resolved to be a philosophical historian, and to square all the actions of the people, who passed in review before him, by certain philosophical and moral maxims—which, however correct as abstract propositions, are like all other moralities by which human actions are guided, obliged to bend to stern necessity. For in judging of the actions of men, whether in public or private life, the dictates of charity must force us to make large allowances where great ends are to be attained by very inadequate means. The sage who weighs men's conduct by self prudence, without feeling or knowing the difficulties by which the men he deals with are surrounded, sees actions from a very different point of view than those who were the actors or immediate spectators of the scene. He only will write history in the spirit of truth and justice, who deals with human actions, not by abstract propositions—but by knowing man as he is and ever will be. Old Dow deserves all the praise bestowed on him by Sir Walter Scott; and if rather too minute in his details, there is a vivacity in his narrative, and truthfulness in his history, which seem admirably calculated to render his work a favorite with young persons—and we should be glad to see a cheap and portable edition of his works form one of the stock books of all Cadets. The early triumphs and victorious career of Clive: the exploits of Forde, Coote, and Lawrence, are worthy of being remembered, and ought to be familiar to all Britons—and especially to all who are to

make India the scene of their future lives. And in no work do they show forth with greater brilliancy—than in the pages of Orme—himself a witness of much he describes, and anxious that all who contributed to raise the name, fame, and power, of England in Hindostan (or Indostan as he writes it) should, from the Commander to the Sergeant, receive their need of praise; and in days when opportunities of distinction were afforded to all grades serving in our ranks to an extent which can never exist in more fully organized armies; for never can such a prize be played for and won, a second time. There was so much a feeling of fairness in chronicling the exploits of brave soldiers, who did the state good service as sergeants or gunners, as in recording the names and doings of those who held a higher position, that we cannot help holding in profound respect the historian who has ventured to do justice to the humble as well as to the high; and in those stirring times the part enacted by men of low degree was often far from unimportant. A good history of the rise and progress of our power in the East is still to be written—it is a theme which is as well suited to occupy the time and talents of a historian of the first order, as were the early conquests of the Spaniards in the new world. What Robertson did for Cortes and Pizarro, has yet to be done for Clive and Coote; and though these heroes may not have been immaculate, or their acts, and especially Clive's, free from some grave stains, still on the whole their character, for integrity and heroism, must ever occupy a high niche in the temple of fame. Macaulay has, in his sketches of Clive and Warren Hastings, shewn his capacity for writing, and his capability of appreciating the difficulties and estimating the requirements of Indian statesmanship in the olden time; and when he has finished his work on the mother country, the history of the proudest of her foreign possessions is a theme not unworthy of his high renown. He is personally indebted to India for having opened to him a path to fortune—if not to fame, which he never could have enjoyed in his own country—and though his knowledge of the country from personal observation extended little, if at all, above Barrackpore, still he knew enough of his subject, to avoid the errors which must invariably beset the progress of writers who have only viewed the country through the often false medium of other men's eyes,—and had sufficient experience of native character, and habits to know that a statesman or General

who has to deal with native powers and native functionaries has often to adopt means and apply maxims which may seem doubtful, impolitic, or perhaps indefensible, in more civilized regions. Macaulay's graphic sketches and clear delineations would render much that in the hands of ordinary narrators is dull and uninteresting, pleasing and instructive ; and by vivid pictures of men and manners, clear expositions of states of society which are nearly unintelligible to European readers would be reduced to the level of all ordinary readers. Who that has perused his admirable chapter on the state of Society in England during Charles the First's reign, has not been impressed with a far better idea of the habits and manners of our forefathers than he could have derived from many volumes when the topics were treated of by men of ordinary powers ?

Popular Lectures are now quite the order of the day. The Duke of Argyle, Lord Carlisle, and Lord John Russell, with many other Peers and Plebeians, all and each lecture to Mechanics, Merchants, and others of the non-literary community. You cannot open a newspaper, from the broad sheet of the *Times* to the most obscure provincial journal, on which lectures to young men, old Ladies, and people of sects are not advertised. Poetry, Painting, Gardening, Philosophy—Popery—Protestantism, the Holy Land, the Turkish empire, Greece and Rome ancient and modern, in short all sorts of subjects are made the text for popular orations. But since the days when James Silk Buckingham perambulated the United Kingdom and the United States, telling his admiring Auditors a little of India and a great deal about himself, no one has attempted to popularize India by giving lectures on her History, past and present, her resources, people, religion, &c. In the hands of a man of ordinary powers of elocution, and with a moderate amount of knowledge of the subject, we know few themes which could be rendered more suited to a short view, in popular lectures. To most of the audiences, the mythology of the Hindoos would be a novelty—a correct and clear account of division of castes—and its effects on the social state of the Hindoos not less so. While a really accurate description of the country, its soil, climate, and capabilities ; the remains of former grandeur, the different styles of architecture—the historical events of ancient times—together with the rise and progress of our own power, and the nature and tendency of our institutions, might profitably occupy a dozen of evenings—nay, prove as

great a novelty to the hearers as a new Pantomime, and certainly convey to their minds as large a share of instruction as is usually derived from lectures on history or descriptive accounts of foreign lands.

One of the chief, if not the chief, benefits, derived from a course of popular instruction, is the desire of knowledge it excites. The *Edinburgh Review*, in an article by Jeffrey on a batch of Sir Walter Scott's novels (which in those days followed each other with such marvellous rapidity that periodical critics could hardly keep pace with the prolific coinage of the great man's brain) remarked that the author's fictions had excited a greater thirst for knowledge of history among the middling and lower classes—than any other author's who has ever written fiction in the present age. And so it is with popularized knowledge in whatever shape it appears—whether through the medium of the Novelist's fancy, or the lecturer's address. People wish to know something more of a book or a topic which has afforded them satisfaction or amusement, and seek for it accordingly; for true it is that knowledge advances rapidly whenever it is presented in a pleasing garb. All who have been privileged to listen to and share in the conversation of men of talent, are well aware how much they owe to such intercourse—into how many paths of knowledge their minds have been inclined to wander from the desire of knowing more of what they have heard discussed; and it is we believe owing to the want of intellectual excitement to be found in Indian Society—that so little has really been done to raise the tone and confirm the character of our social intercourse in this country. We should consider a brighter dawn was rising on the land we live in, could we learn that some man of eloquence and knowledge was delivering Lectures on India, its history and people.

The mode of Government, the character and effects of our legal and revenue systems—are subjects for giving to the British public some idea of the way in which upwards of a hundred millions of people now under British protection—live, move, and have their being. To legislate for a race whose peculiarities are unknown to those who make the laws is a sure method of profound blundering, and here it is that English legislature for India is usually both crude and indigested—and it is to make the people of England sensible of this great fault, that they require to know something more of India than they now do. For until the great body

of the people are tolerably acquainted with this country and its inhabitants, it is in vain to hope the legislature will deal out that measure of justice,—which its millions of human beings have a right to demand from their assumed protectors. It is also only an act of justice to the industrial classes of our own country ; who have as yet but derived a hundredth part of the benefit they might enjoy—from the demands for their products from the people of Hindoostan—as these are willing to use the manufactures of Great Britain. The march of improvement is not standing still, but the pace at which our India authorities move is somewhat slow for the express train speed of other lands ; and whoever doubts that if English capital found its way out to this country in a more copious shower, and the ebb and flow of Indian markets were more sensibly felt in our great commercial marts, there would be a far greater impetus given to all that concerns the improvement of the country. People are not now indifferent to the fluctuations of Indian commercial prosperity, but when we consider the almost boundless field which she opens for barter (in which all commerce consists) the commerce which now exists between the two great countries may be said to be in its infancy—and who can speculate on the effects of its reaching a vigorous maturity ? The poverty of the people is alone a check to the demand for British manufactured goods—their ignorance and want of agricultural skill one of the greatest checks to improvement in products suited to the home market ; and to these we must add the defective state of our internal communications, and the consequent heavy charges on transport of all the products of the soil. It is not from Manchester Cotton Commissioners we anticipate much benefit, though even that measure shewed an anxiety on the part of its originators to gain information as to our most important products. It is from the people of England generally shewing such a degree of interest in this country as will re-act on Indian authorities and make them amenable to the voice of public opinion—that we anticipate the grandest means of placing India on a proper footing among the dominions of our vast empire, or among the nations of the earth. It has been the use and wont of the English press to cry down the credit of it's Indian sister—and for great men of a certain school to denounce our doings as boisterous, factious and evidencing all ill qualities the press is heir to. With a little truth there is much falsehood in all this. Our press is powerless

in itself, and may vainly cavil at the measures of Government; for considering that our rulers are independent of public opinion on which the press acts—the influence of the Indian Press or the measures of Government cannot be very great, though we believe that even the wise heads of the Council Chamber do not altogether despise the discussions of Newspapers and periodicals. There is, however, another means by which the press may tell on men in high places, and that is through the reflex of the English press. If a measure is keenly advocated or opposed through our local press—the probability is that one side or the other will be taken up in the leading journals at home; and though a Governor General and his legislative council may look with indifference at the comments of Indian Journals—to pretend indifference to the favor or censure of the broad sheets which issue from the Printing House Square and other such establishments, re-echoed through the provinces, is not so easy; and just in proportion as the public understand little of the merits of an Indian question are they likely to be guided by the opinions of the Newspapers. A leader in the *Times*, *Chronicle* or *Daily News* will be read and their views adopted: when the discussions of the local publications coming within reach would be looked on with disgust. Admirable as are the leaders in these great journals on European subjects, yet when India is the theme—unless they follow in the wake of the local press, or can secure the services of an Indian pen, it is strange what blunders creep into print—and how weakly and imperfectly clever men write and reason on topics they see, and comprehend, but through a glass darkly.

Great questions of vast moment must come before Parliament in the course of the passing Session. Yet if we consider the mass of human beings whose interests are involved in the Indian discussions now pending, we do not consider that any one question is of equal magnitude to the future Government of this great country. Yet it is probable that the fate of a corrupt corporation, or a member of the administration getting out of joint with his Colleagues, would excite a greater sensation not only among the members of either house, but throughout the country, than the terms of the renewal of the Company's lease, or the future form our Government is to assume for a period of years. If the Christian people of England felt these responsibilities, or were duly sensible of their duties to the people of Hindostan

could such things be ? Could the prosperity or misery—the enlightenment or the moral darkness—the spread of Christianity or the continuing of a degrading idolatry of one hundred millions of human beings,—who live under our rule, afford the means of comfort and prosperity to a large body of our fellow countrymen, support the credit of our arms and are among the nations of the earth the greatest or nearly the greatest consumers of our products, and capable of yielding us the materials for the infinite increase of those arts and manufactures on which our national greatness mainly depend,—receive no larger portion of the attention of our people and legislature than some ephemeral topic of party strife, which involves no principle and will justly sink into oblivion ere the year or perhaps the month draws to a close ? If the people of England are proud of their privileges—jealous of the high standard of moral and religious feeling which should exist throughout the land—anxious for the diffusion of the knowledge, the science, the justice and happiness which they themselves enjoy—let them remember that nations have duties and responsibilities as well as individuals, and that if as a nation Britain neglects the responsibilities towards the dependency which providence has placed under her charge, the day of reckoning will yet come ; and it will be a heavy one, replete with national disgrace now, and the scorn of future ages hereafter. We look for better things, and trust that the hour is not distant when India,—brought more near to Britain than even she now is—may feel the effects of propinquity and reciprocal interest, in all that relates to the two countries, and, gaining in knowledge, science, pure religion and the arts of life, may in return scatter the benefits she can bestow on the industrious millions of the British islands.

A HASTY RETROSPECT OF WARS IN INDIA DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

PART I. THE AFGHAN WAR.

The Burmese and Bhurtpore wars having been brought to an honorable conclusion in 1826, and the registered debt of India only increased by £13,000,000 Sterling,—Lord Amherst resigned the Governor Generalship of India ; and was succeeded in 1828 by Lord William Bentinck, the Ex-Governor of Madras, whose administration of that presidency, not many years previous, had been severely censured by the Company.

On assuming the Government, his Lordship commenced carrying out the instructions and orders *he received* from home. The army was reduced ; a system of economy established in the various departments of Government ; and sundry allowances made to the Army under the name of *batta*, were either diminished or done away with, more to the dissatisfaction of the Army than the benefit of the Company.

Lord Combermere the Commander-in-Chief resigned in disgust, and was succeeded by Sir Edward Barnes. Shortly afterwards (in 1833,) Sir Edward resigned ; and Lord William, whose incapacity for Military Command had been proved on the Eastern Coast of Spain, united the functions of Commander-in-Chief to those of Governor General ; abolished flogging in the Native Army, and declared the practice of Suttee punishable in the Criminal Courts.

In 1831, Lord Ellenborough, president of the Indian Board of Control, under pretence of conveying presents to Runjeet Singh the Lion of Lahore, directed Lieutenant Burnes to explore the Indus ; and this officer expressed a very strong opinion that a great and profitable trade might be created, and that the Indian Government ought to incur any expense or risk, sooner than lose it.

Receiving the most liberal encouragement from the Governor General, who thought that a knowledge of the general condition of the countries thro' which he intended

to pursue his researches, would be useful to the British Government,—“independently of after advantages which might be expected from such a journey,”—Burnes with a small party descended the Sutledge, crossed the Hydaspes, and passed on to the city of Cabul, where he was received with much friendship and hospitality by Dost Mahomed Khan, who then reigned without a competitor. It was during his residence here, and in his travels thro' Afghanistan, that he imbibed the idea that a great and flourishing trade might be carried on, and intimate connexions established with the people of the country. And altho' he was perfectly cognisant of the fierce, treacherous, and sanguinary disposition of these semi-barbarians, he still flattered himself that with skill and judgment they would easily be managed.

Passing through Kiz-kooduk Kushee, Bokhara, and Astrabad, by means of the friendly assistance of different rulers, and at times attaching himself to caravans when crossing the deserts of Tartary, he at length reached Teheran the capital of Persia: and formed the false and erroneous impression that a Russian Army, with the Persians as allies, might by moving in an opposite direction get through the mountain passes of Afghanistan, and carrying with them their cannon and materiel, pass through the Punjaub and the Sutledge states, eventually deploying on the plains of Hindostan.

Whilst Burnes was pushing his way to Teheran, his mind occupied with prodigious dreams of conquest, and the vast mercantile advantages to be derived from a trade with the different countries through which he travelled, and, last though not least, the secret political measures necessary to thwart the supposed (but imaginary) views of Russia in the East, Colonel Pottinger was attempting to effect a treaty with the Ameers of Scinde, to open the rivers of the Punjaub,—thus creating much alarm in the mind of our old ally Runjeet Singh, who at the same time was kept in good humour by another Embassy under Captain Wade.

In 1835, Lord William's ill health rendered it necessary for him to return to England. At Calcutta the Mercantile community presented him an address, couched in the warmest and most grateful language; the native population declared his only act of unkindness was leaving them. The community at large requested his Lordship to allow his statue to be cast in bronze, executed by Chantry, and placed on a fiery pedestal in some conspicuous part of Calcutta; the

Directors eulogised his Government in high flown language ; and his distinguished ability was the only topic of conversation in all circles.

We shall presently come to matters less pleasing: the tears and lamentations of a thousand fond and affectionate hearts sorrowing for the loss of friends and relations: the wholesale slaughter of 13,000 men: described, as Sir R. Peel observed in the House of Commons, by the only individual who had escaped, in the following terms,—“ My life has been saved in a most wonderful manner, and I am the only European who has escaped from the Cabul Army.” England was overwhelmed with grief, and consternation ; those even who had lost no relations feeling acutely the disgrace which had fallen on the arms of their countrymen.

Lord Auckland was appointed by the Whig Government to succeed Lord William Bentinck. But it is now necessary to return to the events which were taking place at Cabul and Herat, during the residence of Burnes at the former place in the winter of 1837 and -38.

The Afghan ruler of Herat was engaged in a bloody strife with the Afghan Sirdars of Candahar. The three brothers who ruled in that part of Afghanistan, Kohun Dil Khan, Rohun Dil Khan, and Meer Dil Khan, were actually in treaty with the Persians, to assist in the subjugation of Khamran and their countrymen. English money was freely offered ; but jealous of Burnes' connexion with the ruler of Cabul, they declined the offer, stating that their wish was to ruin Khamran, and make themselves masters of Herat. Their real object, like that of Dost Mahomed, was to play England against Russia and Persia, and *vice versa*.

The situation of Dost Mahomed was more perilous. He had entered into engagements with the Shah, to assist in the destruction of Prince Khamran. If Khamran gained the day Cabul was within his reach ; whereas if Khamran was beaten, Cabul was in the power of the Shah.

The Shah determined upon inflicting signal punishment on Khamran, and obtaining possession of Herat. In spite of all the endeavours and remonstrances of Messrs. McNeil and Ellice, our representatives at Teheran, he placed himself at the head of an Army of 40,000 men, and 70 pieces of Artillery (in June 1837,) and commenced his march upon Herat. But he was so completely unaccustomed to the movement of large bodies, and the transport of all material requisite to reduce a fortress, that he did not reach Herat

till November following : two months after Burnes arrived at Cabul. The celebrated (so-called) siege of Herat now commenced ; Burnes left no measures untried to induce Dost Mahomed to act against the Shah ; but the former, as usual with all native rulers, promised every thing, and did nothing. He hated prince Khamran more than any of his enemies : and cared not for the result, provided he obtained advantageous terms for himself.

When the Persian rabble army reached Herat, a Russian agent appeared at Cabul with great promises of assistance in money, from Russia. The Dost's vacillating character now became apparent ; young Pottinger was assisting Khamran in the defence of Herat ; Burnes was offering money to the Candahar Chiefs who were secretly in league with the Shah, to drive the Persians out of the country ;—but these chiefs, jealous of the Cabul prince, had declined the offer.

It would have been evident to any common mind, that a treaty with either of the three parties was mere waste-paper. The country was in a state of civil war, commotion, and disorganisation :—no Government, no settled authority ; the chiefs consulted their own advantage, and made protestations of friendship with the English, or Russian, as the fancy of the moment suited.

In the spring of 1838, Burnes took his departure,—leaving Cabul with abundant profession of friendship from Dost Mahomed, who was doubly disappointed, and more perplexed than ever. Burnes had no authority for giving a subsidy ; no money had arrived from Russia ; and the Chief at Herat, aided by an English Officer, was making a brilliant defence of that city.

In this moment of difficulty and intrigue, it is more than probable that Dost Mahomed felt more inclined for an alliance with the Russians,—feeling satisfied that the English would not break their engagements with Runjeet Singh, or do anything to force the Sikhs to surrender the conquests they had made from the Dooranee Empire in Cashmere, Peshawur, the Punjaub, and Mooltan.

To make the state of affairs more intelligible, it will be as well to trace the rise and fall of the Dooranee Empire. The founder was Ahmed Shah of the Sudoozie family ; taking advantage of the ascendancy of the Dooranees over the Ghilzies, with whom the chief power had before resided, he constituted in the middle of last century one compact nation of Afghans, in place of the ill-cemented confederacy of repub-

mean tribes, clans, and families, which had previously existed. A great Commander, statesman, and politician, he warred successfully against Persia, subdued Khorassan as far as Meschid to the west; reduced Balkh and the neighbouring Uzbeks beyond the Hindoo Kosh, awed Bukhara, over-ran the Punjaub, acquired Cashmere, occupied Sirhind, took Delhi and Agra, and overthrew the Mahrattas. Boutra Daoodpoutra, and Scinde, were his tributaries; Beloochistan and Seistan of the desert, were part of his kingdom. He died in 1773, and was succeeded by his son Timour Shah, who was succeeded by Zeman Shah, who was dethroned by his brother Mahmood, who was dethroned by Shah Shooja-al-Moolk, who was dethroned by Futteh Khan chief of the great Barrukzye family of the Dooranee Empire, who retored Mahmood, but governed under the title of Vizier.—Khamran, son of Mahmood, persuaded his father to put out the Vizier's eyes, whereupon the brothers of the blinded man took up arms, and the barbarous princes hacked the old Vizier to pieces in open Durbar. Mahmood and his son were soon driven in flight to Herat; where the former died, and Kamran retained the Government of the city and province.

Shah Shooja was now recalled, but again dethroned and succeeded by his brother Eyoob. Azeem Khan, the eldest surviving brother of Futteh Khan, became vizier, and governed in Eyoob's name. Civil commotions followed; Eyoob and his son became exiles, and the great Dooranee Empire was broken up.—During these Civil Wars the Persians recovered Khorasan, and menaced Herat; the King of Bokhara appropriated Balkh, and the neighbouring Uzbeks resumed their independence. Cashmere, Peshawur, the Punjaub, Mooltan, and part of Daoodpoutra eventually became the prey of Runjeet Singh.

The British had in the meantime conquered Tippoo Sultan, overthrown the Maharattas, added Delhi and Sirhind to their Empire, and established themselves on the upper Sutledge at Loodiana.

The Bhawul Khan now ceased to be tributary to Cabul; the Brahoo-Belooch prince of Khelat and Seistan of the Indus, assumed independent sovereignty, and allied himself with the Ameers of Scinde, who not only neglected to pay tribute, but seized a part of Afghanistan on the right bank of the Indus. The hill tribes of Beloochistan resumed their democratic independence; and the Afghans split into

four great divisions holding together 'as a nation only by their common religion. Prince Kamran held Herat.

The brothers of the two Viziers, Futteh and Azeem Khan appropriated the rest of the kingdom; one seized Candahar city and province; a second took Peshawur, paying tribute to Runjeet Singh. The third brother, the celebrated Dost Mahomed, became chief of Cabul. His rule extended beyond the Hindoo Kosh on the North; to Herat on the West; to Jellalabad on the East; and to Ghuzni, including that town, southwards.

Burnes' departure from Cabul in the spring of 1838 has been already noticed. Passing through Peshawur and Lahore, he proceeded to Simla, to take part in a council of our North-Western-Frontier Residents, and diplomatists. Impressed with the necessity of keeping Herat free of the Persians, this council advocated the replacing Shah Shooja on the throne of Cabul; the reason assigned being, that Dost Mahomed was not to be trusted. The Dooranee Empire was to be re-established. To accomplish this, an Army was to be collected, on the upper Sutledge; between that and Cabul was the Punjaub: but the Sikh monarch was a wily and powerful man, though a proclaimed friend and ally.

It would have been more consistent with the claims of Shah Shooja, to have demanded from Runjeet Singh the restoration of the Dooranee provinces, which he had recently got possession of by the force of arms. For in this he differed from the other powers who had broken from the Afghan monarchy; *they* merely asserted their independence, if exception be made for the small district of Cutch Gundava seized by the Ameers of Scinde. Runjeet however was far too fierce and powerful to be dealt roughly with. It was safer to give to him, than attempt taking from him. A tripartite treaty was concocted, as if it were a voluntary compact between equal and independent powers understanding their own interests, and able to maintain them;—the contracting parties being the Maharajah Runjeet Singh, the Anglo Indian Government, and Shah Shooja.

This treaty of eighteen articles offensive and defensive bound Shah Shooja to relinquish his rights on Cashmere, Peshawur, Attock, and a number of smaller possessions, all ravished by Runjeet from the Dooranee Monarchy. It bound him also when re-established at Cabool to make presents, and in various ways practically to acknowledge the

supremacy of the Maharajah ; though they were styled in the treaty equals. If Shah Shooja called for the aid of the Sikh troops, they were to share in the plunder of the great Barsukzye clan, comprising the noblest families in Afghanistan.—This article, at once impolitic and shameful, was discreditable to civilisation, and reduced Lord Auckland's negotiation to the level of barbarism.

All the dispositions for a grand campaign beyond the Indus in the heart of the Afghan country, were made. Marching orders were already issued, when Lord Auckland received intelligence of the siege of Herat having been abandoned by the Persians. Thus the key to India could not be given by *them* to the Russians ; for the Persians had not got it to give.—An expedition from Bombay had landed at Karrack in the Persian gulf (in the centre of the Shah's dominions) in June ; and his attention being diverted from the siege of Herat, he raised it in September, and retreated with his rabble Army, having lost at least 3000 men.

This intelligence however had no apparent effect on the counsels of men who had made up their minds for war. The invasion of Afghanistan was settled. And for what purpose ? To place a proud tyrant on the throne ; to force him on a people who detested him ; and to provoke in the end a disaster so dire, that it fills the mind with horror. In October 1838, the war-proclamation was issued at Simla, and the Army completed to 200,000 men. But Runjeet Singh, in despite of the treaty which had been drawn up at Lahore by McNaghten and Burnes, refused to allow our Troops to cross the Punjaub.—Now was the time for Lord Auckland to have acted with decision. An Army of reserve should have been assembled on the Sutledge ; the slightest opposition on the part of Runjeet Singh to our using the Punjaub as the base of operations in the invasion of Afghanistan, should have been followed by the immediate subjugation of Runjeet and the restoration of the provinces he had captured from the Dooranee Empire. The distance to Cabul, from Ferozepore, was only about 540 miles, a distance beyond all comparison less than the route eventually pursued. Disregarding however all Military considerations, of which his Lordship and his advisers were as totally ignorant as they were disdainful of equity in their policy, it was resolved to perpetrate against the Ameers of Scinde, that which they feared to carry out against the more powerful Maharajah. Shikarpoor in Scinde being appointed the rendezvous,

the advance was to be through the Bolan pass, Quettah, Candahar, and Ghuzni,—the latter a fortress of no mean repute. The distance to Cabul by this route was not less than 1300 miles; whilst the rear of the army remained exposed to the incensed Ameers, the hostile Belooch tribes of the hills, and the doubtful faith of Runjeet Singh and his discontented Sirdars. In December the army was put in motion:—shortly after which Sir Henry Fane resigned in consequence of ill health, and the force was left without a Commander-in-Chief.

The Bengal army, the Bombay army, Shah Shoojah's rabble, and the other contingent forces, went on each in its own way:—and the Head Quarters of the Bengal army reached Candahar on the 20th of April, having marched 1000 miles since quitting Ferozepore. The Bombay column was only 60 miles behind, moving by the Gundava pass and Khelat: but the former having been reported impracticable, the column was compelled to move forward by the Bolan Pass,—having already sustained heavy losses; and reached Candahar on the 4th May. The Shah was here placed upon the throne, but a few months only had elapsed, when the country was again in insurrection. The combined army, under Sir John Keane, continued its march upon Ghuzni, the gates of which strong-hold were blown in with gunpowder, and the Fort after some severe fighting carried. On the 30th July Sir John Keane and the army marched out of Ghuzni, for Cabul: but ere arriving at the capital found that Dost Mahomed had fled to the wild country beyond the Oxus. The force encamped under the walls, on the evening of the 6th August. Sir John Keane, McNaghten, and Sir Willoughby Cotton were shortly invested with the Orders of the re-nascent Dooranee Empire; and the former, considering matters settled, hurried back to India, and thence to England, to be raised to the title of Baron Keane of Ghuzni and Cappoquin, with a pension of £2,000 a year for three lives, and the thanks of Parliament and the Court of Directors. Lord Auckland was raised in the Peerage to the rank of an Earl; and Runjeet Singh was gathered to his Fathers.

In October 1839, Shah Soojah being thus re-established on his throne,—the Bombay column was withdrawn: and all the force returning to India had left the capital by the 20th of that month. Independently of the Shah's contingent, about 8,000 British Troops and Sepoys remained behind; and were established at Cabul, Jellalabad, and other

positions, suffering intense privations from the severity of the weather, and want of provisions. In the spring of 1840 the Ghilzies and other tribes commenced attacking the outposts; but our Troops were generally successful. As the summer advanced, Dost Mahomed returned to Afghanistan, and stirred up a holy war for the expulsion of the unbelieving English. As he approached Cabul several actions were fought, and severe loss was inflicted on the enemy. In November the Dost surrendered, and, being allowed to visit Calcutta, the Governor General received him with much respect; and £30,000 a year was settled on him. The activity of our moveable columns under General Sale and Dennie reduced the country round Cabul to a tranquil state. Khelat had been reduced by the Bombay Force under Sir T. Wiltshire, in the previous year.

Comparative tranquility reigned in and round Cabul. But the fierce tribes in the country to the East of the Bolan Pass, united with some of the Ameers troops, were threatening our communications; and several disasters were sustained on our side. The army had been repeatedly re-inforced; still no arrangements either for its victualling, or safe return, were in apparent contemplation. In May 1841, the coming storm was prognosticated by Major Pottinger; but Burnes and McNaghten were deaf to remonstrance. On the 2nd November the massacre commenced; Sir Alexander Burnes, Lieut. Burnes, Broadfoot, and every man woman and child found in the future Resident's quarters, were barbarously murdered. Instead of attacking the insurgents and making a terrible example, nothing was done. The Officer in chief command was worn out by a long and painful illness; the next in rank shrunk from responsibility. Sir W. Macnaghten declared the storm would soon blow over; but matters grew worse; on the 22nd November Akbar Khan arrived, and barbarously murdered McNaghten with his own hand, the following day. On the fatal 6th Jan. 1842, the force, consisting of 4500 fighting men cleared out of Cabul, several officers and ladies being left as hostages. Then was enacted a tragedy as bloody as any recorded in history; our Soldiers being fired upon and murdered, until nothing was left to kill.—16,000 persons, in all, perished through cold, famine, and incessant attacks of a faithless and ferocious enemy. The Cabul Army was destroyed, Dr. Brydon being the only officer of the force who reached Jellalabad, which fortress General Sale occupied, in spite of all the in-

sane orders he had received to evacuate it. The defence of Jellalabad, on which everything now depended, reflects immortal honor and renown on the general and his brave garrison. He held his own, instead of retreating by Peshawur, in which case his force must have been annihilated; he contended against Akar Khan and 9000 men with brilliant success, although the parapets he had built up were demolished by violent earthquakes, the principal gate (facing Cabul) in ruins, and one third of the fortress open to an assault. As the difficulties of the garrison increased, so did their courage; although they slept for weeks on their arms, nothing could shake their firmness or resolution. The numerous attacks of the Afghans were repulsed; on the 7th April 1842, the Lion hearted old Sale sallied forth with a part only of the force which Akbar boasted he was blockading, took two Afghan standards, recovered four of our guns previously captured at Cabul, and seized on nearly all Akbar's stores, tents, and ordnance. In this sanguinary engagement, the ill-requited but gallant Dennie fell at the head of his Brigade. Sale's situation was still doubtful; his provisions were nearly exhausted, when the joyful news arrived (15th April) that Pollock's camp was close at hand. Moving through the Khyber Pass, Pollock overcame every obstacle, and inflicted severe loss on the enemy; but partly owing to the indecision of Government, and partly from the difficulty of procuring provisions and transport, he was forced to remain at Jellalabad till the middle of July, when instructions were received from Lord Ellenborough to advance on Cabul as quickly as possible. On the 20th August the march commenced, —Nott having moved out of Candahar on the 15th. At this crisis General Elphinstone breathed his last; his sufferings were most intense, but the Christian fortitude and resignation with which he endured the most frightful torture, gained him the affectionate regard and admiration of those who witnessed his final struggles, and who looked on him as the victim less of his own faults than of the errors of others.

The treacherous Shah Shooja, on whose account so many lives had been sacrificed, fell a victim to treachery; the clans about Cabul were broken up by dissensions; the Balla Hissar was occupied by no less than four distinct tribes, the Dooranees, the Bamukzies, the Ghilzies, and the Kuzzilbashes. As Pollock's Army advanced on Cabul, it had

some sharp work, first at the memorable Jugdulluck Pass, and afterwards a little beyond Tezeen, where he was opposed by some 10 or 12,000 men under Akbar Khan. After beating this force the Army continued its march without molestation, arrived at Cabul on the 15th of September, and planted the British colors on the Balla Hissar; the Town was nearly deserted.

It has been already stated that General Nott left Candahar on the 15th of August. When the disasters at Cabul took place, the General was not one likely to give way to despair; but full of courage and hope he disobeyed repeated orders to retreat, wrote to Lord Auckland beseeching him not to be disheartened, and undertook to march from Candahar to Cabul as soon as the roads were practicable. Well in truth did he assert the honor of old England in Afghanistan, fully and sternly determined to recover the fame of our reputation, avenge the bloody and treacherous slaughter of our Troops, and release the hostages. Well aware was he that if we left Afghanistan in disgrace, we should become the laughing stock of the world, and all India would rise against us.—Mark his own words:—"When among our own countrymen all was panic and infatuation, from Lord Auckland down to the Drum-boy, what could be expected but disaster and disgrace? When the Press was calumniating, and abusing our brave men, I would with confidence have led 5000 sepoys against 20,000 Afghans. When I endeavoured to uphold the honor of my countrymen, I was told—*it is on official record*.—"your conduct has been injudicious, and shews you are unfit for any Command." *Unfit*, forsooth!!! Under the walls of Candahar, this injudicious and unfit Commander first inflicted severe loss on the Afghans, destroying 2000 of their best Troops. On his route to Cabul he came across Sultan Jan, 38 miles to the south west of Ghuzni, accompanied by 12,000 Afghans, the best troops in the country; but Nott with his small but gallant force attacked him without hesitation, obtained a complete victory, and retook Ghuzni. Lady Sale's diary accuses him of putting to death every man, woman, and child, in it. How ably this has been refuted by the gallant General, whom no disaster could appal, no difficulty stop, let the reader judge;—he says,—“I ordered the fortifications and citadel of Ghuzni to be destroyed:—it had been the scene of treachery, mutilation, torture, starvation, and cruel murder of our unresisting countrymen, (the brave

little garrison under Colonel Palmer, who had capitulated from want not only of provisions, but of water likewise) but when the troops under my Command entered the place,—*no man, no woman, no child, was there.*”—

Between the 15th and 21st of September the forces were all united at Cabul ; the hostages and prisoners who had been hurried off in the direction of Toorkhistan, to the number of 122, were all recovered ; the British Arms had been victorious in every engagement ; Cabul was once more in our possession. Little else remains to be added. After destroying the fortifications, the grand Bazaar, two mosques and other buildings, the force evacuated Cabul on the 12th October, marched in three divisions towards Jellalabad, on the 17th December reached the Sutledge, and crossed over to Ferozepore,—where Lord Ellenborough received them with a welcome which will never be forgotten.

• On a review of the proceedings connected with this War it is evident :—

1st. That the primary cause, viz, the fear of invasion by Russia, was a delusion ; for before a single regiment marched, Herat was safe : and the Shah of Persia had made a precipitate retreat into his own dominions.

2nd. The restoration of the Dooranee Empire by attempting to replace the twice-dethroned Shah Shooja on the throne of Cabul, was the most absurd and ill-digested *plot*, that ever entered the brains of the wildest visionary.

3rd. The invasion of Afghanistan was unjust and impolitic :—a scheme begotten in vanity, born in pride, suckled in ignorance, repented of in adversity, and terminating in disaster.

4th. The line of advance selected was fatal ; and no benefit could accrue from our possession of a country inhabited by half-savage hordes always at war amongst themselves.

A WANDERER'S THOUGHTS IN INDIA.

I want no Hero in particular,
About whose worldly deeds I'd care to sing—
In fact, to tell the truth, I'd sooner far
Relate the history of some Heroine—
But now a days such folk are aught but rare,
Some one of course excels in every thing—
Then why not take them all? Least such of those
Who'd rather not their ways discuss'd in prose.

Thus, I a wanderer in this deadly clime,
Car'd for by few, and those few far away—
Am seeking now oblivion in rhyme,
To drown the "ennui" of an Indian Day;
(Or as the idle hath it) "kill the time"—

I, years ago, full many a youthful Lay
Was guilty of; when subject to the rule
Of snub-nos'd ushers at a Public School.

Oh! how I hated then one lynx-eyed fool,
Who swore that my Iambics wanted feet,
On forty pounds a year a drudging tool
That held amongst his race the lowest seat.
But, as 'tis o'er, I'll now forgive the mule,
Perchance some day these lines his sight may greet,
He'll have good reason to "denounce my muse"—
More so if he contribute to Reviews.

Years have rolled by since last I saw the spot,
Whereon thy towers rear their lofty heads!
Thy Beauties, B***, I never have forgot;
Nor will I, till Impartial Nature sheds
My Memory. For the universal lot
Sends us poor mortals to our clay cold beds,
Which is a finish to all recollections,
And all our worldly pleasures and affections.

Shall I not recollect the fam'd "Broad Street?"
(Why thus misnam'd I really do not know:
With London's narrowest lane 't would scarce compete
No matter whereabouts you'd chuse to go).
There stands the Church, where we were sent to meet
With good advice, with ribbon'd Belles, and Beaux;
There stands the blacken'd pile, in days of yore
Disliked by youths replete with classic Lore.

Thou grand and ancient edifice; of stone
Raised in the time of good King Edward's reign!
Here, as I lie upon my bed alone,
I, wretched victim to disease, would fain
For all my boyish follies now atone!
What I rejected, how can I regain?
Oh—how bright Phœbus, can I ere recall
Those mispent hours in th' Academian Hall?

Great Senex ! why did I when young disdain
 To profit by thy Science and thine Art ?
 Treating alike thy precepts, and thy cane
 In vain attempting knowledge to impart
 To one that wanted every thing, but brain—
 The thought of which pains my still youthful heart ;
 Mindful of thee it since has ever been,
 Though steep'd in worldly pomps, and pride, and sin.
 To thee, by Alma Mater, blest are born
 A numerous and learned generation ;
 Who having quaff'd of learning's copious horn
 Are in themselves a profitable nation :
 And having from her branches blossoms torn
 Are mostly now employ'd in propagation,
 Sowing with care and toil in raw beginners
 Seeds which but seldom sprout in school-boy sinners.
 Some are devoted to their country's cause
 Fighting her battles both by sea and land,
 Reaping the harvest and the tares of Wars
 And climates, all of which her cause demands.
 Though one I know expoundeth Britain's Laws
 That Justice may reign Sov'reign of her Lands—
 But still they are an honourable race
 Brought up their lineage to prolong and grace.
 Being an Idle, good-for-nothing boy,
 Of one or two I've often felt the force ;
 The first of punishment was never coy,
Not like a common Pedagogue bred to coarse,
 Having beyond his cane no other joy,
 Not like the brute that makes the idle worse,
 He gave one " Kudos " on behaving well,—
 When otherwise one felt his wand like H—ll.
 But what that feeling is, I've got to see
 Or rather *feel*. Just now I cannot say
 " Digression is a Sin " that suits not me—
 I mean my muse who pens this feeble lay.
 But all my pastors did always agree
 That I should ever travel " the broad way "—
 If ere to publish this it be my whim,
 I shall attribute the mistake to them.
 Well—after all, the happiest days I've spent
 Were with the form, the cane, the playing ground—
 What joy, when meeting your young fag you sent
 To purchase apples, you join in the round
 Of real gaiety ! When your tongues have rent
 The Heavens with their gladness ; the Bell's deep sound
 Re-summons to their work th' unwilling boys
 And wretched Ushers, to the bee-like noise.
 Youth is a stranger to the worldly care
 That day by day besets manhood, and age
 God knows, though scarce a man, I've had my share :—
 And like my betters war am forc'd to wage
 With sickness, wounded pride. Patience cries—" where
 Is thy religion to subdue thy rage ?"
 And Echo answers " where ? " 'tis true, I've seen
 Some sweets—more bitters, since I was sixteen.

Sixteen ! that dang'rous epoch is the brink

Of the abyss, in which a thousand fall ;
From which per chance a score or so may shrink,
And thus avoid the tasting of the gall
And bitterness of woe. This is the link

Like adamant that binds one. To the call
Of Satan's Angels a subservient slave
In torment pain, eternally to rave.

'Twas at that age I left my childhood's home,

Smooth, soft sixteen, with form and limbs uncouth,
Far, far away in Eastern climes to roam,
To seek a living at the cannon's mouth.

Then, that last sad farewell. The stifled sob—

The mother's heart-broke sigh !—I wander'd forth
From her embrace.—Angel ! she scarcely knew
Her offspring's sadness, and his joys so few.

Lo ! the Blue Peter floating in the wind

Bespeaks departure from your native land,
Leaving most all you care about behind :

And those that care for you. Her fostering hand—
His farewell blessing from his lips so kind—

Of careless relatives a num'rous band—

For Parents are the only bits of clay,
That wish you Heav'n on the Judgment Day.

May be, such few as may have never known

The anxious fondness of a parent's love,—
These, thrice unhappy, these may have been thrown
On this wide world through life alone to rove
And thus to full maturity have grown

Knowing *one Parent*,—Him that reigns above ;

We all are taught to do so. Few I know

Abroad, to worship, save their idols, go.

Some worship riches, others glory, fame ;

Some their profession, (very few of these)

Some think it every thing to get a name

Honoured-or-not :—either with some agrees—

What does it matter ? They are both the same :—

'Tis not in human flesh the world to please,

Half think your acts, are "wheat," the other "tares,"

E'en Parsons revel in their banking shares.

Then comes the voyage, three months of wretchedness

Confinement in a dog-hole three yards square

For the first month (with the strong stomach'd less)

Scarcely less loathsome than a pole cat's lair,

As some who knew me, will I am sure confess.

But such an instance is exceeding rare.

Except they're much detained whilst on their way
Through the sea-mountains in the much fear'd Bay.

In time, just sav'd, death's open'd door you pass

Once more ; you try to rise to feel the sun.

"Glissading" head long towards the looking glass

Is rather tragic to the suffering one—

"Horresco referens," it is no farce ;

Though "*certes*," comic to one's laughing chum—

And having had fifteen or twenty falls,

Up to the deck a pallid spectre crawls

Seeking the pure air from the azure sky,
 A dozen "hope you're well's" or "how do you do's"
 Sound from the poop, or from the tops on high—
 The scene and breeze your tott'ring frame renew,
 And when to answer with a smile you'd try—
 Your former friend might say "I scarcely knew,"
 "T'was the same rosy laughter loving boy,"
 "That was his Father's pride, his Mother's joy."
 "Three weary months!" "How shall we kill the time?"
 Is now the general cry. "Well once a week
 A paper gratis full of prose and rhyme
 And there's haranguing, for all those who'll speak
 And acting horses when the weather's fine
 Or, on the *smallest*, play some *nightly* trick;—
 For instance, douse his mattress with salt water
 When he's asleep, what glorious fun! what laughter!"
 'Twas thus some thirty freed from College thrall
 Dispell'd the *ennui* of their outward trip—
 How, when their lanky visages appal
 The oldest sailor of the homeward ship
 (After ten years) on which for health they crawl
 From memory's sweet cup the drops they'll sip,
 They'll think, that thus ten years have pass'd away,
 Each year we've wasted, aye each week, each day.
 Some have been better'd by these varied scenes;
 Sickness reformeth many a wicked one.
 Whether they see the Devil in their dreams
 I know not, but I've seen they ever shun
 All worldly pomps (we always court extremes)
 Turn moralists, read tracts, although 'tis funny,
 You'll find sometimes their object's "saving money."

But I don't say that's wrong. Yet recollect
 "The Camel easier it's way can wend
 Through a small needle's eye, than Dives get
 A berth above." P'raps moralists *pretend*
 This is *misunderstood*, or p'raps *forget*
 It *altogether*, to obtain their *end*—
 Preach and be d——d, oh ye who make a fuss
 About enjoying what is given us!
 All hail! Bright city gorged with Palaces!
 All hail thou sacred stream that laves her shore!
 All hail ye pleasures that before us raise
 Your heads like serpents to seduce the more!
 All hail ye Baboos, who bad wares appraise,
 From one rupee in time you'll make a *crore*!
 All hail thou fair but false society,
 In thee I've found not much variety!
 A merchant crew, that quick its fortune makes
 Some *passing* rich and some that *really* are—
 Coxcombs, and dashing Aide-de-camps and rakes,
 Heroes moustachioed after the last war,
 Females, cold, stiff, like Queens on ice-clad cakes,
 Flirting with dignity—some dark, some fair—
 In fact a well-dress'd motley congregation,
 Shewing in miniature our English nation.

But why this stateliness? And why this pride?

Are we not all in wilful banishment?

Are we not borne along by one strong tide,

One freak of fortune, the immediate want

Of wealth to carry us on side by side

With our own countrymen? Then why give vent

To this sought-for display of English vaunt?

Does India warm ye not? I fear she cant!

I've been spectator of scenes numberless

At that receptacle for most Cadets,

The Fort. The luckless griffin at the Mess

His footing pays, and his quietus gets

From Allsopp's nectar. For he wont confess

That smoke he can't: and then the hare brain'd bets

To swallow down enormous "goes" of brandy

'Mongst those that think themselves with ribbons handy!

A youth I knew, who, after one hard night,

Next day by us was follow'd to th' grave.

Here was a death for one who had not quite

A week escap'd the perils of the wave.

That Death I witness'd; 'twas a fearful sight

For those that heard him in his struggles rave;

Thank Heaven I was shelter'd by a friend,

Who doubtless sav'd me from as bad an end—

After receiving certain sums call'd "pay"

And calling upon numerous great men,

Polite, or vulgar, whisker'd, bald, or grey,

Who give you advice gratis now and then

About "how rapidly cash melts away"—

(Where it does not, I really dinna ken,)—

With little left except your watch in fob

You go to join your corps in the Doab.

Ye gods! how shall I sing the various deeds

Of folly's sons in voyages up by steam.

How pellets penetrate poor ryots heads;

How boats without their crews skim down the stream

Amidst the roars of laughter from the lads,

Who of the consequences little dream,—

The wrath of Captains, and the oaths of niggers

Who daily curse that griffs have guns with triggers.

Our worthy ruler in consideration

Of beer and freedom setting spirits wild;

And as such pranks don't benefit our nation,

Since "Blackie's" currie is so oft defil'd:—

That Tyros rude should reach their destination

In safety, with amusements much more mild,

Orders that Palkies may be us'd to travel in,

As solitude prevents all cavilling.

Oh pleasant solitude! how much I love thee;

As long as 'tis not in a palanquin.

For when one measures a goad six foot three,

'Tis anything but pleasant. I have been

Coop'd up for days and nights in misery

With god knows what, a fever,—liver, spleen,—

The hot winds blowing,—with so many ills

That made me fear I should not reach the hills!

'Tis fearful, that impression on the mind
 That Death is near, and you in solitude
 Far, far away from all that would be kind,
 And careful of you, or dispense that food
 From which much benefit most sinners find.
 Some crazy turn, and think themselves too good,
 To breathe the same air with polluted men—
 I've found a good companion in my pen.
 All hail—Mussoorie, thou much sought for Goal—
 By votaries of pleasure and of sin!
 In thee I've seen of flatterers a shoal,
 Who much "liaisons" I've to glory in;
 For these 'tis usual to pay a toll.
 To peaceful breasts for causing sorrowing,
 Those that quaff goblets fill'd with love and porter—
 Are often forc'd to finish off with slaughter.

• • • • •

FIRST LOVE.

I've seen those climes, where constant summer skies
 Mock in their azure depths, sweet love, thine eyes,
 Where forms voluptuous breathe the perfumed air,
 And nature's choicest gifts are lavished there.
 I've seen those climes—admired those graceful forms,
 On plains of Ind—or at the Cape of Storms;
 But how could this fond heart their influence own,
 While thy dear image held its secret throne!
 When to my gaze, in full luxuriance rose
 Fair Shapes, in Sun-beams imaged, or in Snows:—
 Oft would I close mine eyes, while memory sought
 Thy distant charms, to chase each wandering tender thought!

A LEGEND OF THE COAST.

It was within an hour of midnight, and still the storm raged with unabated violence. The cottage of Richard Bensley, which was situated on the summit of a lofty cliff, and consequently exposed to all the fury of the wind, shook to its nethermost foundation. Its tenant, meanwhile, sat within, leaning against the rough deal table with his face buried in his hands,—little recked he of the conflicting elements, a subject far different occupied his mind.

Bensley, who exercised the calling of a fisherman, had not been able to meet the legal demand made upon him for the rent, which had now been due some weeks; his landlord, in consequence, had threatened to destrain; and Bensley, who, owing to the expense incurred by the protracted illness and death of his wife who had died about a fortnight before, leaving him sole protector of the helpless infant that slept in the cradle at his feet (apparently only rocked to sounder slumber by the storm which raged without doors), to say nothing of his own idle extravagant habits, was plunged into almost extreme poverty; and not knowing what to do for a livelihood, was ready for any act of desperation or violence. Suddenly, immediately after a peal of thunder, so loud that it seemed to shake the firmament of heaven to its centre, a sound was heard which, notwithstanding the din and roar of the tempest, it was impossible to mistake—it was the report of a gun fired at sea proclaiming that some ill-fated vessel had struck upon the sunken reef that was distant about two hundred yards from the shore.

Another and another!—these sounds no sooner struck upon Bensley's ear, than his face lighted up with a demoniac triumph as he thought of the plunder he should be able to snatch from the bodies of the drowned mariners as they were washed on shore; for, in common with the rest of the inhabitants of the wretched hovels that lined the summit of the cliff of which mention has already been made, he was in the habit of augmenting his gains, as a fisherman, by the shameful practice of wrecking; and as there was neither magistrate nor clergyman resident in the immediate neighbourhood, and the coast-guard-station being distant nearly three

miles (the reader must bear in mind that the date of our story is laid between thirty and forty years ago), great facility was afforded for the prosecution of this most nefarious system, of which the lower class of people were only too glad to avail themselves, the more especially as they were rather encouraged in it by the farmers, most of whom had been wreckers at some period or other of their lives, and had in many instances amassed thereby large sums of money.

Bensley not only, as we before stated, prosecuted this accursed trade in common with the rest, but was always foremost in the scenes of lawless violence that occurred, and though as yet he had never proceeded to the crime of murder, yet those who knew his character and temper were well aware that he would require but a very little to urge him on so far to fill up the measure of his guilt. On finding, by the continuation of the minute guns, there was no doubt but that some vessel actually had struck, he wrapped his boat cloak round him, and seizing his hat (a sou'wester of the most ample dimensions), proceeded to make the best of his way, spite of the lightning that every now and then glared in his face, and the driving wind that almost carried him off his legs, down the precipitious path that led to the sea shore.

We must now beg to direct the reader's immediate attention to the state of the ill-fated vessel, an homeward-bound East Indiaman, of nearly a thousand tons burden. She had struck with her broadside on the reef, so that she lay on her beam-ends, the sea making a clean breach over her. As well may be imagined, the greatest possible confusion prevailed on board : the sailors, all of whom that could be spared from their other duties had been taking their turns at the pumps in the hopes of lessening the leak which now gained fast upon them, had abandoned their endeavours, and were either lashed to the rigging, or else lying on the deck in a state of utter exhaustion, while the passengers, of whom a great number were women, and one or two of them with quite young children, were crouching beneath the bulwarks on the windward side, having almost given themselves up, for lost.

The boats had already been lowered and instantly swamped ; for it was quite impossible for any small craft to live in such a sea, so that the only hopes for the survivors (for ever and anon the boiling surge swept the doomed ship from stem to taffrail, and bearing with it some hapless wretch, engulfed him in the hell of waters, that settled and roared,

as it were to greater fury by its own violence and tumult,) were that they should remain on the deck of the "Bombay Castle," so was the Indiaman named, sheltering themselves, and holding on as best they could, till assistance either by the life-boat or Captain Manby's admirable apparatus could be afforded them from the shore; and should the vessel go to pieces before such assistance could be rendered them, then that as many as could do so, having first made themselves fast to spars and gratings, should spring into the waves, and put their trust in Providence to reach the shore alive.

Among them was a gentleman of the name of Russell, who having made a very sufficient fortune in India, was on his passage to England, from which he had been absent more than twenty years, hoping to spend the evening of his days in a tranquil happy home, and share his toil won gains with those most dear to him. When the Indiaman first struck, and he was convinced by the despairing faces of the crew that all hopes of getting her off were utterly vain, and madened by the scene of misery that everywhere met his gaze, he leaped at once over the side into the foaming sea. For a while, as he was an excellent swimmer, he, by sheer strength of arm, battled successfully with the waves; but mortal strength and prowess contending with the fury of the elements soon entirely failed him: he had already sunk twice, and was rising to the surface for the last time, when fortunately an anchor buoy drifted close by him: seizing hold of this, he supported himself on it with one hand, while with the other he struck out bravely, and contrived to hold on a tolerably straight course towards the shore. He had scarcely got clear of the "Bombay Castle," when the dreadful cry, "she parts! she parts!" followed by a concentrated scream of agony, smote like a dirge upon his ear. This terrible sound almost banished hope from his breast; but, by dint of clinging fast to the buoy and steering himself with his disengaged arm, so that he should not run upon any of the rocks which were right a-head of him, he was thrown with violence on the beach, almost at the feet of Richard Bensley, and left there by the retreating tide, stunned and quite exhausted, but in other respects totally uninjured.

Bensley had but a few minutes before reached the termination of the path and was standing on a ledge of rock just out of reach of the breakers, which foamed and surged immediately below him. To descend and draw the corpse,

for such he supposed it to be, some way up the path, was the work of a moment. In doing this, he caught sight of a bulky pocket-book, which had fallen from the clothes. On opening and examining the contents, he discovered that it contained English bank notes to the amount of one hundred pounds.

Meanwhile, Mr. Russell had recovered from the effect of the violence of the shock with which he had been thrown on shore, and having regained the use of his senses, perceived his note-case in the hands of a strange rough-looking man, whose evident intention was to rob him. His immediate impulse was to cry out for assistance ; and Bensley, whose cupidity had been greatly excited by the contemplation of (to him) an inexhaustible amount of wealth, fearing lest Mr. Russell's voice should be heard by the coast-guard, who would now be on the alert, hesitated not to add the crime of murder to that which he had already committed.

Accordingly, selecting a large pointed stone from a heap of flints that lay close beside him, he struck his victim with it on the forehead till the right temple was completely staved in, and life in a very short time extinct.

The horrid deed was scarcely accomplished, when (the wind having now lulled) the murderer was interrupted in the act of rifling the pockets of his victim in search of more booty, by the sound of approaching footsteps. Instantly rising from the body of the murdered man, and securing the spoil he had already obtained, he darted off at his utmost speed in the direction of his own cottage, which he reached in a very short time ; leaving behind him a dark-lantern he had brought with him, and also a few foreign coins of no particular value, part of the stolen property, and which, in his hurry, he either neglected or forgot to take with him.

In order to explain satisfactorily the cause of interruption, we must now retrograde considerably.

About half a mile inland from the part of the coast we have attempted to describe, dwelt a farmer of the name of Allen. This worthy yeoman, who, as he was in easy circumstances—that is, he contrived always to be ready with his rent when quarter-day came round, and have a surplus, or as he termed it, a “ gay handful of brass,” at the end of every year, and therefore might lay claim to the title of a substantial farmer—had like Jephtha, an only daughter, and whom also like the Israelitish judge, he loved passing well. Bessy Allen was not strikingly handsome, but still sufficiently so to have

a numerous train of admirers among the male population of Selford. Many a broken head and awkward fall had her peerless charms (for so were they esteemed by the men; what the women thought is quite another question) been the occasion of at the various cudgel and wrestling matches; not that the rustic youth of Selford were in the habit, like the knights of old in the days of chivalry, of maintaining the superiority of their idol's beauty against all comers, but owing to Miss Bessy's own airs and caprice (for she was a complete coquette) in using her lovers as she would her shawl or gloves, keeping them on or throwing them aside just as suited her own fancy; to say nothing of the great delight she took in setting one against the other in such a way as to breed among them quarrels innumerable. There was, however, one among the throng whom—thanks to the manifest devotion he entertained for her, and his unwearied acts of attention, which, by the way, for a long time met only with repulse—she regarded with feelings certainly warmer than those resulting from common friendship; her sentiments towards him were not perhaps those of actual love, but nevertheless were on the verge of becoming so. George Tyford, the favoured swain, was a tall, well-looking young man, with chestnut-coloured hair, white teeth, and such a pair of whiskers! and who by working diligently at his trade, which was that of a carpenter, contrived to make twenty or twenty-two shillings a-week.

At length, after a long series of hopes and fears, Tyford summoned up courage to make an offer of his hand and heart to the lady of his love. Bessy for some time refused to give him any answer at all; but after a great deal of imploring and beseeching on his part, being as she said worried out of her life by his importunities, she consented to allow him to speak to her father on the subject. On the following day, therefore, Mr. Tyford waited on Farmer Allen for the purpose of hearing his decision. After some delay, he broached the question that lay nearest his heart; told the worthy yeoman that he loved his daughter from the first; dilated on her manifold good qualities to a great extent; and finally concluded by asking his permission to marry her. Mr. Allen heard him out, and then very quietly told him that if he could have made a proper settlement on his daughter—a hundred pounds, or so—he should have had no objection to the match, but as things stood it was not to be thought of: thus the conversation closed.

Tyford, his hopes being rudely dashed to the earth, became in every respect an altered man; he no longer applied himself with assiduity to the prosecution of his trade, but utterly careless of every thing, wandered about like a perturbed spirit, moody and discontented. It was indeed said that he frequented the public-house, and drank deeply; this, however, was entirely without foundation. The effect produced on Bessy by this strange proceeding of her father was exactly what might have been expected, the more especially as he had rated her pretty severely for encouraging Tyford. She was now determined to go all lengths to marry her lover; and finally, though not till after repeated solicitations in the course of a stolen interview, on his part, consented to receive him occasionally when her father had retired to rest, which was generally about half-past-nine, in her own sitting-room, to which he could easily obtain admittance through the window, which was not above three feet from the ground. We do not attempt to defend this line of conduct, for every one must allow that Bessy was very wrong in allowing these interviews to take place.

In the first place, she had no right to hold communication with her lover after his unqualified rejection by her father; and besides, by consenting to these secret meetings, though every thought and feeling in her breast was pure as the icicle that hangs on "Dian's Temple," and the merest shadow had never been cast on her reputation, she gave a handle to the scandal-mongers of Selford, should her interviews with Tyford under such circumstances be discovered, to suspect, and spread the most injurious reports concerning her.

On the night of the murder of Mr. Russell, Tyford, who had heard a day or two before, and had given credence to a rumour entirely without foundation, that Bessy was about to be sent to her maternal aunt, who lived in the West of England, where she was to remain for an indefinite period, in order that the misplaced attachment might be eradicated from her mind, determined on seeing her once again before her departure, set off unmindful of the storm, for Allen's farm-house, which was distant from his own place of residence about a mile and a quarter, so as to reach it a little before ten. Such, however, was the violence of the storm, the fury of the wind being so great that he could hardly make any way against it, and the pitch-like darkness of the

night, which was rendered still more bewildering by the vivid flashes of sheet-lightning which at intervals seemed to render the horizon one blaze of light, that Tyford, although he knew the road as well as possible, completely lost his way, and instead of reaching Allen's house, got down to the precipitous path which led from the cliff to the beach, and where, as the reader will recollect, the murder was committed. Arrived here, he was looking in vain for some track or landmark to guide him in the right direction, when he heard the sound of some one groaning: fearing lest some accident might have happened, he turned his steps towards the place whence the sounds appeared to come, and whither he was directed by the light of the lantern, the slide of which in his hurry Bensley had left unclosed.

The reader may well imagine the sensation of horror which thrilled through his whole frame, when he discovered the body of a human being frightfully mangled, and the stream of life yet gushing from a hideous wound in the right temple. His first impulse was to raise the corpse in his arms, and endeavour by stanching the wound and sprinkling water in the face, to recall vitality. But, alas! all his human efforts were in vain; the spark of life was irrecoverably extinguished. Finding all he could do was perfectly useless, and no assistance being near at hand, he next proceeded to search the pocket of the murdered man for some card and clue to his identity. Whilst he was thus engaged, he was suddenly surrounded by a body of the coast-guard, with an officer at their head, who had by the light of the lantern been attracted to the spot. Tyford's position certainly was a most suspicious one. Pale and agitated, he was kneeling alone by the side of a corpse that had evidently met its death by violence, his hands and dress stained with blood, examining apparently the value of some foreign money, doubtless the property of the deceased, while the stone, the instrument with which the dreadful crime had been accomplished, lay close beside him, yet reeking from the unhallowed deed.

Some questions having been put to him by the officer as to his presence upon the spot under such suspicious circumstances, which he answered in a very unsatisfactory manner—unsatisfactory, at least, to the lieutenant, who was a gentleman possessing no very great superabundance of brains—he was seized, and his person having undergone a complete search, though nothing further likely to criminate

him was found upon him, he was seized and conveyed away in custody. The next morning he was handed over to the civil power and taken before the nearest magistrate, who by the way lived between three and four miles off, by whom he was committed to the county goal; a day or two after this he was taken from prison into the principal room of the "Black Horse," the only public-house at Selford, for the purpose of hearing the evidence that was detailed against him at the inquest, and a verdict of "wilful murder" against George Tyford having been returned by the jury, he was taken back to gaol, there to await his trial at the next Spring Assizes.

We must now return to Bensley, the real perpetrator of the horrid crime of which Tyford was accused. Immediately on his arrival at his own cottage he concealed the booty he had obtained beneath the hearth, having done this he undressed as quickly as he could and got into bed, and tried in vain to sleep; every time he closed his eyes, the livid corpse of his victim seemed to rise beneath the lids, the ashy sharpened lineaments, the yet bleeding wound in the forehead, the dripping locks, all—all were revealed with terrible distinctness,—in every blast of wind that shook the casement, he heard his death-shriek. The next morning he heard of the capture of Tyford for the murder, and in a few days of the verdict, and his subsequent committal to prison. These tidings, however, afforded him no relief. There was no rest for one who had imbrued his hands in blood, and on whose brow the mark of Cain indelibly was set; the taint of gore was in his nostrils, and to his distempered fancy all nature seemed to wear a hue of crimson. The very money which had incited him to the deed was now valueless, he dared not spend it lest the possession of so large a sum should draw upon him suspicion of being an accomplice. Such was his mental suffering, that his hair (he was hardly thirty years of age) grew prematurely grey, the very flesh seemed to wither on his bones, and his whole appearance was that of a man stricken by some mortal disease. Meanwhile, the effects produced on poor Bessy by the knowledge of her lover's being accused of the murder, were indeed terrible. She bore up pretty well till he was committed to take his trial; upon this being imprudently communicated to her, she fell into a stupor, which continued for so long a time that to her agonised father it appeared the sleep of death. This was succeeded by a fever brought on by the

state of her mind, during which her life was for some time despaired of, and after the crisis was past, such was the state of weakness superinduced by it, that weeks elapsed before she could even walk across the room.

Two months had now passed since the commission of the murder—winter had been succeeded by spring, and the assizes throughout England had commenced. In due course of time the Judges arrived at L——, and that respectable county town, at other times so dull and gloomy, was rendered quite gay by “the pomp and circumstance of glorious justice.” As it was known that Tyford’s trial would take place on the following Friday, public expectation was on tiptoe. Accordingly, on the appointed day, the prisoner was placed at the bar, and having pleaded Not Guilty, the trial commenced. The court of course was densely crowded, and great interest made to obtain seats near the bench. Bessy had wished very much to be present, but so debilitated was she by recent illness, that the attempt was quite impracticable. Her father, however, in order to soothe her mind, had promised to be there, and bring her speedy intelligence of the result.

It is not, however, our intention to inflict the detail of the various evidence on our readers, but merely to state the defence which the prisoner offered, which was just the same as he had made when before the magistrate—namely, that he having lost his way as he was proceeding to keep an appointment (with whom he steadily refused to say), that he came accidentally upon the body, and was trying in vain to restore animation when he was seized by the coast-guard. This, however, seemed so utterly improbable, and the evidence against him was so clear, though his counsel tried all he could to shake the testimony of the witnesses for the prosecution, that it had no weight at all. Mr. Justice Eldred, before whom the case was tried, was just summing up with the utmost perspicuity and humanity, pointing to the jury every circumstance in favour of the prisoner, when a noise was heard in the rear of the court, and a man was seen forcing his way through the crowd, spite of the efforts of the javelin men to prevent him. He had now reached the centre of the court, when he explained, “My lord ! my lord ! the prisoner at the bar is guiltless of the crime imputed to him ; I—I am the murderer ! This paper will explain all” (thrusting one as he spoke into the hands of the gaoler, who was sitting in his box close by the dock).

This was no sooner done, than Bensley (for it was he) raised his left hand, in which something glittered, to his mouth. In an instant a deadly change passed over his face, and he fell back a corpse into the arms of a javelin man immediately behind him. He had taken prussic acid !

* * * * *

We must now hasten to the conclusion of a tale which has already exceeded its due limits. Suffice it to say, that Tyford was removed from the dock, and in a short time was released from the disgraceful position in which he had been placed. In about a month afterwards he was rewarded for all the sufferings he had undergone with the hand of his dear Bessy, now entirely cured of her coquetry ; and her father, having been brought to reason by the shock his daughter had sustained, had cheerfully given his consent to the match ; while the body of Richard Bensley, murderer and suicide, was buried at the dead hour of night in an obscure corner of Selford Churchyard, no service read over his remains, no stone to mark the spot.

COURT-OF-REQUESTS-IANA.

JUSTICE.—The virtue by which we give to every man what is his due ; vindictive retribution, punishment ; right, assertion.

Walker's Dictionary.

We have reason to believe that very erroneous opinions are often, if not always, entertained by members of the C. S.—or Civilians, and sometimes though very much more rarely by members of the M. S. or Military men,—upon the question as to whether or not Shopkeepers, and retail traders, whether keeping a shop, a livery stable, or an hotel would ever re-employ, to the injury of a past or present customer, vouchers relating to bills for goods supplied under "the light of other days," but bills which have long ago been paid.

But we, for our own parts, guided by data that are now in our possession, have been for some time reluctantly impressed with the conviction, that whether from *bonâ fide* oversight, or from *malâ fide* simulation of oversight, claims in the shape of shop bills, hotel bills, and so forth, are not by any means so unfrequently as we ourselves formerly imagined, and as the law-givers of the land for the most part still imagine, reproduced after the lapse of several years, and employed against the customer for the extraction of a second payment of his long discharged account.

We ourselves know of one case in which the accidental preservation of a receipt, upon a rusty old file of similar papers of seven or eight years "standing," had the fortunate effect of counteracting the tendency of old vouchers to reproduce old bills. And in that case, an humble apology and an assurance that the mistake had originated in the carelessness of a book-keeper, were of course,—not unaccompanied by the expression of a (very futile) hope of future favours,—the immediate results of the production of the time-stained receipt.

But receipts will not and cannot last for ever, any more than can their holders. And a voyage home and back, and the lapse of some four years, what with the preparatory arrangements, the furlough itself, and the operation of re-

joining a Regiment up the country, may—and in most cases positively does,—effect the loss or destruction of whole files or bundles of the receipts of Officers, in this country.

The wreck of a baggage boat, the robbery of a trunk upon a march, or the destruction of a bungalow by fire, are also, every one of them, accidents that not rarely deprive an Officer of these interesting little mementos of “happier hours.”

And if, under such circumstances, the Officer dies,—and Officers, like common men, *do* “die, and worms do eat them,” as Mr. William Shakspeare assures us,—what protection has his estate? What power have the Committee of Adjustment, who would gladly encounter *any* trouble to protect the rights of his just creditors, as well as those of his widow and orphans, or his other heirs,—against the possible,—we do not say the probable, but the possible,—reproduction by any scoundrel of some long since paid account,—in the absence of a receipt to show that the claim had been already discharged?

The so called creditor, in such a case, is never called upon to declare on oath that his demand is correct, and still unpaid. His letter and the voucher, or vouchers, are formally transmitted to the Administrator General, and entered in the account of the debts of the deceased. No questions are put to the claimant; and in the fulness of time, if the Estate prove to be solvent, he gets paid over again in full;—or at the worst, he shares equally with the *bonâ fide* creditors. That any honest tradesmen would sooner (like Scævola) burn off his right hand, than employ it to pen a false demand, there cannot, of course, be the shadow of a doubt. But all tradesmen,—“’tis true, ’tis pity,—pity ’tis, ’tis true!”—all tradesmen are not indomitably honest;—if they were, we should not be writing this article.

And what is more, even the best among them may once in a way, commit an oversight—though it is curiously remarkable how these oversights, when they do occur, *invariably* happen in favour of the tradesman. Now by way of illustrating this doctrine, we would fain relate a little tale, which is strictly a narrative of facts.

Once upon a time then;—in fact about two years ago,—a Captain W. Ellis, let us say, (because his name was not Ellis) of one of our Native Infantry Regiments, was sued by one of the head Hotel Keepers in Calcutta before the Military Court of Requests,—no matter at what station; Ferozepore will do as well as any other,—for three hundred and

fifteen or sixteen rupees, on account of board and lodging for upwards of a month, at Blank's Hotel not a hundred miles from Government House in the Ditch. So far there is nothing very extraordinary in the case. Captains of the line have sometimes a way of over-running the constable. But, when the vouchers by which the claim was supported, came to be opened before the Court, it was pointed out to them by the defendant,—who had taken the trouble to drive to the Brigade Office a day or two before, and to inspect the claim and the vouchers under the Brigade Major's own eye, *that* only one of these documents was signed by himself; and that vouched for only eighteen or twenty rupees, on account of miscellaneous articles;—but that the Hotel bill, whose amount was nearly three hundred rupees, was acknowledged as correct in a hand totally different from his own, and (which was rather an important fact, one would have thought)—that whereas *his* initials were “W. E.” the acknowledgment attached to the Hotel bill was signed by a man, or woman, calling himself, or herself, “J. C. Ellis;”—the surname alone being the same in both cases. This discrepancy *per se*, might have made most men pause, ere they gave a decision in favour of the plaintiff, in spite of his being a respectable man, as far as repute and times go; and in spite of his having signed an affidavit before a Calcutta Magistrate to the effect that the whole of the bills forwarded by him, in this case, to, say, the Ferozepore Brigade Office, were owed to him by Capt. W. Ellis, the defendant.

But “Capt. W. Ellis the defendant,”—who is a wide awake gentleman enough,—produced before that Court, other, and perhaps still more conclusive, evidence, that he was *not*, nay that he could not have been, the “party” who had contracted the hotel bill. Par exemple, he produced a certificate from the Brigade Major of the Station, and another from the Adjutant of his Regiment, to the effect that throughout the whole of the period during which that hotel bill represented him as living and boarding at Blank's Hotel in Calcutta, aye and for long before and after that period, he had been, not at Calcutta or near it, but uninterruptedly at up country stations not far short of a thousand miles from the Presidency. He also produced his *dâk* book which contained abundant proofs, that he had been in the constant habit of despatching letters from those up country stations, during the whole of the period, and for a long time both before and after it, during which, according to the hotel

keeper's account, (in either sense of that word, *account*) he was breakfasting and dining, almost daily, at a table d'hôte in Calcutta.

Here was an alibi clearly proved, and no Court not containing a preponderance of downright blockheads; or most verdant griffs, would have hesitated to give an award for the defendant. But the President (an arrant Cockney) was a man of a sturdy will and a weak intellect,—head-strong, but by no means strong-headed; and the members, some of whom were subalterns of the Regiment which he commanded, were over-ruled by him in words pretty much as follows:—

“We ‘ave nothing to do, Gentlemen, with *halibi*’s. ‘Ere’s a respectable Calcutter Otel Keeper and Citizen, goes away to a Magistrate and takes ‘is *hoath* gentlemen, ‘is *hoath*, and his *haffidavit*, as is more, that them bills is all due to ‘im by Capting W. *Hellis*; and,—close the Court gentlemen, if you please;”—(the Court is cleared)—“and now gentlemen that we are all alone, *Hi* must tell you that it is my firm belief that these Otel Bills signed “I. C. *Hellis*,” were contracted by some *chair hamie* of Capt. *Hellis*’s—living at the Otel at ‘is cost and with, ‘is sanction. *Hi* once knew a Miss *Hellis*, a devilish fine girl, whose initials were *h I. C. h E.* (*Hisabella Cordelia Hellis* was ‘er name.) And at all events a *hoath*’s a *hoath*, and a *haffidavit*’s a *haffidavit*.—Whereas a *halibi*—why what’s in *ha* name? A *halibi*’s got no more substance in it, nor a *syllabub*! What’s more, gentlemen, we ‘ve got just one ‘undred and twenty sevin cases in all to get through (*aside*—, septing some five and twenty settled yesterday at the Brigade *Hoffice*) and this is only the ninetyeth, and its nigh to three o’clock; so *hunless* you want to meet again to-morrow, we’d better look alive! Come what shall it be? Award in full for plaintiff, for Co.’s Rs. 315, to be deducted from the first available pay in two instalments of one ‘undred rupees *heach* per mensem, and 115 from the third month’s? *Hi* think that’ll ‘it him *hoff* *very* nicely! Ensign *Enderson* you’re the junior member; what’s your *hopinion*? *Hi*’ve seen a good deal of them things, and *Hi*’ve lived at Blank’s Otel myself, afore now,—(never kep a *chair hamie* there, though!)—and *Hi* must say, *Hi* never saw a more *hupright* man nor Mr. Blank ‘imself is,—never!—But don’t let *me* *hinfluence* yer, yer know! In course you’ll give your”—“Award in full for the plaintiff,” interrupted Ensign *Henderson*—“payable in three monthly instalments.” And so it went round; and all said *ditto*, save one hard-

headed taciturn young Northumbrian, who *burred* out an "award for defendant;"—adding that in his opinion the claim—minus Rs. 18 or 20 Rs. was "false, vexatious, and fraudulent." However he was of course, "in a glorious minority of one,"—the Court re-opened, and the decision was communicated to Capt. W. Ellis.

That gentleman's astuteness and energy appear to have risen with the occasion.

He, in the first place, laid all the documentary, and other, particulars of the case before the Brigadier Commanding,—by whom the Court was ordered to re-assemble on the ensuing forenoon for the purpose of revising their award. But they "adhered to their opinion," with a tenacity worthy of a better cause !

Capt. Ellis then despatched a letter to the Paymaster of his Circle, enjoining him to retain in his own hands the amount of the first instalment, at all events until a sufficient period had elapsed to admit of his (Capt. Ellis's) reception of an answer to letters, which he on the same day despatched to a Lieutenant John Cracroft Ellis, who, he had every reason to believe, was the innocent and unwitting namesake of his, for whose board and lodging at Calcutta, he was thus unexpectedly required to pay:—and to Mr. Blank the Calcutta Hotel Keeper, pointing out the grave fault he had—perhaps most innocently—committed, in taking his oath to a deposition which was a gross mis-statement; and warning him that if he dared, after this explanation, to appropriate the money awarded to him by the Court, he would be proceeded against forthwith in the Supreme Court.

By return of post he received a most handsome reply from Lieut. J. C. Ellis, who,—after at once acknowledging that the Hotel bill and all Mr. Blank's other bills authenticated by the signature J. C. Ellis, were his,—proceeded, with all becoming expressions of regret for the trouble incurred by his name-sake, on his account, to add that he had that day not without difficulty made up the entire amount of Mr. Blank's claim against him, and despatched a Cawnpore Bank bill in Mr. B.'s favour for "the same." And in fullness of time came up from Messrs. Blank and Co., to Capt. W. Ellis, a most obsequious apology, laying all the blame of the error upon their assistants, book keepers, and sirkars, and adding that they had now been paid up in full by Mr. J. C. Ellis the real Simon Pure.

The keepers of Hotels, Inns, and Caravanseraies of every

denomination are pretty generally supposed to have not the *least* elastic consciences in the world. But yet we will not assert that Mr. Blank *may* not be an honourable man,—“so are they all, all honourable men,”—in spite of his having taken his oath to the correctness of a claim,—and no very light claim either,—which in the sequel, to his shame and discomfiture, proves to have been palpably erroneous. For he *may* have been guilty only of the most culpable negligence in glancing at the signatures to the vouchers, when they were given to him by his book-keeper, so incuriously, so carelessly, as not to take heed that the initials were not the same in them all; nay that only one of them, and that for a small fractional part, was signed by the Officer, against whom he was about to take his solemn oath to God, that the entire amount was truly owed to the plaintiff by *him*.

One corollary however, inevitably arises out of this admission that such a false demand, supported by an oath, may be made by an honourable man; and that is, as follows;—if old vouchers in the hands of an *honest* man may be thus misused, thus mis-applied;—then “to what vile uses,” for the sake of gain, may they not be applied by the *dishonest* tradesman?

The safest expedient against fraud of this sort is that of insisting on the return of vouchers, on payment of bills; and we fear that this is all that can be done against the evil, at least as regards the living; and alas, it is little enough! But, in behalf of the estates of deceased individuals, the Administrator General, might also, with great advantage to the public, require that all claims be substantiated by the production and examination of Ledgers whose accuracy is sworn to before a Magistrate, as a preliminary to the registration of any claim, either in the Supreme Court, or in the proceedings of any Committee of Adjustment.

The foregoing is, as already intimated, an *over* true tale; and a bad business would it have been for Captain W. E., had not the genuine Ellis been forthcoming when called for,—since there was no manner of appeal open to him, and the righteous decision above recorded would have been a final one. Here then is a most palpable instance, of the way in which the powers entrusted to a Military Court of Requests may be misused and perverted, to the serious injury of an unfortunate Defendant. But Amateur Law is like amateur fiddling, acting, cookery, &c., &c. The non-professionals may occasionally achieve a *hit*;—but those who have served

an apprenticeship to their trade, are, in the long run, the safer to depend upon. However, we will now turn to a different case,—one that still further illustrates the absurdity of the Regulations, under which a Court of Requests is constituted, even where the Members composing it are in no way to blame.

Some four or five years ago, a young gentleman of fast character, and expensive habits, adorned with his presence the —th Regiment N. I. then stationed,—it does not matter where. Our hero, being only an Ensign, found no difficulty at all in spending the monthly income to him “accruing.” Indeed it cannot be deemed any great marvel that, under the circumstances just glanced at, he should have contrived even to exceed his not very splendid means. And such in truth was the case; Ensign F—, in a most creditably short space of time, not only outran the Constable,—but fairly distanced that functionary. Difficulties rapidly multiplied:—and soon,

“ Among the rest young Edwin bowed,”

(though his name was *not* ‘Edwin,’ for all that; and he was the Sued, instead of the Suitor as in Goldsmith’s Poem) in constant attendance at the monthly Court of Requests. “Executions general” shortly followed, and the ‘embarrassed one’ was at last placed, for an indefinite period, under monthly stoppages to the amount of one-half of his pay and allowances.

Now a jolly Ensign who, not even holding the charge of a Company, manages to live on the *whole* of his pay, and make both ends meet—is generally regarded as a very good boy. How much better then, must have been Ensign F—, who, enjoying only *half* the same amount, was nevertheless clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day!

Our friend had evidently a latent genius for financial operations; and the force of circumstances only served to develope talents that would otherwise have remained dormant. Having summoned his dependants,—not only servants personal, but eke—

“ The butcher, the baker
And candle-stick maker,”

as the old Nursery hath it,—he forthwith makes unto them an oration that would have put Mr. D’Israeli to shame:—and “Ben” is, we must needs admit, a man of parts, however cheaply we may value his principles. Admitting, with

becoming candour, a certain existing deficiency on his own part in the circulating medium variously known to the *Fast* under the demoninations of "tin," "brads," "mopuses," "the rhino," "the ready," &c., &c., &c.,—but locally recognised as the "rupees" or "dibs,"—he, with infinite tact, and plausibility, glides into the theory and practice of a paper currency. "His affairs are in truth somewhat embarrassed; he is ashamed of the circumstance, though perhaps having no just cause for shame; for his troubles are well known to be only a natural consequence of the unexampled persecution which he (the Ensign) has suffered at the hands of individuals interested in his ruin. He has arranged to give up half his monthly pay for the benefit of his creditors, until all claims shall have been satisfied: with a view to hasten which desirable end, he is firmly resolved to incur no more debts,—*except under due acknowledgment*. It is therefore his intention henceforth, at the close of every month, regularly to present each of his servants (as well as the bazar tradesmen who supply various necessaries) with a certificate, under his own hand, of the sums periodically falling due to them. This certificate, or acknowledgement, being duly laid before the next ensuing Court of Requests, will ensure the demand being settled—*in due course*,—besides obviating all unpleasantness!" The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in private life, now proceeds, at once with method and despatch, to execute a series of the promised Covenants:—and dismiss his admiring auditory, dissolved in tears of gratitude at the thought of being permitted to serve so considerate an employer. The long and short of the matter is, that,—notwithstanding the mulct of half his pay,—our Ensign was better off than he ever had been before. The other half he, *on principle* ("acting under a sense of duty," as a former Editor of the *Mofussilite* would say,) declined expending upon any *necessaries* of life; it was religiously consecrated to amusements, or luxuries. He used to speak of this balance as his private allowance,—under the elegant denomination of "sprat-money!"

Ensign F.'s address to his retainers and purveyors must of course be justly assigned to his eulogist's invention. We could not have furnished a correct report, without standing openly convicted of having desecrated the privacy of domestic life. But the main fact of the anecdote may be depended upon as strictly true; and the speech is at least as *vraisemblable* as those which Livy and his fellow-historians put

into the mouths of Hannibal, Scipio Africanus, and other distinguished men. Besides, we have *really* heard Ensign F. harangue a Court of Requests;—whereas it is perfectly certain that Titus Livius aforesaid was *not* either an eye, or ear, witness. to the conference between the Roman and Carthaginian Generals, on the eve of the Battle of Zama. One great fight had the Ensign with Kunhaie dhoby;—the washerman claiming somewhere about *fifteen* months arrears of wages. The case was awfully clear:—and the delicacy of the Defendant's position was enhanced by the circumstance of his own Commanding Officer being President of the Court. But F.'s genius was, as already noted, one of the happy order that ever rose as increasing emergencies beset him. "Gentlemen,"—quoth he, addressing himself to the Court,— "I feel greatly humiliated in appearing before you at the suit of this Kunhaie; but it is perhaps my own fault. He is a bad man,—has the character of being a thief, and is, I am further concerned to say, even (what I most abhor) a liar. I regret that I cannot on the present occasion exhibit the accounts, which my habits of business lead me to keep;—it is not improbable that the plaintiff, through some of his confederates, has secreted them with intent to injure me. The amount really due to the plaintiff is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, rather less than half what he now claims; but the exorbitance of his demand is (I regret to say) perhaps attributable to my once having been provoked, by gross misconduct, to *beat* the plaintiff; on which occasion, Colonel ——— will remember that I unhappily incurred his displeasure."

The following bye-play here ensues;—Ensign F. has recourse to an elegantly scented cambric pocket-handkerchief. The Colonel is evidently mollified. Other Members converse apart.

Captain Boards.—(*A theatrical blade,—to his neighbour.*)
By Jove! This is a deuced clever fellow;—they were wanting a *Jeremy Diddler*, only the other day; did you twig him tipping the wink just now, to ——— at the other table?

Lieut. Prim (*of a serious turn*).—I wonder you can joke so. Surely the man's feelings are most creditable:—he seems to have a very becoming sense of his position.

Captain B. (*aside*).—St. Swithin without, and St. Walker within!

The result of this case is, that mister Dhoby gets an

award for half the amount claimed by him ; and the Ensign (against whom there are some six or seven other suits) having the Court *with* him, makes a very good day's work of it. It was on this same occasion, we rather think, that he obtained a signal victory over a recusant landlord. But the tenant's line of defence was alike ingenious and irresistible. "There is," said he, "a hole in the roof of one of the best side rooms big enough to admit an elephant, or, at all events, a large-sized buffalo. The proprietor of the house refused to make any repairs:—my chum has in consequence found it necessary to evacuate his quarters. Was it therefore reasonable that he (Ensign F.) should be called on to pay the whole rent of a semi-habitable mansion?" The Court thought it most unreasonable; so the case was dismissed, Mr. F. cheerfully undertaking to abide by a recommendation that he should refuse payment of rent, until the needful repairs were executed;—to which promise he is believed to have rigidly and scrupulously adhered.

But why should we attempt any further exposition of the absurdities, grave or gay, which almost invariably characterise the proceeding of a Court of Requests? The records of the Brigade Office at Benares would alone supply us with matter for a long summer day's discourse:—we specify Benares in particular; because, so long as "griffs" are sent thither to do duty, that station will necessarily furnish the most conspicuous illustrations of the abuses complained of. The late Duke of Wellington (tenacious as he was of Military privileges,) always professed himself unable to see any reason why, in ordinary affairs of debtor and creditor, the Military man should be amenable to any other law than the Law of the land. In India, to be sure, it may be alleged, that the Civil Judge or Magistrate could not find time to settle the extra cases that would be brought before them, were there no Court of Requests existing. And, in cases of dispute between master and servant, many, who are entitled to have an opinion, incline to think that, under a better system, these tribunals might be more useful and efficient, than they now are. But we would greatly circumscribe their agency. The system at present in operation has only proved the means of opening a school for dishonesty, and erecting a Temple to Injustice!

PRITHIRAJ RANA OF OODIPORE.

Prithiraj Rana of Oodipore was in the forty-eighth year of his age. He was a man of gigantic proportions and of an athletic make,—and exercise had improved the original handiwork of nature. His face was very large, but it had a sinister expression which was by no means diminished by the deep marks left on it by small-pox. His beard was matted and bushy, and grizzled by age ; and his arms, legs and breast, were covered with hair almost as profusely as his cheek and chin. His lips were as thick as those of an African, and protruded from his mouth, with an expression of sensuality, which was almost revolting to behold. But their deformity was in some measure palliated by his eyes, which were preternaturally large and were not unfrequently lit up with a fire, that showed, that however depraved in his character, he was a man destined to rule and to command those among whom he might be placed.

In his early life Prithiraj had been distinguished for three qualities,—his courage, his brutality, and his intemperance. He had never endeavoured and never been able to control his passions ; and his inordinate love of strong spirits inflamed them to an extent, which, his neighbours, Asiatic sovereigns though they were, could not contemplate without horror. There was not a beauty in his small Kingdom whom he did not wish to possess the moment his basilisk eyes rested on her ; and never did a wish arise in his heart without provoking all his energies into action, that it might be gratified. No obstacles could check or daunt him when he was once bent on his purpose—nay obstacles rather served, by raising temporary barriers between him and the fulfillment of his desires, to add greater vigour to the current and to make him chafe and fret till his very servants were afraid to approach him. Woe unto the man who crossed his path ! For his revenge was as implacable as his passions were head strong—and when he was thoroughly roused by a sense of wrong, or injury, or opposition, he would neither partake of his food, or sleep in quiet, until he had completely annihilated his enemy and gratified his vengeance.

Numerous were the anecdotes current of the excesses to

which his passions had betrayed him; but they were not all universally believed, by the good and the charitable, who attributed many of them to the enemies of his family who were both numerous and powerful in former times, but unable to cope with him on account of the fertility of his genius and the daring intrepidity of his character, sought by the circulation of these malicious rumours to undermine and ruin him. One of these rumours was that he had murdered a Rajpoot Soldier in his establishment with his own hand, in order to gain the undivided affections of his mistress whom he loved. Another was, that he had secretly poisoned the children of a rich merchant's widow, because they remonstrated with her for living in an open state of libertinism with him. A third was, that he had condemned a Holy Bramin to death, through the tribunals of the land, in order to obtain the right of becoming the guardian of his beautiful daughter and get possession of her immense property, by accusing him of having abjured Hindooism, and suborning false witnesses to prove the charge. And a fourth was, that he had burnt down the house of one of his tributary zemindars and had carried his beautiful wife into his own zenana, by violence, where she pined and sickened until her heart broke and she died.

The last of these rumours was perhaps the best authenticated of the lot, but though the best authenticated, it was involved in clouds of such impenetrable mystery that few but his most avowed enemies could lay their hands upon their hearts and vouch it was true. It was known that there was a zemindar of the name of Suchet Sing; it was also known that on the occasion of a public festival in the temple of Mahadeo, which was contiguous to the southern portion of his palace, his eyes were riveted on a certain veiled female who had come to pay her adorations along with other veiled females; and that he attempted to take off her veil, and look on her face when she went out of the temple. It was also known that the palankeen in which the lady seated herself was conveyed to the dwelling of Suchet Sing. It was also known that this dwelling was burnt to the ground, and that all its inhabitants suddenly disappeared on the night which followed. But here, all authentic knowledge ceased. None knew to a certainty who burnt down the dwelling, and what had become of its inhabitants. Nay it was even a matter of surmise with many, whether the house was burnt down by accident or by incendiaries, or by

the willing hands of those who occupied it, and whether the inmates had been slain, or carried into captivity,—or whether they had voluntarily emigrated into a more genial climate, to seek or perhaps enjoy their fortunes. There were people indeed, but these were almost openly hostile to Prithiraj, who did not hesitate to confess their belief that the house had been burnt down by him or his agents, and that the inhabitants had all indiscriminately been put to the sword or carried away into some secret dungeon, with the exception of the fair lady of the mansion whose charms had entangled his heart; and the most violent of these enemies went still further, for they said that many had since seen her, at a grated window in the zenana of Oodipore,—her eyes filled with tears, and her beautiful countenance the very picture of despair!

Be this, as it might, it was certain that for several days after the occurrence of the event, an unwonted gloom was visible in the demeanour of Prithiraj; and though the gloom gradually wore-off, it left behind it a few indelible traces. For his manner ever after towards his dependents became more haughty, cold, and reserved, than it had ever been, and his conduct on the whole became more temperate and sober, perhaps even more pious.

It was remarked also that though he visited the zenana less frequently, he loved to linger in its purlieus; and on several occasions his dependents surprised him, sitting alone on the projection of a wall below a window, which overhung the beautiful lake of Oodipore, listening with breathless interest to the melody of a lute which was touched above by some one unseen, with a power and pathos which while it showed no ordinary skill in the minstrel, showed also that the minstrel's heart was breaking. At length after many months he seemed to weary of the accustomed place, for he abandoned it altogether; and the owner of the fairy lute seemed conscious of his absence, for she no longer drew thrilling music from her instrument—but became voiceless and silent as the grave.

Three attempts had been made to assassinate Prithiraj in the time which elapsed between the catastrophe which involved the fate of Suchet Sing and his family, and the time of the present story, that is in the forty-eighth year of the Rana. In none of these attempts, however, had the daring attemptors been discovered, though every effort had been made by the Officers of the Police, and by the Rana himself,

to obtain information concerning them. The rewards which had been offered, and which were enough to tempt the cupidity of the proudest, seemed to have no charms for any that were concerned, or that could throw light on these attempts. And after much labour and much waste of money, the Rana and his friends, remained just as wise as ever regarding the parties who had endeavoured to take his life.

The first of these attempts was made in broad day light, but in the forest, when the Rana was alone, having in the excitement of the chase left his followers behind him. The assassin was a tall, an extremely tall man,—and was armed with a hunting knife; but he wore a mask, and this was all the description that the Rana could give of him. The other two attempts had been made at night, and in darkness, and while the Rana was dismounting in the Court-yard of his palace after the enjoyment of his evening ride; thus, in the bustle and confusion of the moment, none had observed or could observe the appearance of the man who endeavoured to perpetrate the foul deed.

In all these three cases the Rana had escaped death by his courage and skill; for he was cool as an icicle in the hour of danger, and the noblest master of fence in his kingdom. Though stricken in years he was very active and watchful; and, as he always carried a thin rapier and wore a coat of mail beneath his garments, it was no easy matter to take him even in his most unguarded moments with any thing like surprise. And as his unguarded moments were very few, for he always had his penetrating eyes about him, it was a matter of very little wonder to his friends and relations that he had escaped the cold steel which his unknown enemy kindly wanted to thrust between his ribs. The only wonder they felt, if they felt any, was the dexterity with which the assassin had escaped from him, and with which he eluded subsequent discovery and punishment.

The attempt on the Rana's life, while it made him more guarded, infused a new desire in his heart,—the desire of knowing how and when, his career should terminate, and this desire grew intenser, day by day. He seldom went out unattended; he abandoned his usual exercise on horseback; he wore a double coat of mail; but still he did not feel secure, and he pined to know whether all his precautions would protect him from a violent and bloody death. Astrologers were summoned from various parts of the country, but though they all prophesied some one way, some another,

none of the prophecies made any impression on his mind. He considered them without exception a parcel of pretenders, and all their prophecies idle inventions,—and he had good reason to do so, for he had tested the knowledge of each of them about the future, by questioning him about the past. As soon as a new professor of the wonderful science was announced, the Rana retired with him into a closet, and there closely conferred with him about his pretensions. This conference generally lasted for an hour; but when they came out, it was manifest, though none had been admitted into the privacy, that the professor was a man in disgrace. Nay, one or two when closely questioned about the interview had confessed that the Rana had examined them about his own life, and becoming extremely angry and dissatisfied with their answers, had at last called them impostors and dismissed them. When the rumour first spread through the country that the Rana was anxious to open and have a peep into the sealed book of futurity, and that he welcomed, with more than wonted liberality, those who professed to be able to assist him, the number of astrologers, who crowded daily to his palace, was immense; so immense in fact, that the Rana found nearly the whole of his time engrossed by them. But when it was known that the Rana tested the pretensions of all who sought him in the severest manner, by calling upon them to narrate the Rana's own private past life, and that he had visited all who failed, (and there was not one who had succeeded) with disgrace, and one or two with summary punishment, the fortune tellers gradually but sensibly diminished in number, and almost entirely disappeared: leaving the Rana to his own resources to discover how he should die.

In these circumstances, the Rana took to study, and hold communication with the invisible world. He built a high tower, about as high as the architects in those days could raise, and spent his nights upon it, in contemplating the Heavenly bodies. On the night of the new moon and the full moon he never retired to slumber; and it was whispered by the soldiers who kept guard at the door of the tower, that on these nights, though the Rana alone was on the roof of the tower, they heard voices, as of several people conferring together on the top of it.

One cloudy evening a stranger of majestic appearance, but of very mean dress, announced himself as a sooth-sayer

at the door of the palace, and craved admittance to its owner. His countenance was wild and haggard; and there was an unsettled lustre in his eyes, which gave him the appearance of one who had lost his senses. But he spoke very rationally, and the guards, when they learnt his errand, at once admitted him.

"You are the first soothsayer venturing here since we threw old Ram Churun into the moat by order of His Highness," said the youthful soldier, who led him, as they traversed a long veranda;—"Be careful how you speak and behave, for His Highness is not a man to be trifled with." The stranger did not either hear or heed the words; for he followed in dogged silence, and did not even deign to thank his conductor for his advice. At the door of the Royal Hall of audience the soldiers paused—and beckoning to the soothsayer to enter, disappeared through an adjacent staircase.

The Rana was reclining on a magnificent couch, but he rose as the stranger stepped in and enquired the purpose of his visit; on hearing which he told him to depart at once, if he valued his limbs, as he would not have anything to do with impostors, of whom he had already seen enough. The stranger made no reply, but stood haughtily with his eyes fixed on the ground, and the Rana was obliged to repeat his commands. "I am not an impostor," replied he, at last, drawing himself up.

"Are you willing to be tried?"

"Yes."

"I shall judge of your knowledge of the future by your knowledge of the past."

"The true man, like the true metal, never fears the ordeal. Weigh me in the balance, prove me in the furnace, and you shall find my quality."

"You speak boldly."

"And act more so? What would you ask of me?"

"Look upon my face, and answer me."

"Then think you, I am afraid to look on the countenance of a murderer?"

"Ha! You shall rue your boldness; whom have I murdered?"

"A whole family. Listen, and I shall tell you—they were burnt to death."

"Rascal! You have caught the common tale which lying rumour propagates; give me proofs! How were they mur-

dered? When were they murdered? Who murdered them?"

"Cease. There is a scar on your breast—that scar—Ha!"

"The blow which caused that scar was dealt you at the murder; and though you have concealed it from the eyes of men by a double coat of mail, it appears to me, who am gifted with knowledge from heaven, as clearly as if your breast were naked."

"Who dealt that blow?"

"Suchet Sing."

"Right by Shiva! Was it avenged?"

"Yes—well—for the whole family—helpless infants at the breast, and aged men tottering on their crutches,—the daring warrior and the bashful virgin, alike fell under the ruthless swords of your minions,—and she that escaped suffered a death more cruel far; for she died bereft of honor."

"I clove Suchet Sing's head in two with my battle axe."

"Nay you only stunned him with the blow. It cleft his steel turban, but it did not touch his head."

"Ha!"

"Suchet Sing is not dead."

"Not dead? Pooh! You are not a prophet. I saw him fall, and an instant after the house was enveloped in flames."

"He escaped from the flames."

"Liar!"

"There were three several attempts to murder you in your subsequent life. One of them was made in the forest, and two were made in the court yard of your castle. You were unable to discover, with all your tempting offers of reward, who dared to make those attempts—but I can tell you."

"How?"

"By my art."

"Well, tell me who made those attempts—and I shall reward you well."

"Suchet Sing."

"Ha! Is it so? A new light breaks in upon me! You shall have your reward;—but stay,—you are a prophet. You can indeed read the stars,—you can dive into the mysterious ocean of futurity. Tell me how shall I die. Will mine be a violent death? Shall I be murdered?"

"Nay, I cannot tell you *that*—without performing certain ceremonies which the holy shasters enjoin."

"Perform those ceremonies."

"Now?"

"Yes, now."

"The ceremonies require a censer, and chalk, and fire ; and the skull of a human head."

"You shall have all."

The Rana rang a bell. A servant appeared ; and the things were ordered. A moment passed, during which the Rana leant his head upon his hand and seemed buried in deep reflection, while the soothsayer bent his keen eyes intently upon him with an expression so savage that it might almost be called fiendish.

The servant appeared with the articles, and laid them on the floor. He then stood with his hands folded at a respectful distance.

"Commence your work," said the Rana, waking from his reverie. The astrologer waved his hand, impatiently, to the servant, who thereupon left the room. He then drew two circles with the piece of chalk, and placed the skull in the centre of one, and the censer in the centre of the other, and fanned the fire with the leaf of a palm. When the coals were ready he threw some powder into them, which caused a lurid glare through the room, in the light of which his countenance, and that of the Rana appeared perfectly hideous. He then commenced his charms with an incantation, which he recited in a low voice, but with a rapidity of utterance that appeared to the Rana perfectly wonderful. He continued his incantations for about an hour, and when he finished appeared quite exhausted, for the big drops stood thick as pearls upon his forehead. He shaded his eyes with his hands for a space, gazing intently on the fire in the censer, as if he saw the events to come pictured or shadowed in the red coals, and the silvery ashes with which they were surrounded. He then turned his face suddenly towards the Rana, and bent his eyes full upon him. There was an expression of sullen insanity in them ; instead of returning the gaze, the prince involuntarily avoided it, and looked on the ground.

"What would you know ?" thundered the astrologer, in an awful voice. "The spell is strong upon me."

"My fate. Tell me when and how I shall die."

"Will you not shudder to hear it ?"

"No. For none of my race have known what fear is."

"Hear then, murderer. You shall die to-night and by this hand !"

The astrologer suited the action to the word. He sprang

upon the astounded Prithiraj with the activity of a tiger, and with a short dagger, which had lain concealed under his garment, dealt a blow on his face, so savage and powerful, beneath his right eye,—that the point of the weapon came sheer out at the back of his head.

A yell of triumph rang through the hall of audience, which those who heard it must have remembered to the day of their deaths. But before the Soldiers alarmed at the sound could rush in to assist their master, all life in him was extinct; and the murderer had made his escape. The dagger which was buried hilt deep in the King's face bore an inscription on its handle, but no one could satisfactorily explain what it meant, in consequence of its having been partially obliterated. What was legible, only added to the mystery.

X. Y. Z.

FORGET ME NOT.

The trees their leafy hopes unfold,
 The earth again is green;
 But ah! my heart hath all grown old,
 Since last year saw this scene.
 I then was happy, in the thought
 That thou should'st be mine own.
 But time, the truth hath roughly taught;
 And I am left alone.
 And thou art far, yes, far away,—
 Where I may never be;
 While thoughts my lips dare scarcely say,
 Crowd on my memory.
 Thou mayest forget me—even now,
 Perchance I am forgot.
 Yet hope still wears upon her brow
 Thy flower—forget me not!

ROOMS TO LET; OR JEMIMA'S SUPPER.

A SHORT FARCE.

THE PROLOGUE.

A little farce for your amusement made,—
“Jemima's Supper” ’s on the table spread
(Or ‘Rooms to let’ as also in the bill)
Sent to amuse you from a far off hill.
Though long the distance and the offering small
(Come all the way indeed from Nynce Tal)—
The cheers, that welcome and approval give,
Encourage effort and teach hope to live.
The author, lodged again in ————,
May then indulge you with one Supper more :
And claim, or give you, just as hearty cheer,
As what he's begging—for this evening—here.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MR. PLUMBY, *who keeps lodgings.*

MRS. PLUMBY, *his wife.*

JEMIMA, *a maid of all work.*

MR. MAGNUS SMITH, } *in search of lodgings.*

MRS. MAGNUS SMITH, }

MR. CHATHAM THOMPSON, } *ditto.*

MRS. THOMPSON,

SCENE 1.

Mr. Plumby :—sitting alone, in the big room which is to let.

Plum.—Sad times indeed. Here I am, living in the best room in my own house. I *have* known business so flourishing, that in one week I had to move from this to the Garrets, and at last to the kitchen,—to make room for the lodgers. What can be the reason? It's my wife's tongue! I'll not speak to her and see if that will keep her quiet—or it's the stupidity and forgetfulness of that dirty hussy Jemima, who is always making mistakes. What's here?

(Mr. Plumby opens a note. Expresses pleasure at getting a lodger.)

Yes, that Jemima !—If you order supper for two, ten to one but she gets two suppers ready ; and if the supper be ordered twice—the chances are she will think it means a supper for two persons.

[Enter Mrs. Plumby. Plumby gives her a significant look in silence ; and leaves the room.]

Mrs. Plumby.—(Calls) Jemima ! Jemima !

("Coming Missus"—is heard from Jemima who enters with a bath brick in one hand, and a table knife in the o'her.)

Mrs. Plumby.—Jemima, I wish to give you notice to quit : for we gêt no lodgers.

Jemima.—Lor Ma'am, and is that any fault of mine, when I am sure all the lodgers say—"Jemima you're a good girl ; but your master and mistress don't get on smooth and agreeable."

Mrs. Plumby.—And what do they mean by smooth and agreeable, Jemima ?

Jemima.—Indeed, Ma'am, they're too fine words for me to understand, but I knows if I puts butter on my bread and spreads it well over, it's smooth ; and if I adds a bit of cheese, I likes it : and it don't dislike me. And I suppose that means agreeable.

(Loud knockings at the door.)

Mrs. Plumby.—Can this be a lodger ? Jemima, run and see !

(Jemima goes to the door, and runs back screaming in ecstasy,—
"It is a lodger !")

Mrs. P.—Very well. Shew him in.

(Enter Mr. Magnus Smith, a stout little short-sighted important looking gentleman.)

Mr. S.—Madam, I am in want of lodgings, and can give the most respectable references (presents name on a card).

Mrs. P.—Oh ! I suppose I know a gentleman, when I see him. When, Sir, would you like your rooms to be ready ?

Mr. S.—This evening, Mrs. Magnus Smith and I will come to occupy our lodgings.

[Exit ; followed by Jemima to shew him out.]

Mrs. Plumby.—I must go out and enquire after this gentleman's character, ere he gets possession. I'll fetch my bonnet. Mr. Plumby shall hear none of this luck from me ;—let him talk on !

[Exit.]

SCENE II.

(*At the door of the Lodging House. Jemima is opening the street door for Magnus Smith.*)

Mr. S.—We shall want something for supper. Let it be a lobster then :—and cheap of course.

Jem.—Oh, yes Sir, small and cheap.

Mr. S.—And we shall want some bread and butter :—only a little butter, for Mrs. Magnus Smith is particular in the article, and will see about it in the morning herself. Do you mind ?

Jem.—Oh yes, Sir.

Mr. S.—And let me see—a pint of beer. That's all, I think ; yes, that's all. [Exit.

SCENE III.

The kitchen. Jemima, alone.

Jem.—I'll be making some mistake unless I arrange the supper. There's the lobster (*placing one of her pattens on the dresser*). That's the pint pot of beer (*placing the other against the wall*). There's the pat of butter (*putting a slice of carrot on the centre of the dresser*) and there's the bread (*placing a bit of brick opposite the lobster*).

(*A rap is heard at the door. Jemima goes to open it, and Mrs. Thompson enters.*)

Mrs. Thompson.—I've seen the Room. It will do : tell your Master and Mistress, that my husband and I will be here this evening.

Jemima.—Very well, Ma'am. (*aside*). *This must be Mrs. Smith.*

Mrs. T.—(*Moving to depart,—turns to Jemima.*) But we shall want something to eat, before we go to bed.

Jem.—Oh, yes Ma'am, a Lobster.

Mrs. T.—Well : that's a good thought. Let it be a lobster : a small one will do.

Jem.—And cheap, of course.

Mrs. T.—Of course ! You are a sensible girl.

Jem.—And some bread, and a little pat of butter, will do ; you can see about more in the morning.

Mrs. T.—Upon my word, you are a sharp thoughtful creature.

Jem.—You'll want a pint of beer.

Mrs. T.—Of course ; you are a very clever girl indeed !

[Exit.

Jem.—I dont think Missus will let me leave now, if I can manage to keep Mr. and Mrs. Smith smooth and agreeable. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

The lodging room, with the Supper Table spread. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson tête à tête.

Mrs. T.—Well *T.*—How dō you like the rooms?

Mr. T.—Very well, my dear,—but the lobster is very, *very* small : and dear me, what a tiny pat of butter!

Mrs. T.—But my love, you know Lobsters do not agree with you at night. And *I* dont care much for butter, unless it is *very* good. But I must go and put off' my bonnet. [*Exit.*

(Enter.—Mr. and Mrs. Magnus Smith.)

Mr. Smith.—How d'ye do?

(To Thompson, taking him for Plumby. Looks round the Room, and at the Supper Table.)

This will do very well, Sir. I am pleased with your arrangements, Mrs. Smith. I am tired :—and we'll have our Supper. But pray Sir, sit down for one minute.

(The three sit down ; and a pause takes place in the conversation.)

Mr. Smith.—(to Mr. Thompson, *pompously.*) May I beg Sir, to ask what is your opinion of what we may expect from these whig people this Session?

Mr. T.—(in a state of great excitement). My opinions on such subjects are not rashly formed ; that is all I venture to say in their favor. I do not tell you that they are worth having, but merely that they are well considered ; and it is therefore with some confidence I reply, that in my humble judgment the question you have mooted is involved in doubt ; in doubt Sir ; the expression I advisedly use is—*doubt*.

Mr. Smith.—That is just what I have said all along ; and as for Lord John Russell!—(slapping his hand on the table).

Mr. T.—(interrupting)—Sir, Lord John I will trust to a certain point, but no further. I will not trust him more than reasonable:—not a jot. I say that to his face. Lord John, it is true; is prime Minister : and the humble individual who has now the honor of addressing this company is—no matter what. But there are some men who are Englishmen, as well as other men,—who have hearts in their bosoms ; who have brains in their heads ; who have blood in their veins ; who have money in their purses ;—all which I beg leave to notify respectfully to Lord John,—with the most supreme indifference as to how he takes it. *(Throws himself back in his chair.)*

Mr. Smith.—(*Sudd'nly*).—Sir, you are a brick!!!—I am not in the habit of flattering : and have no occasion to flatter any man, Lord or no Lord, seeing that I pay my way. But what I say is this, and I say it without disguise, that an individual entertaining such noble sentiments is emphatically a brick!!! (*Shoves the beer pot into S.'s hand.*) Drink Sir and pass the pot !

(*Thompson passes the pot, but first empties it, and staring at him very hard ; the conversation drops. Enter Mrs. Thompson and quietly seats herself at table :—Mrs. S. gazing at her with astonishment.*)

Mrs. S.—I hope Mem you find yourself comfortable. Pray make yourself quite at home,—oh, pray do !

Mrs. T.—I always do, more especially in my own house. I am in the habit of paying my rent, whatever other people may do.

Mrs. Smith.—Rent, Mem, do you talk to me of rent the first moment I have ever seen your face ? Do you question my honesty ?

(*Taking her for Mrs. Plumby.*)

Mrs. T.—Oh no, (*with a scornful laugh*), I do not question it at all ; but perhaps you would like a little lobster, or some bread and butter ?

(*Mrs. S. looks daggers and at last breaks the loaf, spreads some butter on a portion,—and eats at Mrs. Thompson. Mrs. T. does the same with the remainder of the butter. Mr. S. and Mr. T. meanwhile rise, and furiously approach each other.*)

Mr. S.—Sir ! There must be an end of this. I beg to wish you a particularly good night.

Mr. T.—Good night, with all my heart and soul. It is what I have been wishing this half hour.

(*The ladies rise and curtsy scornfully.*)

Mr. S.—(*angrily*). Get out ! (*Pointing to the doors.*)—Get out, Sir ! If I was not on my own premises, I would put you out at the door.

(*Mr. T. makes no move !*)

Mr. T.—And if I was not in mine, I would throw you out at that window.

Mr. S.—You insolent, ungrateful individual ! What, throw me out at a window, after drinking my beer, and seeing your wife eating my bread and butter ?

Mr. T.—Your beer ! Your bread and butter ! They were mine :—and you know it, you intolerable sponge !

Mr. S.—Sir, you are beneath my notice. The servant girl shall prove that fine speaking and truth are not always the same. (*Rings the bell.*)

(Enter Jemima with a shoe in one hand and a brush in the other, her face daubed with blacking.)

Mr. S.—Who ordered supper ? •

Jem.—You, Sir.

Mrs. T.—Who ordered supper ? •

Jem.—You, Ma'am.

Mrs. S.—What an unprincipled young woman !

Jem.—Oh my, oh Jemini ! If there's not two pairs of lodgers ! All this comes of Master and Mistress not being smooth and agreeable.

Mrs. T.—What do you mean by being smooth and agreeable ? •

Jem.—They ar'n't like bread and butter, with a bit of cheese on it.

(Enter Mr. and Mrs. Plumby, arm-in-arm.)

Mrs. P.—I fear that unfortunately family circumstances have put you, ladies and gentlemen, to some inconvenience ; but, I hope to *smooth* down matters, and to make this house *agreeable* to all of you.

Jemima.—And now Jemima's supper you have had,—
 She hopes you do not think it quite so bad.
 'Tis small, I own :—but this meal kindly take,
 And better fish may yet come from the lake.
 The road we toil on, with indulgence *smooth* !
 Applause is aye—*agreeable*, in truth.

CURTAIN FALLS.

LEDLIE'S MISCELLANY.

JUNE, 1853.

THE OLD FOURTH OF JUNE.

“ When George the Third was King ! ” — *Byron.*

It is only those who are posting with rapid pace down the Hill of Life, that associate joyous recollections with the 4th of June; a day which for sixty years was a public holiday over all parts of the British dominions. Wherever the broad banner of St. George waved, whether hanging heavily under the sweltering atmosphere of the line, all but frozen under the hardly risen summer sun of Greenland, or fluttering in the burning breezes of North Western India, in the muggy swamps of Honduras or on the deadly Coast of Africa, it was a day of mirth and jollity, of fun and noisy loyalty in hard drinking—long speech making—loud talking—laborious dancing of endless country-dances; and sometimes of quarrelling and fighting. Nay, not unfrequently loss of life and limb closed in tragedy what had begun in farce.

The reign of George the 3rd is the longest in what may be called modern English history. From the period when he mounted the throne in 1760 to the close of his eventful reign in 1820, the changes in the habits and manners of the British people were greater and more striking, than in any similar period in the history of the British monarchy. Those who were boys when George ascended the throne were old men ere he sunk into his grave, with his mental and bodily light alike obscured. The course of this monarch's policy, was resistance to popular rights. The growing wealth of the middling classes, the increasing intelligence of the lower orders—the impatience which both felt at those abuses of Government which the vastly increasing power of the Press exposed with no tender hand—and the jealousy which

the aristocracy naturally felt at the prospect of their monopoly of influence being checked or overthrown, made the whole of George's career a struggle against popular influence and liberal opinions. Reared under ideas of high prerogative, and with very imperfect though conscientious notions of his duty as the sovereign of a free people ; with a mind of naturally narrow powers—to which the taint of insanity lent an obscurity symptomatic of that fearful malady, he labored under the notion that he was conscientiously supporting the principles of the constitution, when he was only lending the aid of his name and authority to maintain abuses, blots, and restrictions, on the rights and privileges of certain classes,—the offspring of temporarily successful or unsound policy, which has always been far dearer to Tories and Conservatives than the most valuable portions of rights and liberties, which shield the lives and protect the property of British subjects. The excesses of the French Revolution frightened many a sober right-minded man who had commenced his days as a reformer, and transformed him into a staunch Tory ; thus the whole machinery of abuses and corruptions were saved for forty years. And though the force of public opinion had corrected much that was objectionable, still the suns of both the 3rd and 4th George had set, ere the change for which the great body of the people of England had contended during nearly seventy years, was at length brought about in William's reign—and a greater revolution effected than that under his predecessor of the same name in 1688.

But we have digressed from the jolly 4th of June, and shall not further trouble our gentle readers with a diatribe on the politics of the days of our grand-papa. Despite of George the 3rd's Toryism and high Churchism, his horror at Papists, and dislike to Dissenters and Liberals of all shades of opinion, he was nevertheless popular from the respectability of his personal character ; his regard for religious observances ; the stiff, dull, decency of his Court ; the cold courtesy of his ugly spouse, and a certain homeliness of habits and manners, which have always gained the hearts and retained the affections of the English people. There was moreover a strong leaven of Toryism of the old Jacobite school alive in those days, which included a large section of the country gentry and farmers, the monied mercantile classes—the great body of the Clergy and Members of the Universities—and lawyers a vast host in themselves, who

seeing their own fat things might wax lean were the reign of reformation to commence, prayed—as devoutly as lawyer could pray—that the King's life might be prolonged and become many generations. But as it was not then the fashion for limbs of the law to indulge in long prayers; in those days, they most loyally pledged His Majesty's health in bumpers of orthodox port or rich brown ale. All classes, however, dropped—for one day—their declamations and differences; and in the words of the jovial old song—

“ Whig and Tory all agree
To spend the day in mirth and glee.”

And accordingly fun, frolic, and gaiety sunk party feelings, and from the sage to the soldier all joined in the British Saturnalia. To the school boy, the anticipations of the 4th of June were brilliant in sport. Birch rods, Tawse, Ainsworth's Dictionary and other ills that school boy flesh is ever heir to, were forgotten; and for days before, pence were hoarded, ginger-bread neglected, and gunpowder, whenever it could be procured, was tortured into Pyrotechnic rarities. June is usually, from the Land's End to John O'Groat's house, a beautiful month redolent of green boughs and bright flowers—and the hope of a fair day was one of the never failing expectations of the school boy's anticipations of the 4th of June. Yet though our recollections carry us back to many a merry King's birth-day in the olden time, we hardly remember a single one in which rain or clouds obscured the brilliancy of the summer sky. There was one famous 4th of June on which the rain fell in torrents; and the gallant corps of Volunteers which defended our native town being about to receive their colours, the worthy Minister of the Parish to save his head from the pitiless pelting of the storm, obtained a ready made wig from the barber to do duty as a hat while he consecrated the banners with prayer, according to the custom of war in like cases made and provided. So loud blew the wind, and so fast fell the rain, that the devotional part of the ceremony was performed in the Town Hall, which rendered the wig's services unnecessary—and it was not until some years after, when time had thinned the locks of the venerable pastor, that the birth-day wig was brought on the permanent establishment of his wardrobe.

It was a hard matter to enjoy a morning nap on the happy day, for loud pealed forth the merry bells from “tower and steeple high;” old rusty muskets and ancient honey-combed

ship guns, after a silence for twelve months, gave voice that the King had completed another year of his reign—while thirsty souls resorted to the ale house, and drank “their morning” to the health of their venerable monarch. “Parliament whisky” was not popular in those days—and loyal as were the feelings and true the hearts of the lieges—they decidedly preferred to drink the King’s health in liquor that paid him no duty. Tories were then boisterous in their zeal for King and constitution; but we never knew one of them whose patriotic fervor induced him to prefer the harsh headach-creating produce of the legally distilled whisky—to the genuine mountain dew which never made the King a bawbee the richer. We ought to have stated ere now that these early recollections carry us back to a Royal Burgh in the North of Scotland, where the excise laws were especially unpopular with the good folks high and low; and though the denizens were willing to fight for King and country, they could never reconcile their consciences to pay high duties on bad liquor—when the genuine dew of the mountain could be had, at a slight risk, duty free. Democrats and Reformers were detested, but no one thought himself a worse Tory or a less loyal subject, when he pledged the King’s health, and success to his Ministers and their measures, in bumpers obtained by the violation of the law.

These were times of high soldiering; every village, every town, every district, could boast of its corps of Volunteers, and all crafts, trades, and callings, even grave Divines and wise Philosophers, begirt themselves in warlike attire, ready “to help their country at her need”—after the fashion of her countrymen. Nor was invasion then an idle alarm; for Napoleon the Great was conqueror of Europe, flushed with victory, and possessing the confidence of an Army which knew no defeat, and of a people who gloried in being the masters of all the old Governments of the Continent. True, that the single flag of England still ruled the ocean; yet the prospect of effecting a landing on our shores was no speculation of the scribbling brotherhood, but a probability which at any time might have produced a blood-stained reality. An Army of Volunteers, some long, some short, some lean, some fat, with powdered head, pig tails, queerly cut red jackets, and unmentionables redolent of pipe-clay—might be a comical spectacle on a modern parade ground; for of a truth not a few of the patriotic band demonstrated by their movements that tight cross bolts were

never by nature intended to sit on their shoulders. They were not like the French recruit—

“ With their gun upon their shoulder
And their bayonet by their side
Like to match with some proud lady
• And take her for their bride.”

For, in honest truth there was little that was captivating in a large proportion of these armed citizens—but still there was many a sturdy British arm, and daring spirit, in the ranks of the Volunteers; who, had “the foot of a foe ever trod on the strand,” would have shewn that—

“ They had hearts resolved and hands prepared
• The blessing they enjoy’d to guard.”

With the Volunteers the 4th of June was a great day. A stormy band of drums and fifes rattled through the early morn, to warn the gallant men to powder their hair and clean their firelocks. The Drum Major was a foot, with a cocked hat of the dimensions of four staff *topirs* of modern days. His head snowed over with a shower of oatmeal mingled with chalk, a long tail descending down his back, and a vast yellow coat, and ponderous cane in hand, he strutted in state before his sheep-skin-pounders—he would hardly have changed places with a Commander-in-Chief. Despite of the dirty boys who tugged his ample skirts, or tossed crackers between his legs, he never forgot the dignity of his position, and like a turkey cock strutted in majesty before his flock. The Battalion was mustered in the principal street, and headed by its hump-backed Colonel, who declared he would die instant, could the King but see his Regiment marched to the *links* (or common) where at 12 o’clock an old Battery, intended to defend the harbour, discharged a royal salute somewhat to the peril of a party of enterprising mariners, who usually presided over these venerable pieces of ordnance on great days. Then the brave Volunteers fired a *feu de joie*, the drums and fifes thundered God Save the King, the whole multitude shouted their lusty cheers, and the martial shew was closed to the joy and delight of the mob :—who were as proud of the Volunteers, as was Napoleon of the Old guard, or Julius Cæsar of the 10th Legion.

In those days the Mail coach was the only public conveyance which united the metropolis with the more distant parts of the Empire; and on the King’s birth-day, the arrival and departure of the Mail which travelled rapidly, according to the ideas of half a century back, at six miles an hour, was quite an event. Much did the boys delight in the

starting of the coach, for decorated with boughs and bright flowers, it drove through the principal streets; and the guard with a gold laced hat, and spacious red coat tried to bring out on his horn an edition of the national anthem, and ever and anon discharged his blunderbuss, with which he was armed for the protection of the Mail bags—which then were not deemed quite safe without some such defence; and then came the sight of the day, the procession of H. M. good King Crispin. We have never seen a coronation, but we cannot imagine that even “the coming event” of Napoleon III., could we be transported to Paris or wherever the ceremony may come off, would afford us half the gratification we derived from the personification of royalty by Johnny Gore, as worthy a cobbler as ever mended a pair of old shoes. He was a small man, but there was a majestic step in his movements, as with an ancient robe of tarnished silk and royal crown of paste board and tinsel, his train borne by two dirty little boys in bag-wigs and three cornered hats, preceded by his chaplain in full canonicals, his lords in waiting and men at arms—with Adam borne on men’s shoulders in a leafy bower making a pair of shoes—the solemn march regulated by the equally solemn strains of drum, fife and bagpipe. Poor John Gore drew an admirable parallel between the dignity of George IV. at his coronation, and the King Crispin of Glasgow on some great occasion—yielding the palm to the latter for many good and substantial reasons, and we are quite certain that neither George III nor her present Majesty could enter the lists with our old friend Johnny Gore in the real dignity that hedges in a King or Queen, or one of royal line.

Meanwhile, as the day wore on, the uproarious loyalty of the people waxed louder and stronger. Loyal contributions were levied for bon-fires, tar barrels, and gunpowder. The mob cheered, and who dared dispute, on such authority, that all persons with clean coats on their backs should pay for their privilege? So he who wished to save his garments bought exemption from a rather too near approach of the carcase of a dead dog or cat, by the disbursement of a few odd six pences—while tubs, casks, wheel barrows, or any such articles found out of their proper places, were, by a summary decision of the boy-ocracy, committed to the flames in honor of his Majesty—his Crown and Kingdom.

But the crowning incident of the day was the entertain-

ment given by the corporation at the Town Hall to drink the King's health, to which the invitations issued were fully more numerous than select.

Just as the clock chapp it "Six," all denizens of the Burgh, who could muster a clean shirt, assembled in the Town Hall; the Lord Provost with a new wig "fresh frae Lunnen" took the chair, and a company of Volunteers—with drums, fifes, and cymbals, occupied the "plain stanes" opposite the "Cham'er," as the worthy citizens loved to call their venerable city Hall. A formidable line of bottles, containing a liquor denominated "port," strong enough but not especially mellow, flanked both sides of a long line of tables; cold punch in copious bowls occupied the centre of the board—while platters of dried fruits, piles of sweet cakes and hecatombs of Finnan Haddocks, completed the banquet of wine, an entertainment as ancient as the days of good Queen Esther. The Provost was of course the chief speechifier of the evening, and at his back stood a somewhat antiquated town officer dressed in a scarlet coat of the cut of 45, whose especial duty it was to shout out the toast to the company—while another functionary similarly equipped, bearing in his hand a towel or table cloth, stood at an open window: and waving his flag of peace, after each of the leading toasts, the response was a volley from the Company of Volunteers outside, who being liberally supplied with punch and porter, ere the leading bumpers were expended, their vollies were somewhat of the character which poor Burns, on his death-bed, entreated a brother officer of the Dumfries Volunteers might *not* be discharged over his grave. "John," said the "dying bard, do not let the awkward squad fire over me!" The vollies became in truth a *feu de joie*; meanwhile bon fires blazed, tar barrels rolled about in flaming majesty—squibs fizzed, crackers cracked, pop guns, old guns, big guns, and little guns—gave most patent and most noisy signs of loyalty. That respected personage the oldest inhabitant could not recollect a 4th of June in which lives and limbs were not sacrificed in honor of the Majesty of England. The bursting of a rusty musket, the shooting of one or more of his lieges with a ramrod, a pocketful of gun-powder igniting, or a drunken man tumbling into a bon-fire, were events too common to attract attention, or interrupt the boisterous spirits of the occasion.

The results of the day were not always confined to accidental loss of life and limb; for quarrels, broils and drunk-

en rows occasionally produced more tragical conclusions to the scene of uproar and irrational jollification. The 4th of June 1802 was memorable for its being alike the celebration of the King's birth-day—and of the short lived peace of Amiens. After the Military parade of the day was over, the Volunteers of the town of A—— delivered up their arms and were disembodied. At that time of day no small portion of the Military force of Britain consisted of Fencible Regiments, viz. corps raised to serve in the British Isles or Ireland, but not bound to embark for foreign service. Letters of service, as it was termed, were granted to Noblemen and Gentlemen to raise their regiments in particular districts—and though many of these Colonels, Majors, and Captains, had never served before they obtained rank in the Army, which was afterwards transferred to the line, there were and perhaps still may remain a few heroes who entered the Army as field officers, and afterwards reached the higher grades of the Military service. Lord Lynedoch, whose name in the annals of the Peninsular War stands only second to the great leader, joined the ranks as Lieut.-Colonel on a letter of service. As might have been supposed, these regiments were imperfectly organized, or disciplined; and such of them as had been engaged in suppressing the Irish Rebellion of 1798 were much demoralized by the nature of the service in which they were employed. A regiment, originally bearing a Highland designation, but removed to Ireland ere its ranks were filled up, or it was fully officered, in the year in question formed the garrison of A——. The men and officers were nearly all Irish, which did not tend to engender a good feeling between them and the town's people. There were at the time but few officers present, the discipline was relaxed, and the men, who knew they were shortly to be disbanded, shewed little respect to their Military superiors. The commanders and officers joined the jollification in the Town Hall,—where the Colonel got most royally and loyally drunk, and in endeavouring to reach his quarters, attracted the attention of the mob, who never failed to greet a drunken Gentleman with storms of far from pleasing compliments. The bespattered Colonel took refuge in the Townguard, which was posted in the principal street, near the Town Hall. The shouts, jeers, and jokes of the mob excited the wrath of the officer on duty, who instead of sheltering his respected Commander until drunkenness should aid his retreat, sent a strong guard to afford him

protection on his way to the Barracks. The poor man staggered along with his trusty escort, followed by boys and men half "bent on mischief half on sport." The gates of the Barracks closed on the luckless wight; and here the affair might have ended; for in those days a Colonel being drunk was not a high crime and misdemeanour. But ere many minutes had elapsed the drums beat to arms, the regiment rushed from its Barracks, the ranks unformed, many of the men half armed, half dressed, and wholly drunk, and accompanied by one or two officers—all more or less heated with wine,—and forming an irregular and straggling line within a short distance of where a dense crowd were shouting round a great bon fire, discharged a volley that killed seven persons and wounded many others. Who ordered out the regiment, who gave the orders to load or fire, was never clearly ascertained. Strange to say, the mob were not intimidated by this sudden and murderous outrage, but making a rush on the broken, straggling, and ill-formed line, with stones, sticks, brick-bats, and all offensive weapons, a mob can command, drove the soldiers back to their Barracks, disarmed some and made prisoners of others; and but for the timely interposition of the better classes would have inflicted on the luckless victims within their power—the summary process of Lynch law. The Charters of all the Scottish Burghs authorize the Magistrates to call on the Burghers for Military service when the public peace is in danger; and each town has, or had, an armory of rusty muskets wherewith to arm the citizens in times of danger. The Magistrates promptly called out and armed the Burghers—all of whom having been Volunteers up to that day, responded to the call without hesitation.

The soldiers were confined to their Barracks—the streets patrolled by armed citizens—the wounded attended to—and the dead delivered over to their sorrowing friends, who saw a day commenced in mirth, closed in gloom. But the roused anger of a Scottish mob is not easily subdued. Blood had been causelessly spilt, and now the people thirsted for revenge; and a tragedy deeper than that of the Porteous execution ever memorable in Scotland's annals, and immortalized by the happiest effort of Scott's genius—was on the point of being enacted. There was a small half-moon Battery in the interior of the harbour, on which were mounted three old awkward long 18-pounders. A guard of a Corporal and four men kept watch and ward over these trusty guardians of our trade—and we think there is a tradi-

tion that these pieces were once discharged under the direction of an old shippy, at a rakish looking craft which came close up to the harbour's mouth in the days of Paul Jones. Unobserved by the Civil authorities and their armed police, a large body of the mob, chiefly composed of sailors, ship carpenters, and bakers boys (leaders of all mischief) proceeded to the Battery (it was now dark), at once disarmed the guard, and took possession of the guns, and as many rounds of shot which lay in a pile by the pieces, as they could conveniently carry. The ordnance was dragged without much noise to a hill within 100 yards, and separated by a ravine from the Barracks—and would have poured destruction on the unfortunate inmates, had not the interposition of the armed citizens and Magistrates persuaded the infuriated rioters to replace the guns in their former position and disperse, leaving the unhappy delinquents to the strong arm of the law. Next morning it was found that the spring which supplied the Barracks with water had been cut off, and the public ferment still continued, while the people vowed blood for blood. The regiment quitted the town at midnight by a bye road—and no sooner had they got clear of the city and its suburbs than the band struck up the well known Scottish air of

“ We'll gang nae mair to yon toun, &c.”

In Scotland the Lord Advocate is public Minister, and save in cases of murder when the nearest of kin may prosecute should the Crown decline, all criminal actions are conducted in the name and at the cost of the Crown. Strange that in this respect the Land of Cakes should have so far surpassed her more powerful sister. The men who were captured on this unfortunate night were retained in custody, and among these Officers, the Lieut.-Colonel, the Captain of the Town Guard, and another whose activity had been conspicuous in the proceedings of the fatal evening, were apprehended and committed to jail on a charge of murder. These were the days of high Tory politics; every display of popular feeling, every symptom of popular outbreak, were viewed with, no matter from what cause arising, jealousy and fear by the ruling powers as signs and signals of a revolutionary tendency. And gross as had been the conduct of the Military, exciting a curse in the minds of all Scotland, at an act of wholesale slaughter, the Lord Advocate actually refused to prosecute; and the immediate disbanding of the Regiment was thought a sufficient vindication of the outraged law of the land and of humanity.

One case strongly aroused public sympathy. A fine youth, only son of an aged couple in humble condition, had enlisted in the Royal Artillery a few years before, and having risen to the rank of Sergeant by his good conduct during the Egyptian campaign, had come back from that then mysterious land on a visit to his parents, whose hearts swelled with honest pride at the return of their gallant young soldier. In the uniform of his noble corps he was joining in the boisterous mirth of his townsmen, glad doubtless to renew the memory of early days. Some of the people near him advised him to shift his position as the soldiers were going to fire—"Oh no," said the poor fellow, "British soldiers know their duty better than to fire without authority on an unarmed mob." The words were hardly uttered when he was a lifeless corpse; and thus the gallant youth who had aided in defeating the enemies of his country fell under the lawless fire of his fellow soldiers who had never faced a foreign foe.

The afflicted father was aided by a liberal subscription to prosecute the officers who were still detained,—but on the refusal of the Crown to take up the case, were released on bail. The trial took place in Edinburgh on a charge of murder. All the leading lawyers at the Scottish bar were retained on both sides. The officer whose ill directed activity had attracted attention absconded, and was out-lawed; or his life would have been in no small danger. There was much difficulty in settling the amount of culpability which most of the accused parties had in the unhappy affair, while no actual guilt could be brought home to the privates. After a long trial the Jury returned the verdict of "Not Proven,"* and so ended a tragedy which rankled for years in the minds of the people of that part of Scotland, and produced an ill feeling both towards the Government and the Military, which we are not quite sure is altogether obliterated up to the present hour, and which another 4th of June tragedy that occurred a few years after tended to perpetuate.

On the renewal of hostilities with France, the volunteers were again embodied to meet the threatened dangers of invasion in 1805. It was in 1807, if our memory serves us true, when the mirth and mischief of the 4th of June

* One of these Officers afterwards acquired some literary reputation, but eventually figured at the Bar of the Old Bailey on a charge of picking pockets along with his son. Both were acquitted; but it was rather a strange occurrence in the life of a literary man, to be tried first for murder and then for theft.

was running on its full course—that an officer of the militia regiment in garrison in the same town reeled out of the town Hall most loyally *Fev.* The usual rough jokes of the boys assailed him when he drew his sword, and was about to cut down a lad who gave him no cause of offence. A gentleman wearing the volunteer uniform stepped between them, and discovered the lad to be his brother-in-law. He offered no violence or incivility to the officer, but merely restrained him from doing mischief, and got him conveyed to his quarters. On sleeping himself into his senses, he was informed he had been grossly insulted, and must call out the gentleman who had in fact done him a friendly act. These were days of high duelling, when men had to risk their lives for nothing or be excluded from society; but the volunteer officer being a man of amiable disposition and the father of a family, wisely took the advice of friends, and disowning all intention of insult and injury, refused either to fight or to apologize. Several days elapsed ere any other proceedings took place. But the militia officer still thirsted for the blood of a country man, being denied the privilege of slaying the French; and during the interval he, in company with his second, and with the knowledge of the Officer Commanding the Regiment, practised pistol shooting so as to be sure of his man. Having made himself perfect in the art of murder, he posted his opponent, who had not strength of mind to resist what was deemed a deadly insult, and immediately challenged the homicide. The parties met just beyond the bounds of the county, on a spot which had obtained an unfortunate notoriety for such encounters. The pistol practice was too true, for the unfortunate man fell mortally wounded at the first fire, and such was the perverted feeling of the men of the regiment, that on the return of the man-slayer to the Barracks he was carried in triumph round the square on their shoulders. But the triumph was of short duration; warrants were immediately issued: the principal and second made a narrow escape and were outlawed for non-appearance—while the Colonel of the regiment was obliged to resign his Commission, a vastly too light punishment for aiding and abetting in murder. Had not the unhappy man been thus cashiered to evade the law, there can be very little doubt that he would have met the fate which awaited the unfortunate Major Campbell at Armagh in the following year. But we fear our readers are now tired of our ancient recollections of the old 4th of June.

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY, AND THE NEW POSTAGE IN THE N. W. PROVINCES.

BY THE GROWLER.

Most people can give you a lively idea of what the month of May is in these parts. Mrs. Jones for instance calls it "peculiarly oppressive." Old —, of the Sudder Court, tells us "that the evidence in the case is sufficiently strong to enable him to pronounce a sentence of extreme heat against it." Captain Leatherhead of the Light Cavalry calls it "deuced hot and extinguishingly disgusting." Popkins is of opinion that it is "burra gurrum." Dr. Squills again asserts that the "atmosphere is adumbrated with haze," which is deemed conclusive and satisfactory, as no one knows what he means, nor does he himself. Miss Julia Thompson, who has only been out five hot seasons, but is still so *very* English, tells Captain Johnson of the 22nd Light Dragoons, that it "reminds her very much of a day at home in July, only it is much warmer." I must admit that the noun May in this country is not entitled to the adjective merry. It is not exactly a joyous month in these provinces. No young lady of my acquaintance would consider her election to the sovereignty of May so delightful an event as to warrant its communication to her Mamma in the gushing words of the Laureate,—

"And I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
I'm to be Queen of the May."

This in India, would be an unnatural state of excitement for any young lady to put herself into. 'Tis true that the Ladies of the North West, even in May, would dance from night till morn, until in point of fact—

Nox humida cælo

Præcipitat, suadentque cadentia sidera somnos:—

Or in other words until the hour before dawn, which as the song says is always the darkest. But I suspect that few would be found such wild and enthusiastic lovers of the dance, as to move with graceful steps, with garlands in their hands, round a May pole in the compound of the Lord of the Manor at Agra, between 3 and 4 p. m. of an afternoon in the merry month of May.* I should as soon expect to

* We respectfully allude to the Lieutenant Governor and his flag staff.

see the fat Colonel of the 118th N. I., and old Judge Silverhead of "our station," with fair round belly, with good capon lined, climbing up a pole for a leg of mutton, prompted to this exhibition by a desire (praiseworthy in itself but difficult of execution) to instil into native youth, clerks, and drummer boys, a love of good old English sports.

There is no danger that the English in India will enjoy themselves too much at the festive period, when the hot winds are furiously blowing around them, "with a will," or "a vengeance," as people of different fancies would say. Both terms are satisfactory, and also of a kindred nature; for is not vengeance the result of will? — well! I grant you, it is too much of a good thing to consider that matter, when the thermometer stands at 109 in the shade and 92 in the "cool" house; so say no more about it!

We want some healthful recreation in India, during the hot winds; some employment for the house. If we can't get that, we want some striking novelty to rouse us from this death in life, which even affects the sparrows, as was lately remarked, by an intelligent friend of mine, a close observer of birds, men, and manners. At this season, says he, the sparrows sit on the boughs with their mouths open. The candid reader will admit that the month of May must be very hot, when birds born and bred in the country, and addicted solely to out of door pursuits, are reduced to such a state of exhaustion and lethargy as that described by my friend. I am not sure that I have rightly termed the sparrows "acclimated" birds. The question of their being aborigines has been disputed; I know a gentleman of a lively fancy, who is fully persuaded that his father some years ago introduced these very noisy birds into India. If his father did so, I cannot say that he deserves well of posterity. But this is a digression. At this season, in the absence of better pursuits, we require, as I have said before, some striking novelty, some new sensations. Sherry coblers and lumps of Wenham table ice would be striking novelties at Agra: and to many of us, they would afford entirely new sensations. In Calcutta the citizens of the ditch, owing to the services of Messieurs. F. W. Browne and Co. and the public spirit of "our" David Wilson, are perpetually encountering new and wonderful drinks, which from time to time are manufactured to witch the world, in the hot months. The Calcutta people also, are periodically under the pressure of a monetary crisis. They are better off than we are

in this respect. Our coblers are but mochees,—our dirty scraps of ice, if put in the mouth, cause damnable reiteration, only that and nothing more—and for a monetary crisis,—good luck! The affairs of us all are always so depressed, that such a thing as a financial crisis *could* be no novelty. The Courts of Requests and the up-country banks are a perpetual pressure on us. We live under a dynasty of crises! The old man is never off our backs!

We are quite blazè in the North West, at least in the month of May. Nothing can startle us—a Lahore journal tells us of a disturbance in the frontier, at least once a week! Bless your heart! There's nothing in it! We have read all the books in the station library—they are chiefly novels, and thumbed over and over again; a night mare tobacco pervades their pages. We don't dress in the month of May, unless indeed in that dress so kindly provided for the guests in the Castle of Indolence:—

“ Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer woods when ev'ning frowns,
O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns.”

That is, it would do so, but for the mosquitos. Again in the month of May, the Military bands can't play; they are gasping for that breath which their instruments crave, and the instruments themselves seem melting away with the music that proceeds from them. The Mails can't come in from Bombay regularly in the month of May, and when they do come, all Europe is asleep, or sitting on a mine, or doing something equally unprofitable. Then again look at the Local Press. The Time and Place render the *Delhi* more seriously stupid than ever. The *Moff.* and *Recorder*, the one dropping the shovel, the other the carpet bag of contention, fall exhausted beneath the indomitable attacks of the Simoom. • In yonder mess rooms the billiard balls have left off, what H. G. K. would call, “their ceaseless motion.” The novel drops from the hand of the exhausted and mug-oppressed Subalterns, and the wigs of irascible Brigadiers are now but the bleatings of tender lambkins; active and energetic Magistrates fall asleep in Court, lulled to rest by the sleep-persuading hum of their droning Sheristedars; and the Sudder Judges give weight to the general depression by quickly closing their Courts for a time; a relief to themselves, and shall I say, to their unhappy suitors also?

And what do the Ladies do? They toil not, neither do •

they spin. They sing not, play not, work not, don't bathe their children, nor scold their servants, nor write their accounts; yet they are not visible. Perhaps they brood over the vanity of human wishes, in their own rooms; or perchance they sleep. I am not a Free Mason in the Lodge of Hymen, therefore I, cannot positively say whether the following description is true to fact. We quote again from the Bard, who was more fat than bard beseems:—

“ Their only labour was to kill the time
 (And labour dire it is, and weary woe;)
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle Rhyme.
 Then rising sudden to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tott'ing step and slow.
 This soon too rude an exercise they find;
 Straight on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours, on hours, they sighing lie reclin'd,
 And Court the vapoury God, soft breathing in the wind.”

“ How jolly!” Sniggers some naughty young Ensign. “ O! you'd like to be there, wouldn't you, you young dog !” cries some wicked old boy of a Colonel, with a wink of his very uncolonelish eye, which baffles all hope of description. “ When I was Assistaut Resident at the Court of —;”—and out comes a story, eminently suited to naughty young Ensigns and wicked old boys of Colonels and Majors, which astonishes even the Growler's knowledge of the propensities of wicked old Boys in general.

We must some how or other manage to bear up against the enervating and exhausting influence of the hot season. It is difficult, I must confess, to do anything during an easterly wind in the month of June. But employment of the mind is our only chance: an act of Council, imposing pains and penalties on all males under 35 years of age, who are addicted to the pernicious habit of drinking a liquor called Mug and eating hot tiffins, might work wonders. But as there never yet was an act of Council published, through which like an Act of Parliament a coach and horses might not be driven, I fear that a prohibition of Mug-imbibing would be fruitless. It might also lead to a Meeting. So I am afraid that the Legislative Councillor can't assist us in this matter. The Court of Directors won't allow their Covenanted Assistants in the Civil Service to play cards. I wonder they have not interdicted their young Officers from drinking beer between the hours of 12 and 7 P. M. Both are bad habits; they might insist upon more than a half penny worth of bread to the immense amount of sack which is consumed from April to September. An act too, to pre-

vent the smoking of more than three cheroots per diem might be found beneficial, could it be enforced ; but the Growler has no doubt that his Lordship knows perfectly well, how useless the attempt would be—perhaps he is fond of a tiffin too : I am.

It must be admitted that His Lordship in Council has done his best. The Growler had given up the New Postage Act in despair, when his hopes were cheered only the other day by the draft of the New Act, Section by Section, Paragraph by Paragraph, promising stores of amusement, instruction, and employment, at easy rates from 6 pie up to two annas, opening out means of communication, and shutting up our purses at the same time—a very desirable consummation ! The mind of man cannot imagine the entire benefit of this revolution in postage, by one glance at the Act. The whole social system, as the Statesman would say, will be elevated. Letters will triumph over Bass. The extension of the penny postage will infallibly lead to a more extensive breeding of geese, for some men can't write without quills, and are not quills part of the goose ? The price of gold pens will be raised, and the coolies of Hindostan will groan beneath the weight of the leather trunks of box-walahs, whose trade will henceforth be restricted to steel-pens. Husbands will write to their Wives in the Hills every day, and the pleasure-loving wives, will be unable to put off answering on the plea that dâk expences are so very heavy. Passionate lovers will sigh their souls away daily to the tender virgins, the promised partners of their future joys, and it will only cost them 6 pie a sigh. Promises of eternal happiness, and a life miraculously free from the common lot of humanity, weal and woe, and changes and trials, will multiply in numbers, by the surgical influence of Lord Dalhousie, and a double letter, price one anna ! School girls now converted into Matrons, who on their first plunge into life vowed a friendship so lasting that the grave alone should close it, will be able now if willing, to fulfil their vows ; I say will be able if willing, but I very much doubt their doing so. Jolly Ensigns will write daily dispatches to each other of the "plummy" doings in their station, relating in detail the several splendid actions by which their particular Mess is entitled to the honorary designation of a "larky one." Majors and Asst. Surgeons looking for their promotion will keep a more watchful eye than ever on the health of the Lieut. Colonels above them ;

they will have correspondents through the post at every post. Civilians with large families (and a London actuary has determined that they have large, very large families) undeterred by dak charges, and the cries of the as yet young-uncovenanted for bread, will be perpetually enquiring through their brother Collectors respecting the increasing eccentricities of such and such a Judge—and the extraordinary report that Commissioner so and so had not smoked his hookha for two days. Verily there are brave times at hand! There is a draw back certainly! That inveterate fireman, whom nothing can weary out, the DUN will profit by our penny postage. "Not taken in Bearing" will be no check to his pursuit now. How the wretched debtor will tremble beneath the sarcasm of the man of teas and condiments. "Do you call yourself a gentleman, Sir?" will be a daily query, from Calcutta to the Indus, from the Himalayas to the mouth of the Ganges! You can't have buttered toast always—as the Persian hath it, every rose has its thorn—still there is balm in silence: although the duns may profit by the postage for a time to annoy their victims; and if the introduction of the New Act leads to a system of cash payments, we shall after all have the laugh on our side, for prices *must* come down, if ready money be the order of the day. Then cheap postage from England to any part of the British dominions is another future blow to the evil genius who presides over the numerous castles of Indolence in Hindostan to the evil Spirits of Mug and Tiffin, a sad discomfiture. We shall have showers of books and pamphlets to improve our minds, without feeling in our pockets that the Calcutta Booksellers are making their fortunes out of our love for reading. Libraries and Book Clubs will be established in every station. Their name shall be Legion. The best books will be available at easy prices, and the subscriptions per mensem will be less by a few Rupees than they are now. This is cheering. If any one is idle from henceforth, Lady or Gentleman, and plead the heat as an excuse, they shall be put out from amongst us and be considered fit subjects for a Lunatic Asylum. They shall be condemned by way of punishment to a double allowance of Mug and Tiffin, to uneasy sleeps, and perpetual indigestion. I have spoken!

The growler has only to hope that the draft act really will be read again in August and passed in November—above all any idea of putting off its publication until the

close of the Burmese war, would put the promised boon on the same footing with the conversion of the Mohamedans, or any other expectancy, which certainly will come to pass, but not just yet probably. The completion of the Burmese war is a remote contingency. It may be dreamt of; but to think of witnessing it would be to encourage the preposterous idea of living for a century.

1853 will have been a remarkable year for India, and if the Growler were so disposed, he might write an Epic Poem in praise of Lord Dalhousie's civil administration—but have we not an Indian Laureate?—and for me:—

“ Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt—”

The writer is weary and therefore takes leave of his readers, with the hope that they will show themselves worthy of the boon conferred upon them by cheap postage, both in this country and to and from England; and in parting from the most noble the Governor General in Council, his Lordship will permit me to observe that the sooner we are enabled to question the Post Office Peons staggering under the weight of the packets to our address, which will be dispatched under the new rules, as follows,—

“ What letters has, thou there ?”

the sooner we shall be able fairly to say, in common with every body else—

“ I can but thank you, good my Lord !”

SONG.

OH BLESS ME WITH THY ROSY LIP !

1.

Oh bless me with thy rosy lip, and glad me with thy smile,
And I will think of thee my love thro' mony a weary mile ;—
Thro' mony a weary mile my love, of Mountain and of Sea ;
And ilka bonnie blooming flower will speak to me of thee.

2.

I would not those bright eyes should weep one anxious tear for me,
Nor memory's sacred fountain swell with one sad thought of thee,—
With one sad thought of thee my love ; then glad me with thy smile,
And I will love thee more and more, thro' every weary mile !

3.

The parting hour is come my love, the parting tear is shed,—
And I have prayed to Heaven above, for blessings on thy head ;
Then cheer me with thy sunny smile, a blink o' that bright e'e !
And I will ne'er forget its light, when far away from thee.

C. S. G.

A HASTY RETROSPECT OF WARS IN INDIA DURING THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

PART II. THE SCINDE WAR.

When Lord Ellenborough arrived in India, he found the public mind confused with terror, the finances embarrassed, political services infested with men greedy of gain, the Military depressed in spirit and deprived of their just allowance, the hard working Soldier oppressed, the vapourer encouraged, the press constantly proclaiming sentiments cowardly and selfish, without an indication of honor or patriotism. The safety of the Anglo-Indian Empire was at stake : England however was not to be trampled on because Lord Auckland had been unjust.

The exulting nations on the frontier had yet to be taught that her strength was not safely to be measured by recent misfortunes. Having undertaken to save the Indian Empire, his Lordship's hand was stretched forth at once, in all its sinewy strength :—the means were at hand ; the Afghan war was drawing to a close, and the hour had arrived, to teach the Ameers of Scinde, that treachery and deceit could not be practised with impunity, but that British skill, energy and discipline were invincible when brought into play against Barbarian hordes.

His first step was to direct Major Outram to inform the Ameers of Scinde, whose fidelity he had reason to suspect, that the Governor General had come to a fixed determination to punish by the confiscation of his dominions, the first who should prove faithless. His own letters to the chiefs were equally explicit :—

“ While I am resolved to respect treaties, I am equally resolved to make others respect the engagements they have entered into, and to exercise their power without injury to their neighbours ; on the day on which you shall be faithless to the British Government, sovereignty will have passed from you, your dominions will be given to others, and in your destitution all India will see that the British Government will not pardon an injury received from one it believed to be its friend.”

This policy of Lord Ellenborough was truly indicative of the honorable and statesmanlike views which actuated his Lordship's Indian Administration. Far from taking advantage of the Ameers' past misdeeds, his Lordship expressed a desire to believe them faithful, and offered a new intercourse on well understood grounds.

During the final operations in Afghanistan and the retreat from that country, which the Ameers looked upon as a flight, the Booghties and other tribes were on the point of breaking out into open warfare. This so excited the Ameers of Hyderabad and Khyrpoor, both anxious to recover their independence and annul Lord Auckland's treaties, that their arrogance burst the bounds of prudence:—they interrupted the Navigation of the Indus and forbade their subjects trading with the British;—the Ameers of upper and lower Scinde consulted together how best to league against the Feringhees. These things led to their final destruction.

In August, 1842, four months previous to our Army reaching Ferozepore, Sir Charles Napier had been sent to command the Troops in Scinde and Beloochistan by the Governor General, who gave him full power and controul: with directions to keep Kurachee. Arriving at the latter place from Bombay on the 9th September, having lost one fourth of his companions by Cholera, Sir Charles pushed forward on horseback to Hyderabad accompanied by a Guard of wild horsemen;—anxious to reach upper Scinde as quick as possible, and assist Colonel England in his retreat through the Bolan Pass. Passing through Hyderabad, Sir Charles gave the Ameers timely warning, that he was perfectly aware of their acting a disloyal part; and if they did not cease, he would make the Governor General acquainted with the facts with a view to a forcible remedy. On the 5th October 1842, Sir Charles reached Sukkur, and forthwith commenced a series of political and Military operations which reduced the Ameers to the choice of an honest policy, or a terrible War. They tried deceit, and were baffled; they raised the sword and were cut down!

The reader will bear in mind that Shikarpoor, Bukkur, and Kurachee were occupied by the English in conformity with existing treaties, the framing of which it is unnecessary to enter into. Sir Charles soon discovered proof of "Nus-seer," the Ameer of Hyderabad, having urged Beebruck Booghtie to fall on the British, and the Mooltan man to follow the same course.

Roostum of Khyrpoor's intercourse with the Maharajah was likewise proved. Shere Mahommed of Meerpoor was constituted commander of the forces in lower Scinde, and promised to add 16,000 fighting men of his own.

The whole country was in commotion, the hill tribes were getting ready, and the Mooltan man continued his preparations in the rear of the British with unabated diligence.

Having received the orders of the Governor General to occupy Subzulcote, and Bhoong Barra, Sir Charles crossed the Indus December 1842—sent the Bengal Troops to occupy the ceded districts, and publicly proclaimed the policy of Lord Ellenborough.

Shikarpore and Sukkur on the right bank, Roree and Alore on the left, Bukkur in the middle of the stream, were garrisoned by Sir Charles' Troops.

Previous to making an advance into the interior, Sir Charles wrote and informed the Ameers that the Mails had been stopped in Khyrpoor, and in his laconic way observed: "Wherever my posts are stopped, there will I march with my Troops; and your highness will have to pay the expense if this happens within your territory."

On the 26th December the British force reached Murgaree—a fort near Khyrpoor,—Roostum of Khyrpoor had already ceded the turban to Ali Moorad and gone with his troops and treasure to Deejee ka kote; as the General moved forward on Khyrpoor, Roostum's sons and nephews went off to the south with all their fighting men, and Roostum once more changing sides followed them.

Then the Larkhana division of Beloochees began to cross from the right bank of the Indus, and made towards the south, knowing the Ameers of upper or lower Scinde would take them into pay. Upper Scinde was clear of all armed Bands with the exception of Ali Moorad, who remained faithful and trustworthy. The flight of Roostum, sons, nephews, army and treasure, had saved upper Scinde from War; but the Ameers of Hyderabad were still to be settled with. A glance at the map will put the reader in possession of Sir Charles' position.

2000 men under Mahommed Ali were in Shah Ghur—which belonged to Ali Moorad, as Rais. The seizing of this fortress was an act of War: and gave the English General a right under the treaty of nine articles to interfere with his Army.

Houssein Khan, a son of Roostum, with 2000 men and his

treasure were in Emaur Ghur, a fortress in the desert considered impregnable and well stored, and looked upon as inaccessible to Europeans; the seizure of this place by Houssein Khan was another act of War and aggression against Ali Moorad. Roostum with 7000 men and several pieces of Cannon was on the borders of the desert to the South, in communication with his sons and nephews at "Dingee," a large fortress on the line of demarcation between upper and lower Scinde. The plan of the campaign on the part of the Scindians arranged by Hoche Seedee, an Abyssinian slave conspicuous for his ability, greatness of mind and heroic courage, was as follows:—The Belogches of upper Scinde were to fall back upon Dingee where a re-inforcement of 15,000 men was to join them; the force at Larkhana was to attack Sukkur. The General's base of operations being thus taken from him and his force isolated, the upper Scinde Army, with the force from Hyderabad and Meerpoor, were to unite and fight at Dingee. But the General's foresight in strengthening Sukkur and forming a new base at Roree, together with his rapid movement on Khyrpoor, baffled their schemes, and Roostum's wavering conduct completed their confusion:—hence they fled as we have shown to Dingee, and the Larkhana people, instead of marching on Sukkur, went to Dingee likewise.

Buoyed up with the hope of drawing the British General into the Nullahs and swamps, and keeping him there till the fierce sun should destroy his force, the Ameers resorted to every species of intrigue to delay his approach. A plan was formed for the Campaign in case of being beaten at Dingee; the Khyrpoor Ameers with the force of upper Scinde were to strike into the desert and rally at Emaum Ghur,—the Ameers of lower Scinde were to fall back on Hyderabad; which ever body the General followed, the other was to fall on his rear. They argued thus; if he halts—pestilence will destroy his Troops; if he enters the desert in pursuit of the Army of Upper Scinde, the Army of Lower Scinde will cut off his communications with the cultivated districts, and the river; then his Troops will perish from heat and thirst on the burning sands;—if he marches on Hyderabad the Army of Upper Scinde returning from Emaum Ghur will attack his rear, and cut off his communications with Roree; whereas if he sees his difficulties and danger, and attempts to retire on Roree, the united forces would fall on him, and destroy him before he could reach Sukkur.

Having proclaimed Ali Moorad the lawful Rais of Upper Scinde, the Turban of Command over the Talpoor family having been conferred on him by Ameer Roostum Khan, Sir Charles declared his intention to protect him in all his rights, and place his Killedars in command of all his forts.

In the beginning of January, Sir Charles reached Deejee ka kote, fully bent on the destruction of Emam Ghur, his force consisting of 3000 men. Finding it impossible to move so large a body through the desert, he selected 200 Irregular Cavalry, mounted 350 of the 22nd Queens on Camels, and taking Ali Moorad with him, with two Howitzers, entered the desert. On the eighth day he reached Emam Ghur, and found Mahommed Khan with his band and his treasure had fled; Emam Ghur was immediately blown to pieces with the gun powder which was found in it. This exploit of Sir Charles was thus described in the house of Lords by the late Duke. "Sir Charles' march upon Emam Ghur is "one of the most curious Military feats which I have ever "known to be performed, or have ever perused an account "of in my life; he moved his Troops through the desert "against hostile forces; he had his guns transported under "circumstances of extreme difficulty, and in a manner the "most extraordinary; and he cut off a retreat of the enemy "which rendered it impossible for them ever to regain their "position."

Shah Ghur would have shared the same fate, but reports came in stating the Scinde Tribes were gathering at Dingee. Returning by a different route through the desert, Sir Charles reached his Army at Peer Aboo Bekr and continued to advance on Hydrabad, to which place Major Outram had proceeded to negotiate fresh treaties, the General having sent the Light Company of the 22nd, as a safe guard for him. The Ameers demanded the restoration of Roostum to the Turban—this demand so contrary to their own customs and laws they knew could not be granted. The object in making it was to gain time:—and find a fitting opportunity to enact a second Cabul tragedy in the wholesale slaughter of Outram and his escort. A trap was set for Napier; but Eastern strategy in this instance was warded off by Northern craft. So confident was Napier that Outram was imposed on by the Ameer, from the discrepancy between his (Outram's) confident assertions and the reports of his own Emissaries, together with the letters found on the Murree chief, written by Mahommed Khan,

desiring him to come with all the force he could collect to Meanee by the 9th, that when Outram proposed to Sir Charles to go in person to Hydrabad and send his Army to Meerpoor, the first proposal certain death to the General, the second destruction to the Army, cut off from its communications, supplies and the means of retreat, if necessary,—Sir Charles quietly closed his book of correspondence and paid no further attention to his suggestions. On the 15th February, he wrote Outram ;—" Do not pledge yourself, to " anything whatever ; I will make no peace with the Ameers : " —come away if possible ; if you have not boats entrench " your house for defence ; your men have provisions for a " month and I will be with you the day after to-morrow,"—a Steamer was likewise sent off to his assistance.

On this identical date Outram and his party of 100 men were attacked by 8000, and well did he maintain his character for gallantry and intrepidity ; having sustained the attack for three hours he embarked his brave band under cover of the guns of the Steamer, and joined Sir Charles at Mut-tree. Yet, instead of being proud of this Military exploit, which reflected great credit on him, he was so inflated with his political sagacity and judgement in diplomacy that he persisted in declaring the Ameers innocent ; and, desirous of peace, he even urged the general to halt another day : which would have added 25,000 men to the enemy's Army already in force at Meanec.

On the memorable 17th February, 1843, Sir Charles, with little more than 2000 men of all arms, Officers included, fought the battle of Meanee against 35,000 of the enemy. Teesdale, Cookson, Tew, Jackson, Meade, Wood, and 60 Privates were buried on the field ; the loss of the enemy was estimated at 6000. Six sovereign princes surrendered themselves prisoners. And on the 19th, the Army took possession of the city of Hydrabad.

Shere Mahommed of Meerpoor was still at large, round whose standard the Beloochees were all gathering. To march with his force, reduced by the Garrison at Hydrabad against Shere Mahommed, who could if beaten have retired into the desert, would be risking all he had gained ; Sir Charles therefore resolved to remain quiet and sent for Troops to Kurrachee, having previously ordered a reinforcement from Sukkur, under Colonel Roberts. Lord Ellenborough having heard of the battle of Meanee through some private channel, with his usual sagacity had ordered 3 Regiments

for Scinde, with 250 Irregular horse, and a Camel battery. Sir Charles formed a strong entrenchment, 4 miles from Hydrabad, near which he encamped.

Lord Ellenborough's determination to annex Scinde having been made public—the Captive Princes in Hydrabad, still continuing their intrigues, were sent on board the Steamers: a strict but necessary step. The atrocities practised by them on their subjects, in cruelly murdering their offspring and every other species of abomination towards those over whom they ruled were quite sufficient to justify the Governor General in taking their dominions from them.

Shere Mahommed fell into the trap the General had laid for him; supposing he was quiet from fear, he sent Vakeels to desire him to leave the country and his life should be spared; the General's answer was "surrender yourself by the 23rd, or I will march against you."

Several re-inforcements arrived, and on the morning of the 23rd, to the inexpressible delight of Sir Charles, the Sukkur and Kurrachee re-inforcements were both despatched at the same moment; the recruits were sent into Hyderabad and the 500 veteran Soldiers in garrison there, were added to the Army.

At break of day, on the 24th March, 3,900 Infantry, 1,100 Cavalry and 19 Guns were drawn up in front of the British Camp and advanced 10 miles to Dubba, where the enemy to the number of 25,000 were posted.

The position was strong, and had been selected with great judgment by the African slave Hoche Mahommed Seedee, who displayed skill worthy of an European General, and when the day was lost died sword in hand. Captains Garrett, 3th Light Cavalry, and Smith, Bengal Artillery, fell on the field with 40 Rank and File; 10 Officers and 278 men were wounded: the loss of the enemy was computed at 5000; such was the battle of Dubba, or, as it is generally called, Hydrabad.

After 8 hours rest the troops were again in motion, marching 20 miles before they halted, and passing through two entrenched positions which the Lion had prepared to fall back upon. Meerpoor was abandoned:—the Lion in full flight to Omerkote, his pursuers on his track;—10 days after the battle, Omerkote surrendered.

On the 8th April, the Army was concentrated in the palace of the Ameers, having in 16 days defeated 25,000.

enemies in battle, captured 2 fortresses, and marched 200 miles under a Scindian sun.

It might fairly be imagined that the Officers and men who had thus gained imperishable renown for the British Arms, and had relieved a vast population from the murderous and tyrannical rule of a set of Princes who had no right in reality to the country, over the population of which they exercised the most unheard of atrocities, would have received the applause and praise of their countrymen. Far from it; Dr. Buist, of the *Bombay Times*, published the following grossly scandalous infamous libel on them, without even the slightest shadow of truth in it. "They who three months since were sharers
 " of a palace and in the enjoyment of the honor of royalty
 " are now the degraded lemans of the Feringhee : true it is
 " the harem has been defiled ; the last drop of bitterness has
 " been mingled with the cup of misery we have given the
 " Ameers to drink—the heaviest of the insults Mahomme-
 " dans can endure has been heaped upon their grey dis-
 " crowned heads. Let it not be supposed we speak of this in
 " the language of prudish sentimentalism. The Officers
 " who have dishonoured the Zenana of Kings have com-
 " mitted great wrong, but for that as for the other evil deeds
 " attending so unjust and cruel a conquest, the Government
 " which ordained it is responsible. We know now to our
 " shame and sorrow the evils which flowed from frailties
 " such as this permitted in Cabool ; and at Hydrabad we
 " may yet discover the heinousness of our sins in the mag-
 " nitude of our punishment. If one thing more than all the
 " other wrongs we have inflicted on them could awaken in
 " the bosom of each Beloochie chief the unquenchable
 " thirst of never dying vengeance—it must be to see the
 " sanctities of domestic life invaded and violated as they
 " have been—to see the daughters of nobles and wives of
 " Kings, living while youth and beauty lasts as the concu-
 " bine of the infidel, thrown aside when their attractions
 " have departed to perish in their degradation and shame.
 " This is the first of the black fruits of invasion for which
 " Britons must blush—the most attractive of the ladies of
 " the Zenana now share the Tent of the British Officer.
 " This contrasts well with the reception English ladies ex-
 " periened at Affghan hands."

This lying libel was immediately contradicted by Sir Charles and all his officers :—not a lady of the Zenanas had ever been seen by a British Officer.

So much for Dr. Buist and his *Bombay Times*.

It is unnecessary here to enter into a discussion relative to the justice or right of Lord Auckland to occupy posts in Scinde and interfere with a nation not at war with us, merely for the purpose as alledged of mercantile advantages. The treaties were in force when Lord Ellenborough arrived in India, and the Government were bound by the acts of his predecessor.

The iron despotism of the Ameers, the atrocious cruelties practised on the Scindian population, the formation of shikar-gurhs, although whole villages were depopulated to form them, the incessant fighting one with another, and the complete anarchy reigning in the whole of the country would have been sufficient to justify the interference of the British Government.

The treachery fully proved, the attack on the Resident, and the orders to murder every Feringhi found in the country, which were partly carried out, will in all probability be sufficient justification to the mind of an enlightened reader for the downfall of the Ameers and annexation of the country. The horror and detestation in which they were held by the occupants of their Zenanas was so great, that not one could be found to accompany them into exile; and when Meer Roostum was without tent or covering it was the English General who supplied him with the necessaries of life, when the other Ameers who pretended they were fighting for him refused to contribute either to his comfort or support.

Shere Mohammed was still at large, but several moveable columns were gradually closing round on him. On the 13th June he advanced against Jacob with 10,000 men and four guns; but Jacob was too good an Officer and too remarkable for skill and courage for Napier to have any forebodings on his account. Leaving a few men to take charge of his Camp, Jacob advanced boldly; the troops already disaffected made a show of charging; but when the dust had cleared away, no enemy was visible. The Lion fled into the desert and was joined in the Booghti country by Ali Mohammed, the son of Roostum, who had abandoned Shah Ghur on hearing of his defeat. Thus terminated the war in Scinde—and Sir Charles with his native police quickly restored tranquillity to the country and happiness to the Scindian population. It is impossible to close this short account of the conquest of Scinde without adverting to the conduct of Major

Outram. He was not present at Meanee : and left for Europe before the battle of Hyderabad. Arriving in England he obtained an audience with the Ministry, and India house Authorities ; and placed Sir Chas. Napier's conduct in so dubious a light, that the conquest of Scinde and the two terrible engagements fought by Sir Chas. and his Army were passed over in gloomy silence.* The truth soon came to light, Outram's notes being sent by the secret committee to Ellenborough ; and when Sir Chas. Napier in his simple and truthful style exposed all Outram's misrepresentations, Lord Ellenborough and Council placed on record their strong sense of the honor and ability of Sir Chas. Napier,—and their *astonishment at the extent of Major Outram's delusion as to the Ameers.*

The thanks of both houses of Parliament were voted to the Army and their illustrious Leader.

The labours of the malicious and secret maligners were at an end—and the wretched calumniators of our brave army (the parasites† of a miserable and disappointed faction at Bombay) were forced to seek some other topic on which they could expend the rabid eloquence of their diseased imaginations.

· PART III. THE GWALIOR WAR.

The warlike operations of Lord Ellenborough's brilliant administration did not terminate with the conquest of Scinde. The Mahrattas of Gwalior still looked back with pride, on

* Meanee and Hyderabad were fought in February and March 1843, it was not however till 12th February 1844, that the Lords Spiritual and Temporal in Parliament thanked Sir Charles and his army for their exploits and highly approved of their conduct.

Published in General Orders 15th May 1844.

More than a year after the engagements. Better late than never—but we prefer this—

“ Bis dat, qui dat cito.”

20th February 1844. The Court of Directors resolved by Ballot that their thanks were due to Sir Charles for the eminent skill, energy and gallantry, &c. &c. On the 28th. The General Court of the E. I. Company voted all the usual thanks, &c.

•Vide General Orders, 16th May, 1844.

•† In Captain Neil's recollections of services in the east he very justly observes :—

That the time has not yet arrived when the acts of Lord Ellenborough's administration can be viewed calmly and dispassionately—but when the veil is withdrawn which is now thrown over them by the prejudice or bitter acrimony of party, they will elicit that universal admiration which their wisdom and beneficial results so justly merit and Lord Ellenborough will be classed among those distinguished men whose names are inseparably associated with the glory of our Eastern Empire.

their once powerful empire. Internal commotions broke out afresh. Men inimical to our Government were thrust into Office. The Dada Khas Walla usurped the authority in the Gwalior state, which the British Government were *bound to maintain in the house of Scindia*. The Governor General insisted on the Dada being expelled : which after some delay was effected, but men more inimical were placed in Office. The country was one continued scene of conspiracies and assassinations. On the 18th December 1843, Lord Ellenborough declared his intention to protect the person of the young Maharajah, and chastise those who set themselves up in opposition to his authority. On the 23rd Sir Hugh Gough crossed the Chumbul, and Major General Grey advanced on Gwalior from Bundelcund. On the 29th the Force under Sir Hugh Gough fell in with the Mahratta Army, at the village of Maharaj poor, Sir Hugh had nearly 14,000 men and 40 guns ; the enemy were estimated at 18,000 and 100 guns, and fought with great courage and determination ; but General Valiant's Brigade having taken the Village in reverse and captured 28 guns, the enemy abandoned the field leaving 4000 men hors de combat. The loss on our side was 106 killed and 684 wounded, including 34 Officers. Major General Churchill, C. B., Lt.-Col. Sanders, C. B., Major Crommelin, C. B., Leathes, Newton, and Bray, fell on the field. The victory was complete, and was witnessed by Lord Ellenborough, whose intrepidity was the admiration of the Army, and rendered him more dear than ever to the gallant Soldiers by whom he was already beloved. And well might the army be proud of a high minded British Nobleman, who shared their dangers, watched over their interests, and comforts, and rejoiced in their successes.

On the same day the left wing of the army under Major General Grey, moving from Bundelcund, reached Punnar about 12 miles from Gwalior, and found 12,000 Mahrattas with 24 guns in position to oppose their further progress. Although they had undergone a long and harrassing march, they attacked the enemy with such impetuosity that they were rapidly driven from position to position, leaving all their guns, one standard, and some treasure,—in the possession of our victorious troops.

The loss on our side was trifling, Capt. Stewart of the Buffs, and Cobham of the 50th were the only Officers killed ; 7 Officers and 18 rank and file wounded.

In 13 days after entering the enemy's country two actions were fought, and the war was over.

In less than 2 years from the date of his arrival in India Lord Ellenborough had avenged the murder of our army at Cabul; had punished the treachery of the Ameers, by the confiscation of their territories; and added in one year from the revenue of Scinde £89,426 to the Company's coffers; (The Collectors estimate the annual proceeds from Scinde in a few years would amount to a million;) and had restored the prestige of the British arms in the upper country, by the splendid achievements of Napier's army at Meeanee and Dubba.

The expenses of the Gwalior war were charged on the revenues of the Maharajah.

The peace now established was favorable to the finances of the country, considerably drained by the Affghan war, and there was every prospect that the increased debt would soon be diminished.

The attacks made on Lord Ellenborough in both houses of Parliament were triumphantly disposed of by the Ministers of the Crown. When it became known that the Directors, taking advantage of a clause in the Charter, had without consulting Her Majesty's Ministers, recalled his Lordship from his post, an animated discussion took place in the Lords. Lord Ripon in answer to a question put by Lord Colchester, stated that this act of the Directors had neither the sanction or the approbation of her Majesty's Ministers: which statement was received with great cheering by a large majority of the house. Lord Brougham, in his caustic way, pointed out the absurdity of such a clause in the Charter,—that the Board of Control (part and parcel of the Government) should have the power of controlling the Court of Directors in their Indian administration—and that the most important of all acts—one on which the very safety of the Indian Empire might depend—the continuance or removal of the Governor General should be left solely to the Court of Directors.

The Charter had the bond; and it was good.

Sir Henry Hardinge was appointed to the vacant Post, and at the entertainment given him by the Court of Directors the Chairman thus addressed him :—*

* A part of the address not relating to the matter at present in discussion is left out: but those parts are especially selected which may point out the dislike of the Court to the late G. G.'s particular acts.

"The Court had selected him not only on account of his reputation as a Soldier but likewise as a "statesman."

"You will not fail to recollect that the Members of the Civil Service are educated not only with particular care but with a special view to the important duties of civil administration, upon the upright and intelligent performance of which so much of the happiness of the people depends. I doubt not your experience will coincide with that of the great men who in former times have filled the Office of Governor General in enabling you justly to *appreciate the eminent qualities of the civil servants in India.*

"You will perceive the maintenance of respect for the authority of the Court is demanded by the existing system of the Indian Government; and we are persuaded you will impress this opinion upon our servants abroad not merely by *precept*, but by "YOUR EXAMPLE."

"In dealing with those states dependent upon our government, with a view to soothe the feelings and conciliate the attachment of both chiefs and people, we have permitted the Chiefs to retain the recognized emblems of authority, their titles, and their insignia of rank and station.

"On religious points and prejudices, we have always maintained the strictest neutrality.

"The supremacy of our power must be maintained by the irresistible force of our arms "when necessary;" but the empire of India *cannot be held by the sword alone.*

"Peace is desirable with a view to the prosperity of our finances."

This was by far the most important piece of information the Chairman gave to Sir Henry; it was not exactly necessary to let him into the secret of £. s. d.—as it was not till several years afterwards that the cost of the Affghan war, which Sir John Hobhouse admitted, in fact boasted, he had made himself, transpired.

Lord Ellenborough left India, to the infinite regret and sorrow of the fighting part of the army. Many men there were high in the Civil Service who admired his short but brilliant Government.

The Politicals and a vast majority of the Civil Service hated his Lordship cordially. The following extract from one of the monthlies lately published may account for this bitterness of feeling, which time is not even likely to soften.

"The shackled promotion of the Service was slowly and wearily making its way through the obstacles which at first

had effectually barred and subsequently impeded its progress, when Lord Ellenborough like an incubus, prostrated the energy that was fairly reviving. There is an inseparable connection between vanity and meanness, and with a meanness as contemptible, as his vanity was spiteful, he prostituted to the gratification, of his womanish spite against the service the high powers with which he had been intrusted. The Charter precludes the nomination of any but Covenanted Civilians to appointments in the regular line of the service in the Regulation Provinces—but all political appointments, and those in provinces to which the regulations have not been extended may be conferred on Military men or Civilians. And to gratify his womanish spite this mean, vain, contemptible, and pitiful Governor General absolutely bestowed the whole fifty which fell vacant during his administration, *on Military men alone!*"

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

Ο δ' ουτι μελλων, ουδ' αφρασμονως υπνω
Νικωμενος, παρηκεν αγγελου μερος.

• Esch. Agam.

Most people know a good deal about the Electric Telegraph and therefore our title, it must be admitted, might fairly lead to the suspicion that we were going to indulge in that superfluous form of the Didactic, which the homely wisdom of our fore-fathers has rebuked by the proverbial expression of "teaching our granny to suck the egg."

But this paper has been suggested by two considerations, one of which is that we believe many persons, acquainted generally with the principle of the Electric Telegraph, still shut themselves out from several astounding and highly interesting facts, under the erroneous impression that all details must be purely scientific: and the other, that we do not think it is sufficiently known in this country that our distinguished fellow emigrant, O'Shaughnessy, is not only notable for the great exertions he has made to introduce the Telegraph into India, but also that as an inventor and experimentalist he occupies a high post in the history of the application of Electricity to the communication of intelligence. We therefore propose, very briefly, to notice some of the more imaginative circumstances connected with the operations of the Electric Telegraph, and also to attempt to point out O'Shaughnessy's place amongst the *savans* who have contributed to bring it to its present perfection. There is something to our mind extremely picturesque in the very nature of a Telegraph. The reflection has struck us, when watching that poor clumsy performance on the Portsmouth road (now of course dispensed with,)—a human **THOUGHT**, mysterious thing!—winging its way through the silent air! This idea lent a certain sublimity even to that rude machine, with its sprawling wooden arms, which a cloud could incapacitate and the earliest twilight shut up for the night.

The poets have not overlooked this matter: the description from which the two lines at the head of this paper are

taken, is perhaps one of the finest passages in the Greek language.

Troy fell in the night, and by dawn the news had reached the adulterous halls of Atreus. What messenger had so swiftly sped across the *Ægean* sea? The intelligence burst into life in the beacon fire of *Ida*: the light from *Ida* fell on the *Hermæan* steeps of *Lemnos*: and from this island, *Athos*, the mountain of *Jove*, received his torch: the flame of his pine rose gloriously in the air, and the watchman of *Maïs-tus* could see its reflection flashing, like sunlight, over the ridges of the waves; he did not linger: they of *Messapius* soon caught his beacon, and lighting the withered heath passed the message to the cliffs of *Cithæron*:—o'er the lake *Gorgapis*, o'er the mountain of *Ægi-plancton*, by the tower beyond the promontory that looks on the *Saronic* gulph, even to the *Arachnæan* steep; from whence it broke at last on the weary eyes of the watchman who was sitting above the roofs of the *Atridæ*.

But if there is a poetry in the beacon fire: if even in the rude operations of the aerial telegraph;—how much more so in the Electric one, which besides possessing the picturesque nature of Telegraphs in general, has such romantic wonders peculiarly its own.

It may be scarcely necessary to remind our readers that the two properties of the Electric fluid, by means of which the operations of the Telegraph have been accomplished, are firstly that of freely passing over a certain class of bodies called *conductors*, and secondly, susceptibility of arrest in movement, from certain other bodies called *insulators*.

Now as a metallic rod is a conductor, Electric fluid will pass along it; and if this rod be coated with a non-conducting substance the insulator will prevent the Electric fluid from escaping off the rod to any lateral object. "If then," to use Dr. Lardner's words, "a wire coated with a non-conducting substance, capable of resisting the vicissitudes of weather, were extended between any two distant points, one end of it being attached to one of the extremities of a galvanic battery, a stream of electricity would pass along the wire—*provided the other end of the wire were connected with the other extremity of the battery.*" The Doctor puts this passage in italics to draw particular attention to a marvellous fact immediately to be related. When Electric Telegraphs, then, were first created, in accordance with the requirements of the fluid, a wire was extended from the

battery to the desired destination, and a *second* wire came back from the distant point to the battery.

But it was afterwards found out that a second wire was not necessary, for if the extremity of the first wire were attached to a metallic plate and buried in the ground, and the other extremity of the battery, at its end of the journey, were attached by a wire to a similar buried plate, then the Earth would prove a conductor and the electric fluid would return from one plate to another *by itself*.

Do but give the imagination full rein in reading the following picturesque notice of this circumstance from Dr. Lardner's pen :—

“Of all the miracles of science, surely this is the most marvellous. A stream of electric fluid has its source in the cellars of the Central Electric Telegraphic Office, Lothbury, London. It flows under the streets of the great metropolis, and, passing along a zigzag series of railways, reaches Edinburgh, when it dips into the earth and diffuses itself upon the buried plate. From that it takes flight through the crust of the earth and *finds its own way* back to the cellars of Lothbury!

Instead of burying plates of metal, it would be sufficient to connect the wires at each end with the gas or water pipes, which, being conductors, would equally convey the fluid to the earth ; and in this case every telegraph despatch which flies to Edinburgh along the wires which border the railways, would fly back, rushing to the gas-pipes which illuminate Edinburgh—from them through the crust of the earth to the gas-pipes which illuminate London, and from them home to the batteries in the cellars of Lothbury.”

An imaginative mind will fill up for itself the marvels of this extraordinary fact, and will picture the varied scenery—the towns—the fields—the rivers—the grassy hill-sides, broad leas, and windy wolds, under which this solitary traveller passes with the rapidity of thought!

Another most interesting wonder of the Electric Telegraph is the scarcely calculable celerity of its movements. An account of some experiments tried in Paris in 1851, and witnessed by Dr. Lardner (whose words we shall quote) illustrates this point most vividly. “Happening lately,” says he, “to visit Paris,—we assisted at some experiments which were made in the bureau of telegraphs at the Ministry of the Interior. There we found ourselves in a room about twenty feet square, in the presence of some half a dozen persons

seated at desks, employed in transmitting dispatches to, and receiving them from, various distant points of France. Being invited, we dictated a message, consisting of about forty words addressed to one of the clerks at the railway station at Valenciennes, a distance of 168 miles from Paris. This message was transmitted in two minutes and a half. An interval of about five minutes elapsed, during which, as it afterwards appeared, the clerk to whom the message was addressed was sent for. At the expiration of this interval the Telegraph began to express the answer, which, consisting of about thirty-five words was delivered and written out by the agent at the desk, in our presence, in two minutes. Thus, forty words were sent 168 miles, and thirty five words returned from the same distance, in the short space of four minutes and thirty seconds.

But surprising as this was, we soon afterwards witnessed, in the same room, a still more marvellous performance. The following experiment was prepared and performed at the suggestion and under the direction of M. Le Verrier, the celebrated astronomer, and ourselves, and in the presence of a committee of the Legislative Assembly, Mons. Pouillet, professor of physics, and several distinguished members of the Academy of Sciences :—

Two telegraphic wires, extending from the Ministry of the interior to Lille, were united at the latter place, so as to form one continuous wire, extending from the Ministry to Lille, and back from Lille to the Ministry, making a total distance of 336 miles. This, however, not being deemed sufficient for the purpose, several special coils of wire, wrapped with silk, were obtained, measuring in their total length 746 miles, and were joined to the extremity of the wire returning from Lille, thus making one continued wire measuring 1082 miles. A message consisting of 282 words was now transmitted from one end of the wire. A pen attached to the other end immediately began to write the message on a sheet of paper, moved under it by a simple mechanism; and the entire message was written in full in the presence of the committee, each word being spelled completely and without abridgement, in *fifty two seconds*, being at the average rate of *two words and four-tenths per second*. By this instrument therefore, it is practicable to transmit intelligence to a distance of upwards of 1,000 miles, at the rate of 19,500 words an hour." It must not be supposed, however, that by using the expression here—"upwards of a

thousand miles"—Dr. Lardner means to imply that distance makes any practical difference, he is referring only to the particular experiment in question. According to the common estimate by which the velocity of electricity is calculated, a message might be sent eight times round the earth between the two beats of a common clock!

This may give some idea of what going like lightning really is.

We shall notice one more miracle. The principle upon which it is founded is the power of the electric current to decompose certain chemical solutions. A short paragraph from the same work from which we have already quoted so copiously, will put the reader in a position of imagining, at any rate, how the miracle is performed.

"Let a sheet of writing paper be wetted with a solution of prussiate of potash, to which a little nitric and hydrochloric acid have been added. Let a metallic disk be provided corresponding in magnitude with the sheet of paper, and let this disk be put in communication with a galvanic battery, so as to form its negative pole. Let a piece of steel or copper wire forming a pen be put in connection with the same battery so as to form its positive pole. Let the sheet of moistened paper be now laid upon the metallic disk, and let the steel or copper point which forms the positive pole of the battery be brought into contact with it. The galvanic circuit being thus completed, the current will be established, the solution with which the paper is wetted will be decomposed at the point of contact, and a blue or brown spot will appear. If the pen be now moved upon the paper the continuous succession of spots will form a blue or brown line, and the pen being moved in any manner upon the paper, characters may be thus written upon it as it were in blue or brown ink."

This will give a notion of the process of electric writing: and the result of the best arrangement in connexion with it is subjoined.

"By this method, to whomsoever the merit of its invention may be due"—there is a dispute as to who invented the arrangement—"a person at any station, as for example at London, may write a communication, in characters used in common writing or printing on paper, placed at another distant station, as for example at Trieste, and this writing shall be traced on the paper with as much precision as if the person writing held the pen in his hand. We may imagine that.

the electro-chemical pen placed on the paper at Trieste is extended to London, and there held and directed by the hand of the writer, for this it is which almost literally takes place. The conducting wire, in connexion with that part of the electro-chemical pen which is held in the hand, which extends from Trieste to London, may be considered as only forming part of this pen, and the end of such pen at London, held and directed by the hand of the writer, will communicate a motion to its point at Trieste, in exact correspondence with the characters formed by the hand of the writer. Thus, if a writer at London move the extremity of the conducting wire so as to write a phrase or his usual autograph, the point at Trieste will then inscribe on the prepared paper the same phrase with the same signature annexed, and the writing of the phrase and the signature will be identical with that of the writer."

There is a capital passage in Leigh Hunt's *Legend of Florence*, which may well be quoted after these wonders: *Da Riva* is speaking—

"The wild man's dream,
Or what he might have dreamt, when at his wildest,
Is, to the civilized man, his common place:
And what should time so reverence in ourselves
As, in his due good course, not still to alter;

Colorina. Till chariots run some twenty miles an hour?

Riva. Ay, thirty or forty.

Colorina. Oh! oh, without horses?

Say, without horses.

Riva. Well to oblige you,—yes.

Colorina. And sailing boats without a sail! Ah, ha!

Well, glory be to poetry and to poets!

Their cookery is no mincing! Ah! ha! ha!

Thus does the impossible of one age become the common-place of a later: humiliating thought for human wisdom!

But now let us examine, from the best materials at our disposal, what contributions Dr. O'Shaughnessy of Calcutta has made to the scientific application of electricity to the transmission of intelligence. It may not perhaps be generally known that it is now a century since electricity was first proposed to be employed for the purpose of communicating intelligence between distant places. Perhaps still less is it known, that so early as 1823, a Mr. Ronalds, of Hammer-smith, wrote to the Lords of the Admiralty, requesting an inspection of his electric telegraph, and recommending its adoption for Government purposes. The Admiralty de-

clined to have anything to say to Mr. Ronalds* or his telegraph.

Though, however, the idea of an Electric Telegraph was recognised in the scientific world at an earlier date, the first patent was not taken out till 1837, and we call particular attention to its specification with a view to showing how little the telegraph of to-day had been anticipated even then. The letters patent given to Messrs. Cooke and Wheatstone were for "improvements in giving signals and sounding alarms in distant places, by means of electric currents transmitted through metallic circuits."

Two years after this, we are glad to find our own Dr. O'Shaughnessy coming prominently forward as a promoter of the theory, that electricity could be advantageously applied to the transmission of intelligence. His exertions are thus recorded by Mr. Highton in the little work on the "Electric Telegraph," which forms one of Weale's admirable series; "In 1839, Dr. O'Shaughnessy conducted an extensive series of experiments in India, with the view to ascertain the most suitable form of Electric Telegraph for that country. To Drs. Steinbert† and O'Shaughnessy is due the carrying out of Dr. Watson's method, now so generally adopted in Great Britain and America, viz. of suspending the telegraphic wires in the air from post to post. Dr. O'Shaughnessy erected for his telegraph no less than twenty-two miles of wire, the wires being of iron. They were fastened to poles of bamboo, fifteen foot out of the ground, and were made to hang at distances from each other of about twelve inches. Dr. Steinbert had also 7 miles of wire, which was partly of copper and partly of iron. In Dr. Steinbert's telegraph the wires were four feet one inch apart.

* This gentleman appears to have been an original. In a passage relating to his telegraph, (quoted in Highton's "Electric Telegraph") he, incidentally, gives a few touches of his own character, as distinct as if they were from the pen of the Great Reformer himself. He was an advocate for underground wires, and says regarding them: "To protect the apparatus from mischievously disposed persons, let the tubes be buried six foot below the surface of the middle of the high roads, and let each tube take a different route to arrive at the same place. Could any number of rogues then open trenches six feet deep, in two or more different public high roads or streets, and get through two or more strong cast iron troughs, in less space of time than forty minutes? for we shall presently see that they would be detected before the expiration of that time. *If they could*—render their difficulties greater by cutting the trench deeper, and should they still succeed in breaking the communication by these means, *hang them if you catch them, damn them if you cannot, and mend it immediately in both cases.*"—*Benissimo, Ronalds!*

† Dr. Steinbert of Munich, who invented a Magneto-electric Telegraph in 1837

These important experiments of Dr. Watson, Dr. O'Shaughnessy, and Dr. Steinbert set the matter completely at rest, and rendered the idea of communicating intelligence between distant points, by means of Electricity, no longer chimerical or doubtful, but a matter of absolute certainty."

It is no inferior mind, it is no laggard energy, that under all the disadvantages of a tropical climate, and the apathy of our local public to scientific subjects, could thus seize and certify an idea that was then *glimmering only in advanced Europe. The confidence which no difficulties can lessen and no dilemmas shake is one of the highest gifts the scientific mind can possess, and it is to minds so gifted we owe almost all the improvements of modern times: the principle has often been discovered by accident; it is the energising apprehension, and belief in the principle, which effect the miracles of science.

The date of Cooke and Wheatstone's patent marks the commencement of the history of the Electric Telegraph as a *practical* machine. It would take a much longer time than our readers would endure, to give even a description in outline of the many patents which have been taken out since 1837. Suffice it for us to say, that in the actual experiment of bringing the Telegraph into play, India, thanks to Dr. O'Shaughnessy, has taken a prominent place in suggesting and deciding several important points of detail.

Dr. O'Shaughnessy has shown that in the absence of wire, iron rods $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of an inch thick welded together form an admirable conductor, indeed for some of the contingencies of Bengal, a better one than wire. Read this picturesque little paragraph from his report.

" *Rods not injured by birds or monkeys.* I pass over with slight remark, the damage done to *wires* in my experiments in 1839, by birds and monkeys; whole swarms of crows, kites, and fishing eagles may now be seen daily enjoying themselves on our lines through the swamps of the Diamond Harbour road. They cause us no harm, and we do not molest them. Our correspondence flies through their claws without interception, but it has happened, on one occasion, that a flash of lightning struck the *wet* rod, and killed some scores of its harmless incumbents." Dr. O'Shaughnessy also has proved the great superiority of bamboos over posts for the support of the wires or rods, in latitudes where the tempest are so frequent and so violent as at Calcutta, other improvements we can only hint at, in Mr. Highton's words.

"The magnets are placed horizontally, being poised on a vertical axis similar to the mariner's compass. Keys of the simplest construction are used, and highly ingenious arrangements are provided for rendering innocuous the fearful discharges of atmospheric electricity which characterize thunder-storms in the vicinity of the tropics."

We may add that the simplicity of the keys employed by Dr. O'Shaughnessy has attracted great attention both in Europe and America.

As to the practicability of telegraphing without insulation also, Dr. O'Shaughnessy has contributed a valuable experiment. "He has laid uninsulated wires across a river which is more than a mile broad, for the purpose of transmitting telegraphic communications; and he has found that to transmit a current along an uninsulated wire of that length, and to obtain at the distant end an action sufficient to work his telegraphic instruments, no less than 250 galvanic cells were required, and that even then the signals were scarcely visible."

But we have said enough to shew that O'Shaughnessy's reputation is by no means confined to the adopted country which is so justly proud of him; and it must be obvious to the reader that the future historian of the Electric Telegraph will prominently bring forward our fellow emigrant's name as one of the earliest and most sagacious patrons of the experiments.

Next to the pride of possessing such a man, is the pleasure of learning that the Government are determined to fully avail themselves of his important services; the latest intelligence concerning his movements is given in Mr. Marshman's letter from London to the "*Friend of India*;" with this extract we shall conclude:—

"The preparations for the Electric Telegraph in India are making rapid progress under the able and energetic efforts of Dr. O'Shaughnessy. He has been occupied in England longer than he had calculated on, but I believe, the Directors are satisfied, that his detention is fully justified by the circumstances of the case, and it has their entire concurrence. Though the commencement of the line may be thereby retarded, the completion of it will be accelerated. It is of the highest importance, that the despatch of all the materials should be completed before he leaves the country; after his back is turned little, if anything, will be done. His visit to England has been most beneficial to the Telegra-

phic interests in India. It has not only given him an opportunity of examining the construction, and the operation of the English and Continental Telegraphs, and of fathoming the mystery of the system—for every operation by which money is made in England becomes an object of mystification—but it has been beneficial in a pecuniary point of view. He has saved Government many lakhs of Rupees by making all purchases under his own inspection, and negotiating for them in person. He has thus been enabled to defeat all attempts at jobbery. His deputation will be found to have secured economy both of time and money. As soon as the rains of this year have subsided, O'Shaughnessy will be able to make a beginning at once, and I think you may calculate on having 3,000 miles of line at work by Christmas, 1855, if not earlier. He has just imported the latest and most improved machine,—from America—for conveying and printing messages. I saw it at work some days ago, and I found, to my surprise, that it was capable of printing *three letters every second*, or 10,000 in an hour. The machine by which this is effected, is small and portable, and stands upon a table. The operator sits down with the message before him to what has the appearance of a miniature piano. The notes, black and white, denote the letters of the alphabet, and as he strikes a note, the printing machine at the other end of the line, however distant, gives an instantaneous impression of the letter it represents, on an endless roll of paper which the machinery uncoils. He will take the machine with him, and it will do “great marvels” in India. How comparatively easy and efficient will the Government become when the Governor General, at whatever station he may be, can receive in an hour or two a despatch filling two sheets of foolscap, and reply to it before sunset !”

THE COMPANY,

A SKETCH.

I.

It's Commercial Antecedents.

The rise and progress of the British power in India is a chapter of more than ordinary interest in the annals of the world. Unlike the history of conquests in general, the narrative commences with a spirit of emulation for commerce which had no reference to rule or dominion. Emboldened by the success which attended the daring voyages of Drake, Cavendish, and Stephens, the enterprising merchants of London determined to emulate the Portuguese and the Dutch, in opening a trade with the East. With this homely and unpretending object, were planted the first English colonies in this country; and to reap rich profits in the way of their business was all the ambition of the originators of the scheme. How that humble body of merchants have succeeded to usurp the powers of government in a country so many times larger than their own, it is our purpose in the present chapter briefly to narrate; nor will a recapitulation of the history of their fortunes be either untimely or uncalled for, at the present moment, when discussions for the renewal of their privileges, or the dissolution of their monopoly, are so warmly discussed.

The discovery of a passage to India, round the Cape of Good Hope, by the Portuguese, was immediately followed by the formation of numerous settlements on the coasts of the new El Dorado; and, for nearly a hundred years, they enjoyed this lucrative privilege unmolested by any other European nation, on the ground of their original discovery, which was recognised as having conferred on them a right in exclusion of all competitors. They not only commanded the coasts of India, Bufmah, Ceylon, China, and Japan; but no western vessels could sail to any of the ports of Arabia and Persia, or even to the east coast of Africa, without their permission. England had then no connection with India; and if her markets were supplied with any oriental commodities, these were received either through

the medium of the Portuguese, or from the Turkey and Levant merchants, who traded by a land route, through Aleppo, Bagdad, Bussorah, and Ormuz, with all the East, even to Bengal, Malacca, and Pegu. But this was a far fetched way of driving a fruitful commerce, and hardly palatable to a maritime nation; thus great and daring efforts were, from time to time, made to discover some new passage to the East, to which the Portuguese should have no pretence or claim. These vigorous attempts however, were not destined to be crowned with success. They contributed largely to other discoveries of great importance; but another high road to the Indies was no where to be found. Chagrined, disappointed, and damped in ardour, the English resolved at last to push on by the same passage with the Portuguese. The expeditions which were undertaken at first, however, proved to be eminently unfortunate, and the hopes of the nation began very much to decline.

In 1577, Sir Francis Drake fitted out an armament, at his own expense, to visit the Southern Ocean: and, in 1586, Captain Cavendish undertook to rival the glory of Drake. Both these voyages were commenced principally with the purpose of annoying Spain and Portugal, with whom England was at that period at war; but they were found conducive to much higher ends, in opening a direct commercial intercourse between England and India. Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the world, and so did Cavendish; and in performing this feat they both explored the Indies. The one touched at the Molucca Islands when homeward bound, and the other visited the Ladrões and passed the Straits of Sunda; and they both traded with the natives, and acquired valuable information respecting the commerce of India. An Englishman of the name of Stephens, also, had sailed to India with the Portuguese, and the accounts of the navigation he disseminated were so cheering, that the merchants of London resolved once more to make serious efforts for giving the Portuguese a rival. There was no obstacle to be afraid of at home. Queen Elizabeth was never backward in encouraging a spirited undertaking; and very recently, in answer to a complaint of the Spanish Government that the English had infringed its exclusive right to the navigation of the Indian Seas, she had ruled that the sea and the air were common to all men. The Dutch too had shewn them the way, and had boldly commenced a successful trade; and they had no time to lose if

they wanted to put in for a share. It was therefore determined, without more ado, to petition the Queen for permission and a charter of privileges.

In the year 1600, or more correctly reckoning, on the last day of, 1599, this charter was obtained. The adventurers were constituted a corporate body, and named "the Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies." An exclusive privilege was also secured to them, but by no means of any extraordinary character. It was then the general notion that no trade could be profitable but what was exclusive, and almost all trading companies, the theatre of whose operations was at a distance from home, had their monopoly; and this therefore could not well be withheld. The cautious Queen Elizabeth, however, limited it to fifteen years, but pledged her royal word that the charter should be renewed, if found beneficial to the nation; and the rest of her subjects were prohibited from engaging in that traffic, within that term, without assent and leave of the Company. This was encouragement enough; the Company immediately commenced upon business; a committee of twenty-four directors and a chairman were selected to manage the undertaking; ships were fitted out for the expedition; every care was taken to ensure success: and the first voyage was a favorable one. Furnished with letters and presents from the Queen to the Kings of Acheen and Bantam, the traders visited Sumatra and Java, and were in both places received with marks of attention. At Acheen the wives of the King danced and sung before them to do them honor: and at Bantam too, they found an equally distinguished reception. They formed treaties and left factors, and returned with a handsome profit on the capital that had been embarked. This profit appears to have been the more enhanced by the plunder of a Portuguese vessel freighted with spices and calicoes, a method of driving trade neither uncommon, nor unexpected, in those times, as we may well understand from the avowed resolution the Company came into, on undertaking the India trade, "not to employ any *gentlemen* in any place of charge." They managed also to acquire a little territory in the enterprize, taking possession of the island of St. Helena on their passage home.

•The success of the first expedition emboldened the merchants to repeat their voyage. The same ships were sent out again, but under a different Commander. They visited

the factories already established, and two of them also touched at Banda and Amboyna. The profits upon this as upon the former voyage were excessive; but one of the ships fitted out was lost.

Private merchants now began to grow jealous of the success of the Company, and they struggled might and main to obtain a participation in the trade. The wise Queen Bess was dead and gone, and King James her successor was a good, easy man, very easily to be won over. One Sir Edward Michelbourne, moved the King to grant him a licence to trade "to Cathay, China, Japan, Corea, Cambaya, and the isles thereto belonging;" and it was granted, though in violation of the exclusive privileges his predecessor had granted to the East India Company. In the licence, however, it was provided that the countries and people Michelbourne and his fellow adventurers were empowered to trade with, be such only, as were not yet frequented and traded unto by other British subjects; that is, that they must explore new places of trade, and not intermeddle with the Company's affairs. Michelbourne, however, does not appear to have traded at all. He robbed some Chinese junks he met with among the Eastern Islands; and with the plunder, which was considerable, he returned to England a successful voyager!

The original adventurers now began to grow weary of the trade, because they thought that it could not be managed without the support and protection of the State, and because that support and protection, though pledged to them, was now but scantily held out. There were, however, other spirited persons as anxious to come in as some were to go out; and a good many of the original merchants were purchased out of their outstanding demands by new subscribers, who immediately fitted out three vessels on the third voyage. Two of these went to Bantam, and thence to the Moluccas. The third proceeded to Surat, with powers from King James to treat with the Emperor of Delhi. Captain Hawkins, who was deputed with this part of the business, got an audience from the great Mogul, and so far succeeded in his enterprize, that permission was granted to him to erect a factory at Surat. But the Governor of Surat was in the Portuguese interest, and, what with his influence, and that of the Portuguese themselves, the imperial grant was revoked—then renewed, and then quashed again. But though their effort to gain a footing

was unsuccessful, the voyage yielded a great profit—234 per cent. The fourth voyage was unfortunate, both the vessels that were fitted out being lost. But the fifth made ample amends for this misfortune, yielding a profit of 211 per cent.

Hitherto the operations of the Company were confined principally to cruising the Indian ocean. The Spaniards and the Portuguese had harbours fortified and garrisoned, both on the continent and in the islands; and the Dutch too, after them, had secured posts of their own, in which they were absolute in their power. From all these the English were excluded, and the trade of the Company was necessarily precarious, and much dependent on the will and caprice of other powers. It was now resolved to rectify this disadvantage. Before taking any steps to form settlements, however, it was considered pertinent first to see, if King James would renew those exclusive privileges which Elizabeth had granted them. The Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth was but an experimental one, and good only for fifteen years. The term had not yet expired. Only nine of the fifteen years had elapsed. But, in direct violation of their privileges, James had already granted to Sir Edward Michelbourne a licence to trade to Cathay, and other lands, in the East; and there were many other private traders anxious to obtain similar indulgence. Application, therefore, was made to the King to renew, by his own letters patent, the Charter of his illustrious predecessor; and it was hoped that, this obtained, there would at once be an end to all interference with their privileges. We are not told how much money was paid in bribes to the ministers, and other lords in power at Court, on the occasion. The sum must have been immense; for not only was the Charter renewed, and all the preceding privileges of the Company confirmed: but the term of the grant, instead of being limited to fifteen years, or any other reasonable and definite period, was extended "for ever."

The Company now raised a large capital for a sixth voyage, and the object of this venture was to open a new source of trade, and to seek new spheres for carrying it on. Hitherto the voyages were mainly, if not exclusively, directed to the islands of the Indian ocean. In some of them they had managed to erect forts and found colonies, as in Java, Pulo-Run, Amboyna, and Banda; and by these means they had secured a paramount share in the spice trade. An

attempt was now made to trade in the Red Sea, where large quantities of British commodities of all kinds might be advantageously disposed of, and calicoes and other Indian articles were procurable; and with a view to this a landing was effected at Mocha. But it only led to the Captain and his associates being taken and committed to prison, and their goods seized. They however managed to make their escape, and even obtained restitution for their loss, by threatening vengeance; and, over and above all this, they seized several native vessels, and obliged them to compound for their release. They then proceeded to Sumatra to buy and sell, and the concern yielded something above 121 per cent. profit.

The Company now began to be very anxious to form settlements on the continent of India, and the seventh voyage was undertaken with the sole object of opening a trade on the Coromandel coast. The first attempt was made to trade at Pulicat. But here the Dutch were in power, and they obtained no footing; the Dutch were to them now more formidable enemies than the Portuguese had ever been. They were more successful at Pettapole and Masulipatam; and in the former place they left factors. They likewise settled a factory at Siam: and the expedition yielded a profit of 218 per cent. The eighth was a voyage to Japan, the ninth to Bantam and the Coromandel coast. In the tenth voyage Captain Best entered into a treaty of trade and friendship with the great Mogul, and succeeded in obtaining permission to erect factories in Surat, Ahmedabad, Cambaya, and Gogo, on condition of paying a duty of $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. This took place in 1612, and was the first footing obtained by the English on the continent of India; Bantam in Java, and Surat on the continent, became now the principal stations of the Company. In the eleventh voyage the profit was 220 per cent, and the twelfth or last, yielded above 133.

The amount embarked in all these voyages was very inconsiderable, the sum total of the capitals raised being only £164,285; and, of this, exports in bullion, and investments in shipping stores and provisions deducted, only £62,411 appear to have been embarked in actual merchandise! The profits however, were magnificent, and very encouraging to an infant trade.

The importance of the East India trade had now become sufficiently apparent to justify the adoption of more exten-

sive measures than had yet been taken in carrying it on ; and the Directors of the Company took this opportunity of bringing into operation a new plan of managing the concern. Hitherto the adventurers in each expedition traded on their own capital, all carrying on their speculations after their own manner. But this the Directors represented as inimical to the general weal,—and urged that it was impossible, under such circumstances, to maintain an equal footing in trade with those other nations, who, by joining together their capitals, each in itself traded unitedly together. A subscription was now accordingly opened to continue the trade upon a joint stock account, the management of which was to rest entirely with the Directors, that it might be regulated by an uniformity of procedure while securing the benefit of all parties concerned. Whether this was on principle a wiser plan, or not, we shall not stop here to enquire. The Directors considered it better adapted to the nature of the commerce they had undertaken ; but their opponents were anxious to explain, that this was not their real conviction, and that their partiality for the system was grounded on no higher motive than in this, that it threw more power into their hands: Be that as it may, the success of the voyages undertaken, after this change, was less in comparison to what had hitherto attended the enterprises of the Company. This, however, might have been owing to other causes, as much as to mismanagement in the direction. The rivalry of other nations engaged in the same trade, increased rapidly as the Company gained ground, and for a considerable time thwarted their speculations. Their dissensions with the Dutch Company, in particular, soon waxed so strong and serious, as to engage the attention of the respective governments in Europe. An attempt was made to adjust differences, nay, it was even proposed to effect an union. But the terms could not be agreed upon, and the conferences were broken off.

It was about this time that the Company applied to the King to depute an Ambassador to the Court of Delhi, promising to defray all the expenses of the Embassy, provided the benefits resulting from the mission were secured to them. Their application received the royal approbation, and Sir Thomas Roe was accordingly directed to proceed to the Court of the great Mogul, his object being to procure a treaty of free trade for English merchants. The outfit of the Ambassador does not appear to have been very

splendid. John Company has always been chary in the way of expence, and Sir Thomas tells us, that he felt quite ashamed of the figure he made at a Court proverbially gorgeous and showy. But that does not concern us now. The objects of the embassy were secured. The British were permitted liberty of trade, and permission to erect factories in any ports of the empire ; and Sir Thomas, by his diplomacy, secured to himself a stipend of £200 per annum, from the Company, on his return home, as a substantial mark of their esteem.

As the facilities of trade increased, the advances of the Company began to be more and more rapid; and the jealousy of the Dutch increased also in the same proportion. But the profits of the trade had by no means augmented. On the contrary, it had considerably declined, owing to the expenses incurred in the formation of settlements and fortifications. If a little territory was wanted, it had to be paid for ; if security and protection were desired, a part of the profit had to be given up ; even a good word in the ear of the great Mogal had a price ; and the forbearance of his subordinates was likewise to be bribed. The advances that the Company had made, consisted only in placing the trade on a firmer basis than it stood upon before. Sir Thomas Roe had dissuaded them from this, and advised them that a firmer basis was not indispensibly necessary to their trade. Factories, posts, and residencies, he said, will increase your charge, but not recompense it. They however thought otherwise, and evidently under a wrong impression : for the profits on the four voyages on joint stock did not exceed 87½ per cent, a rate unprecedentedly low since the commencement of the traffic.

In 1617, the period of four years to which the concerns of the first joint stock had been limited, having expired, a fresh subscription was opened for another ; and the prospects of the Company were yet so cheering, that, it is said fifteen Dukes and Earls were enrolled on the list: doubtless men of dissipated fortunes, who were anxious to become rich again. The duration of this concern, like that of the former, was fixed to four years; and its operations were characterized by an equal spirit of activity. The Portuguese power in the East had begun to decline, and the Company had not omitted to take advantage of it. At Surat, where their rivals had a short time before been so paramount, they had formed one of their principal establish-

ments, which was equalled in importance only by that at Bantam; and, in conjunction with the Persians, they had also deprived them of the island of Ormus. This last achievement had not only brought them a part of the plunder, but had given them a footing in the Persian Gulf, which they never had before, and a station at the port of Gombroon, since called Bunderabassi, which they held in perpetual exemption from imposts; as well as half the customs of the port, which were granted to them on the distinct understanding of maintaining two ships of war, for the protection of the place from foreign aggressors. A success like this was what the Dutch could not tolerate; and the English on their part were as jealous of the Dutch, who had profited largely by the decline of the Portuguese power, principally in the traffic of spices and cinnamon. Very recently an amnesty and oblivion of all excesses had been agreed to on either hand, and a mutual restoration of ships and property effected. But this did not prevent them from going to loggerheads again. Treachery and violence were resorted to on both sides to supplant each other; bloody engagements became of frequent occurrence, and some Englishmen, suspected of having, in conjunction with the Japanese, concerted a foolish conspiracy to expel the Dutch from Amboyna, were seized, and on their own confession, extorted by torture, ignominiously put to death. That there was a conspiracy in the case at all, is doubtful. If there was, it was an insane scheme. The punishment it met with, therefore, very justly goes, in the pages of history, by the name of "the massacre at Amboyna."

The news of the execution at Amboyna, inflamed the popular mind in England very much against the Dutch, and the Company did all they could to increase the alarm. But the Ministry of King James either did not wish, or the state of the nation did not permit, any notice being taken of it in earnest.

Notwithstanding all the vigor which a joint stock might have, according to the notions of the Directors, imparted to their enterprize, the English trade in the East appears henceforward to have made a retrograde progress; and, when Sir Robert Shirley, the King's Ambassador at the Court of Persia, claimed a compensation of £2000, for his exertions and services in promoting their interests, the Company, besides denying their obligation, revealed their losses and difficulties, and stated that their stocks were at a dis-

count of 20 per cent. This progress on the wrong side is undoubtedly, in a great measure, attributable to the clandestine trade which their servants carried on without their knowledge, and abandoning their interests; and to the infringements made by private adventurers on their exclusive privileges. The second joint stock established in 1617, and fixed for four years was, on these accounts, protracted from time to time; and it was not till 1631 that it was able to afford a reimbursement of the capital subscribed. The *dead* stock of the Company, however, had vastly increased.

In 1631 Charles I issued a proclamation for restraining the private or clandestine trade carried on by the officers and sailors in the Company's service, and the Rump Parliament eventually granted the Company a Charter for five years, to trade on the continent of Africa. But neither the one nor the other rallied much the fortunes of the adventurers. They derived more substantial favor from the Emperor Shah Jehan, who granted them permission to trade to Bengal by sea, provided they resorted only to the port of Piplay. This was justly considered an important boon. The province of Bengal is the great store-house of India; and as now, so was it then. Its produce went over all the world.

The frequent piracy, which the Europeans had begun to perpetrate on the Indian seas, contributed not a little to injure the interests of the Company. King Charles granted a licence to Sir W. Courtin, and others, to trade to India during five years, on the ground that the East India Company had broken the conditions on which their Charter and exclusive privileges had been granted to them, and at the same time accomplished nothing for the good of the nation. This, however, was a mere excuse, else it had been more just and equitable to direct the Company to close their concerns after the stipulated notice of three years provided for in their Charter. Sir W. Courtin and his associates were in no plight to carry on actual trade, for people must sow before they can reap. The trouble and expense to secure success they had not undergone, and they did, what the East India Company also had not scrupled to do at the outset of their career,—viz. robbed and plundered the vessels of native merchants. The affair soon became very shabby. The Company applied for redress, but in vain. Their expostulations and importunity prevailed so far, that the King *promised* redress.

In 1640 the Company obtained a grant of the town and port of Madras, and here, with the permission of the local native governor, they built a fort, which they called Fort St. George. A place of strength on this coast had long been wished for, and steps had even been taken to fortify the village of Armegaun. But Madras was a more convenient station, both for trade and strength, though certainly not very convenient as a seaport, possessing neither harbour nor inlet, and being moreover difficult of access by sea. The prospects of the India trade were yet very gloomy: but the Company, used to the vicissitudes of prosperity and depression, were unwilling to abandon a traffic which still promised to take a favorable turn. The promise, however, was distant. Charles had forgotten his pledge. He had issued a fresh grant to Sir W. Courtin; and though this licence permitted the new association only to trade in those parts of India whither the East India Company had not yet resorted, the adventurers, instead of confining their operations accordingly, interfered with and harassed the Company's trade very much with their wild plans and speculations.

In the meantime a third joint stock had been subscribed for, and the subscribers had resolved to do something vigorous to uphold the trade. But neither the third Joint Stock Company, nor yet the fourth, appear much to have prospered. The nation was involved in a Civil war, and the dissensions attendant upon it affected even the ordinary operations of commerce. The Company was oppressed and discouraged, and was reduced to nothing at the time when King Charles was beheaded.

The age of Cromwell was an age of vigor. The Company presented a memorial to the Council of state, specifying the privileges and immunities they enjoyed by charter, and soliciting support and encouragement in their rights, especially against the Assada Merchants, as Courtin's association was now named from the island of Assada, near Madagascar, where they had formed their chief settlement. The council, however, without entering at all into the question of rights, merely recommended the two Companies to come to an agreement, and after a good deal of negotiation an union was effected, and led to the formation of, what was named, the United Joint Stock. In the meantime, the Lord Protector had declared war against the Dutch, which after many bloody and obstinate engagements ended in the

triumph of Great Britain. The opportunity was not lost to place the Indian trade on a proper footing. Compensations were enforced on account of the massacre at Amboyna. The descendants of the victims who had perished in that barbarous butchery, were indemnified, and other concessions in money and territory were likewise obtained. This once more gave life and spirit to the commerce of the Company, and a renewal of their privileges in 1657 confirmed the impetus.

In the meanwhile they had also obtained great and peculiar privileges from the Mogul Government. The services of one of their medical officers, Gabriel Boughton, who by his skill and art had recovered one of the daughters of the Emperor Shah Jehan from an obstinate malady, had found favor at Court; and the grateful sovereign had asked the successful practitioner to name his own reward. This generous servant had preferred his masters' to his own interest, and had obtained a licence for an unlimited trade without payment of customs in Bengal. Factories were accordingly established at Hooghly, Balasore, Cossimbazar, Malda, and Patna, but we do not read that Boughton's generosity was rewarded.

These new settlements, as well as the increasing importance of the settlements on the Coromandel Coast, led to the erection of Fort St. George into a Presidency; but all the factories and agencies were made subordinate to the Presidency of Surat, where the President and his Council resided. The prosperity of the Company, however, did not last long. With the death of Cromwell, the impetus he had imparted likewise declined. Misfortunes again affected their enterprizes, partly from Joint Stock management, but more especially through the misconduct of interlopers. In one case, by virtue of the powers granted them by their new Charter, they seized one of these unlicensed traders and his effects. But he complained at home, and this set the two houses of Parliament at odds against each other. The Lords favored the interloper—the Commons the Company; and the contentions were so violent that the King was compelled to prorogue the Parliament seven times. Add to all this confusion the fluctuating state of native policy in India, where a favor granted one day was not sure for the next, and where the Princes were perpetually at war with each other, and each had his peculiar prejudices and prepossessions; and to this again the

enmity of the Portuguese and Dutch, which nothing but a renunciation of the trade could altogether conciliate, and the low state of the Company will be sufficiently accounted for.

In 1661 the Company's Charter was renewed by King Charles II; and this was accompanied by more important powers than any that had been granted before. The Company's Governor and Council were authorized to exercise civil and criminal jurisdiction within their plantations, forts, and factories; authority was vested in them to make peace and war with any prince or people, not being Christians; and they were also empowered to seize and send back to England, all unlicensed Englishmen, sailing, or inhabiting within their limits, or disobeying their orders. These were great privileges, the least constituting a governing and not a trading power; and it is doubtful, if from any other sovereign than Charles II. a body so ill constituted, as the East India Company then was, to administer justice or exercise other imperial functions, could have wheedled them out. But Charles II. and his ministers were all easy and indolent men, and there was nothing that might not have been won from them for a valuable consideration. The trade of the Company, however, still remained languid and humble, as the means subscribed to carry it on continued to be inadequate.

The cession of Bombay to the Company followed the renewal of their Charter. The marriage of the King with the Infanta of Portugal, placed the island and harbour of Bombay, in full sovereignty under the English crown; and after having been retained by the crown for a time, it was given up to the Company, on condition of the annual payment of £10 to the state, as rent; and along with the gift, they received authority to exercise the powers of government within it. For a long while, however, the Company remained almost unconscious of the advantages of a site destined, in time, to supercede the importance of Surat. Neither its fine harbour, nor its position, were made much use of, and the proximity of Sivajee the Mahratta freebooter made it an unpleasant settlement. Sivajee appears for a time to have been quite as much a bugbear to the English as to the native powers. He once attacked Surat. The native Governor shut himself up in his castle, and the servants of the Company took shelter within their factories. It at last occurred to the latter that there were ships then in harbour, and summoning the crews to their aid, they

attempted a resistance. This, however, did not prevent the Mahrattas from pillaging the town up to the gates of the English factories; but it gained the Company some additional privileges from the Court.

In Bengal also affairs had been for some time going wrong. The Company's servants had *injudiciously* (what should prevent us from using a more offensive term) seized a native vessel freighted with goods, and captured it, and the local government had thus obtained a pretext for troubling them on every occasion. But Meer Jumlah, the Nabob of Bengal, was open to reconciliation: and when the P^resident at Madras sent to him an agent to make up matters, not only were differences settled, but permission was granted to re-establish factories at Cossimbazar and Balasore, which had been destroyed. The Company, however, was now much too poor to avail largely of this allowance, and this will be best understood from the niggardly remuneration they allowed to their servants. The President at Surat, the Governor General of those times, was paid £500 per year, (including compensation for being restricted from private trade,) a gratuity now allowed to the youngest civilian on entering business. And yet, even then, fortunes were made in the East India Company's service, small pay and a wide conscience going together.

The discussion how far the exclusiveness of the Company's trade had proved advantageous or otherwise to the Country, had now for sometime become so violent, that one of the Directors of the Company, Sir Josiah Child, condescended to come down to the arena, and endeavoured to prove, by his "Discourses on Trade," that the Company's traffic was very gainful to the nation. We cannot afford to enter into all his arguments. One was, that the extensive shipping of the Company gave employment to a great number of mariners, not to mention the employment its construction and equipment likewise gave to artificers and tradesmen. But this hardly advocates an exclusive monopoly. If the trade had been open the enterprizes hazarded by the nation had been more numerous, the shipping necessarily larger, the employment of hands, as a matter of course, more considerable. Another argument was, that the kingdom was supplied, constantly and fully, with such articles as saltpetre, pepper, indigo, calicoes, &c., an achievement that we fancy might have been as well accomplished, if not better, without a monopoly, as with one.

Child's argument convinced nobody. The popular clamours against the Company's exclusive trade continued to increase, and opinions began to be promulgated that their charter was become forfeited and void, by the abuse they had made of their power. If at no time the trade was free from interlopers, the propagation of these opinions increased their number. But the Company were in favor with the King, and a new Charter was again granted to them, confirming all their rights and privileges, notwithstanding any misuse they might have made of them. By this grant they were also empowered to coin money to be current no where except in the East Indies; and the first English mint in India was erected at Bombay. But their commercial prospects still remained as discouraging as ever, and their operations were still poor and insignificant. The managers of the concern had themselves, by this time, got reconciled to small profits and mismanagement, by the patronage which the increase of the vice regal powers had thrown into their hands; and they already began to turn their attentions to China as the field which promised to retrieve their mercantile fortunes.

Illicit trading, which was frequent throughout the history of the Company, had now become so common, that we read of nothing but complaints and proceedings against interlopers; and, in 1683, Charles granted another Charter by which they were declared entitled to one-half of the goods and property of interlopers, on seizure. Powers of rule and government were also expressly granted them, and also the privilege of erecting Courts of Judicature in their settlements, to be regulated by equity and good conscience. The Company was now to all purposes a governing power.

The commercial condition of the Company, however, showed a different aspect. It seems, says Mill, highly probable that at this time their debts exceeded their assets. But why then were their speculations not wound up? If the truth must be told, it was simply because they had given up all wishes of mercantile profit, and were only seeking for power, which promised a richer harvest than even the most flourishing trade could ever have commanded. They had established factories and settlements, erected houses, purchased lands, built fortifications. All this had devoured the profits of their trade. Their opponents inveighed against these as unnecessary expenses, and they were perhaps unnecessary in some measure, at least disproportionate

to the little trade they supported. But without these preliminary steps the British power had not been so powerful here, at this moment, as it is; and other nations, perchance, might have been masters of the vast empire which extends from the banks of the Irrawaddy on the one side, to beyond the Indus on the other: then conscious of the necessity of that British supremacy in India which now exists, both to the mother country and the colony, we will exempt the Company from blame for having neglected their commercial prospects while grounding their political foundation.

In 1686, King James II. granted a new Charter, by which, in addition to their former privileges, they were invested with the powers of appointing Admirals and Captains: and mustering seamen and soldiers for their ships, and exercising martial law on sea and land: and also of exercising an admiralty jurisdiction for the purpose of seizing and confiscating the vessels of interlopers. The eulogists of the Company have said that their affairs, at this time, were in a very prosperous state, but the practice of suppressing correct accounts of their operations from the public, which was now very much in fashion, justifies the assumption of their opponents that the fact was different. All this, however, did not prevent the Company from assuming more authoritatively the powers of Government. The Dutch had established a Regency at Batavia and Ceylon, and the English Company could do no less; and some turbulence having rendered the transfer of the seat of Government from Surat to Bombay necessary, Bombay was elevated to the dignity of a Regency, and its Governor vested with unlimited power over all the other settlements. The name of this Governor was Sir John Child, and he was a brother of Sir Josiah Child, the principal Director, or rather the tyrant, as the Abbè Raynal names him, of the Company. Sir John was a turbulent and savage man. Quarrelling with his subordinate at Surat, he determined to pillage all the vessels that left the port, and there chancing to be a fleet laden with provision for the Mogul army, he plunged himself by his rashness, into hostilities with the Emperor of Delhi.

The English had also come to odds with the native powers in Bengal, and the Company sent out a large military equipment to meet the emergency. By some mismanagement or other, however, this aid did not arrive at a time to afford effectual assistance. The factories of Patna and

Cossimbazar were taken and plundered; while, to avenge their losses on the servants of the Company, Job Charnock was voted inefficient by the Court at home, and they directed Sir John Child to reform abuses in Madras and Bengal; and a ship and a frigate having arrived at the time under the command of one Captain Heath, a hasty and irascible man, Balasore was again plundered, and efforts were made to capture Chittagong. The consequence of all this was that Aurungzebe, the reigning sovereign, was mightily exasperated. Surat was taken, and Bombay besieged; and the factories of Masulipatam and Vizagatam seized upon. Child, who was both abject and cowardly, perhaps quite as much as he was savage, ambitious, and quarrelsome, now sued for pardon, and despatched deputies to the Imperial Court. These were admitted to the presence with their hands tied and their faces towards the ground, while Aurungzebe affected the air of an incensed sovereign. By degrees he yielded to their submission and entreaties. The trade of the English had been found useful to his subjects, and they were restored to their settlements.

Henceforward the principal object of the Company's policy became the acquirement of dominion, and the establishment of independence. The revenue had already become a source of gain, and plans for increasing it began to engross as much attention as trade. Nay, the traffic had already become a secondary object, as it must be when allied with sovereignty.

But, if the eagerness for traffic was on the decline with the Company, private adventurers were every day becoming more and more anxious to enter into competition with them. The domestic misfortunes of the nation having by this time healed, the public money was increasing rapidly, and with it the mercantile spirit of the people. But the exclusive privileges of the Company constituted an immoveable obstacle to this spirit of adventure extending its usefulness to the East. It had however, become so strong that people now commenced in earnest to dispute the power of the King to grant a monopoly to one section of the community to the prejudice of the great bulk of society. But notwithstanding all this uproar, and the strong opposition of the Commons, William granted the Company a new Charter in 1694.

It appears rather strange that the Company should have always been able to secure the favor of the Kings, however

dissimilar in character, when the clamour of the mercantile community in general was so much against them. Their opponents explain it by saying, that the methods by which they secured royal favor were corrupt. In 1698 this was mooted in Parliament. The Commons ordered the books of the Company to be examined, and some very discreditable disclosures were made. The Duke of Leeds and other great men were charged with having received bribes, and, it is even said, that a sum of £10,000 was traced to the King. But these enquiries were smothered while but partially developed, and nothing was determined upon except that the King should be addressed to dissolve the Company at the end of three years.

But if fair means to oust the Company did not succeed, foul ones could not be defeated. In 1698 there was a great rivalry to offer bribes to the Government, the Company offering a loan of £7,00,000 at 4 per cent, and the rival merchants, who had formed together into an association, £2,000,000 at 8 per cent, for a Charter. The higher offer of course was accepted in preference, and a new Company was incorporated by the name of the English Company trading to the East Indies; while the old, or London Company, were directed to wind up their business within three years. But this was not to be. The old Company, being veterans in their business, were determined to keep their ground, and frustrate the speculations of their opponents. They resolved to undersell them, even though they should be ruined in the attempt! It is not necessary to enter into the details of the shameful squabbles that followed. Where both parties were bent on ruining each other, the encounter of course was very keen.

It was about this time that a firm footing was obtained in Bengal by the British traders. Clogged with a rival from home, the old Company had become very submissive and respectful to the native powers, and by their behaviour had so conciliated the kindness of the Mogul Emperor, that a grant was obtained giving them the villages of Suttanati, Góvindpore, and Calcutta for trade, with justiciary power over the inhabitants. The new Company, too, to secure like favours, had prevailed upon King William to send a second ambassador to Delhi, at their expense. But he effected little or nothing; and it was not long before it was seen that to hope for any success, it was necessary that the two Companies should lay aside their animosities, make

up matters, and be united together. This, however, was reserved for the reign of Anne, at the commencement of which the union was effected; and by the award of Godolphin, the association was named "the United Company of Merchants trading to the East Indies."

We should hardly be justified in prolonging the history of the Company's trade beyond this time. Immediately after they obtained possession of Calcutta, they began to construct a fort in it, and created it a Presidency, like Madras and Bombay; and from that period, though we do not indeed lose sight of mercantile speculations, but rather, for a time, see the amount of trade and shipping steadily increasing, commerce cut a much lower figure than plans for territorial aggrandizement. The sale and purchase of goods, the state of markets, the rise and fall of profits, dwindle into unimportance before quarrels with the native powers, injuries received, rights vindicated, redresses obtained. These redresses gradually gained them lands. Villages and towns were taken by way of retribution. From towns they proceeded to capture provinces; and the plan, followed up systematically, very rapidly won them the whole empire. The power of the Moguls had grown decrepid, and the Company, now in its lusty youth, was strong enough to annihilate it. But we must proceed step by step, as the Company has done, and reserve the history of our territorial conquests and political aggrandizement for another chapter.

II.

It's Empire.

We now come to more stirring periods in the history of the East India Company: in fact to that eventful era when driven by vexatious impediments, they were compelled to seek, by military means, that political power which they are exercising at the present moment. The grant of Sutanati, Calcutta, and Govindpore by Azim-ushan, was soon followed by the permission of Ferokesere authorizing them to purchase the villages immediately around the villages named. Proposals of a marriage, between the emperor and a daughter of the Raja of Jodpore, were then a-foot. But Ferokesere at this crisis fell ill, and this necessarily delayed the consummation of the contemplated union. Anxious to recover his health rapidly, the emperor was induced to commit his restoration to the skill of an English physician,

named Hamilton, who was at that time attached to the British embassy at his Court ; and under his treatment his recovery was so rapid, that he found himself, within a short time, able to gratify his wishes. The monarch was grateful, and the man of art disinterested ; and the Company thus easily obtained permission to increase the limits of their settlements. Bengal derived the greatest share of advantage, but Madras also gained some grants of territory. "

In the meantime, the French having also formed settlements in India, on the Coromandel coast, and a spirit of rivalry having germinated between the two nations, and strengthened in the same ratio as their trade had waxed important, a struggle for supremacy was becoming every day more and more unavoidable. The war declared in Europe, between Great Britain and France, in 1743, hastened this, and at once engaged them in hostilities which the peace of Aix la Chapelle hardly interrupted. A passion for territorial conquests had arisen among both parties, and as the Mogul domination was drawing to a close, they determined to take advantage of every local political revolution to serve their interests. The pretensions of rival competitors gave them a pretext to continue their hostilities ; and, hired by different parties, they fought as earnestly as if the cause was their own.

The local circumstances which involved them in war were these. On the death of Nizam ul Mulk, the Government of the Deccan was assumed by Nasir Jung, his second son, his elder brother Gheasudeen holding a higher post at the Court of Delhi. But Nasir Jung had been for sometime in open rebellion against his father, and it was pretended that the late viceroy, in his dying moments, had disinherited him, and named his grandson Muzzuffer Jung, his successor. At first, differences were attempted to be settled by negotiation : but, these failing, an appeal was made to arms. Chunda Saheb, a soldier of fortune, engaged in a similar dispute about the sovereignty of the Carnatic, offered to make common cause with the young Muzuffer, that is, to aid him on the condition of being aided ; and the aspiring chiefs agreeing with each other, applied to Monsieur Dupleix, Governor of Pondicherry, for assistance. The French became very willing and able allies, and the adverse party were obliged to hire British assistance to meet the emergency. Thus were the two most powerful European nations brought against each other—a circumstance to which might mainly

be imputed our final conquest of India. Nasir Jung came best off from the contest. Chunda was obliged to seek an asylum at Pondicherry, and Muzuffer surrendered to his uncle. But the French were not to be so quietly put down. They fomented a rebellion in the Deccan by which Nasir lost his life, and Muzuffer, liberated from the confinement he had been placed in, was raised to the throne. The French acquired a large accession of territory on this occasion, and a great many other advantages which were denied to their rivals; and, when another insurrection deprived Muzuffer of life, they still maintained their influence by helping his brother Salabut to the vacant post. But it were tedious to pursue the history of these political vicissitudes. Capt. Clive terminated them by giving Chunda Saheb a total defeat. He was obliged to fly for safety, and sought protection with the Raja of Tanjore, who threw him into prison, and loading him with chains, finally put him to death. This made the English masters of the Carnatic. They raised their own puppet on the throne, and of course made him pay richly for the honor he was confirmed in. The French, however, still continued masters of the sea coast in an uninterrupted line of six hundred miles. But they could not do so long. In 1756 war broke out again at home, between England and France, and the French lost no time in re-provoking hostilities in India,—where was finally decided the great question, whether the English or the French were to be the future lords of the country. Lally, the French general, laid siege to Madras, which he could not take; while Col. Coote compelled Pondicherry to submit before him; and the capture of Theagur, Gingee and Mahi, which rapidly followed each other, completed the annihilation of the French power. Simultaneously with these events on the Eastern coast of India, on the side of Bombay a band of pirates, with one Conagee Angria at their head, were making terrible depredations, not only on the Mahratta country, but also on the commerce of the Indian seas. By slow degrees Angria had become the admiral of a fleet and the Governor of a fortress; and hitherto, though the English and the Mahrattas had united their forces to extirpate him and his followers, their efforts had not been very successful. Conagee had since died, but others of his family followed his trade and had succeeded to his powers; and the vigor of the first chief had by no means declined. Instead of one fortress the Corsairs had

now two, both situated on insulated cliffs by the sea shore, commanding the theatre of their depredations, and at the same time impregnable to assaults. It was now resolved to make strong efforts to put down their power, and this was finally accomplished. In 1755, Severndroog was captured by Commodore James, and in the following year, Gheriah was stormed and taken by Admiral Watson and Col. Clive. The power of the Corsairs was put to an end, and a serious check on the trade by sea removed. Piracy, however, seems never to have altogether ceased on that coast.

When Clive returned to Madras, which at this period was the capital of the British possessions in India, he found an expedition for Calcutta on the eve of its departure. Serious disturbances had recently occurred in Calcutta; nay, the settlement was lost: and the expedition now fitted out was designed for its recovery. During the fifteen years of the administration, or reign, of Alivardi Khan, Governor of Bengal, the English had been suffered to live and trade in peace, principally because Alverdi had been engaged in incessant wars with the Mahrattas: and secondarily because he was not over anxious to provoke their hostility. He was not blind to the designs of the Company, for in his death-bed instructions to his successor, we find him saying, that "love of honor and gold had laid fast hold of the souls of the Christians," and warning him that, if he did not endeavour to reduce them, the country would surely pass away from his hands. But he himself does not appear to have acted up to his own principles. On the contrary, he had given the English every facility to improve their settlement and protect it from foreign aggressions, and had granted them many privileges. The Mahratta ditch, for the protection of their factories, was dug at this time.

Whether it was from respect to the last words of a revered grand father, or for other more cogent reasons, we know not; but Suraja Dowlah hated the English name. The English in Calcutta were in those days not powerfully established, but the settlement was generally regarded as very rich, and the first act of the new Viceroy was to march against the Presidency of Fort William, and provoke hostilities. The reason assigned for the assault was this, that the English, receiving a bribe, had given protection to one of his officers against whom he had cause to complain. This no doubt was a fact. But the desire of plunder was, perhaps, the principal incentive. The Company's agents were ill-prepared

for war. For three days the town was defended, but, after that time, it appeared to the Governor and his Council to be no longer tenable, and with a disgraceful precipitation they abandoned it, and fled for safety to the ships lying in harbour. The women and children were all taken away, but a large number of men were left behind, and, the ships sailing out at day break, these had nothing to trust to but the humanity of the Nabob. The Nabob did not meditate cruelty. The plunder of the factories was all he wanted—nothing more. But he gave orders that the prisoners should be secured for the night. They were 146 in number—it was the hottest season of the year, and their place of confinement was a small dark room eighteen feet square. The horrors of the night have been often described. But rant is useless where facts tell so powerfully. Out of 146 men confined, 123 died from heat and suffocation, and on the morrow 23 only were dragged out alive. The horrible situation of the sufferers had not been unknown during the night, but the Nabob was asleep and was not to be awakened.

To punish this outrage and retake Calcutta, was the mission of the forces preparing at Madras: and Clive, when he reached there, applied for the command. The appointment was sanctioned, but not till after two months had been passed in dispute. Clive came and conquered. Calcutta was retaken. The merchandize of the Company was found mostly untouched, having been set apart for the Nabob; but the houses of private individuals had been most unmercifully pillaged. A heavy retribution for all this injury was what Clive wanted to inflict. Hooghly was captured. But this was not enough. It was affected; the Nabob was found in correspondence with the French, and it was resolved to punish this *faithlessness* (to whom?) in kind. A conspiracy against the Nabob's Government was suggested in favor of Meer Jaffer, his vizier; and this treasonable resolution was sanctioned by the British Government at Calcutta. This led to the battle of Plassey. Suraja Dowlah was defeated, and fled for his life. But he fell soon after into the hands of Meer Jaffer, who, having already assumed the sovereignty, hesitated no longer to assassinate him.

Meer Jaffer's sovereignty, however, was not destined to be one of unmitigated happiness. He was unable to pay the large bribes he had promised to the English, and was very soon after his elevation unceremoniously deposed, and Cossim Ali, his son-in-law, was set up in his stead: the ob-

ject being, as Messrs. Vansittart, Sumner, and Holwell have recorded in their minute, "the securing a fund of money for the present and future exigencies of the settlement of Fort William, as well as the two other Presidencies; no money being expected from Europe." The proceedings were not unopposed. We know not what suggested the opposition, for we are not prepared to give the opposers much credit for their principles, but Amyatt, Ellis, and Smith addressed a letter to the Directors at home, on the subject, remonstrating against the iniquity of the step taken. The advantages derived from the revolution, however, sufficiently atoned for the injustice of the measure in the eyes of the home authorities; and it was not only approved, but Vansittart was praised for his wisdom, prudence, and disinterestedness: and substantially rewarded with a Commission of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, so long as he should continue in the Government of Bengal, on the nett revenues of the territories yielded up by Cossim Ali Khan.

No sooner, however, had everything that could be drained out of Cossim Ali been obtained, than a pretext was sought for to put him down again: and the one that was resorted to shews such want of justice and ordinary decency in the members who composed the Calcutta Council, that it deserves to be recapitulated in detail. Cossim Ali had paid a high price for his elevation; amongst other sacrifices he had been compelled to agree that, like the goods of the Company, the private trade of their servants, also, should be free from transit duties in every part of his country. The consequence was, that, not only were the native merchants ruined by the English engrossing all the trade of the provinces, but the Nabob also suffered a heavy decrease of revenue. To reform this evil, Cossim Ali, with the consent of Mr. Vansittart, ruled that private English merchants shall pay the same duties as native merchants. But this the Company's servants declined to comply with, and the Nabob was compelled to adopt the only alternative of abolishing transit duties altogether in his dominions, willing to be a sufferer himself, rather than that his own subjects should be prevented from entering into trade from the invidious disadvantages they labored under. This general abolition of duties, however, was recognised as an act of hostility against the Company! Recourse was had to arms. Cossim Ali was deposed, and the now imbecile Meer Jaffer was restored to his place. Nor was the opportunity neglect-

ed to secure the actual property of those territories, of which hitherto the revenue only had belonged to the English.

Meer Cossim fled for protection and aid to the Nabob of Oude, and the nominal Emperor of Delhi also held out to him his support. But this did not retrieve his fortunes. It only led to the battle of Buxar, in which Suja ud Dowlah was completely defeated. Allahabad and Lucknow were taken, and the Nabob was glad to purchase peace by paying the expense of the war, while the Emperor was made to confer on the Company the Dewanee or revenues of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa, by a formal grant as the price of reconciliation. This was in 1765, from which year may be dated the first recognised sovereignty of the British in India. Calcutta henceforth became the capital of the British dominions.

While all this was being achieved, Lord Clive was both Commander-in-Chief, and President and Governor of Bengal. He had been elevated to the Peerage, and, as affairs in India were yet in a disordered state, the East India Proprietors had proposed him as the only man capable of mending their fortunes, and he had been elected to the Government by a majority of thirteen in the Direction, against eleven. In writing home to the Directors, Clive thus speaks of what he had done;—"Your revenues, by means of this new acquisition, will, as near as I can judge, not fall short for the ensuing year of 250 lacs. Hereafter they will at least amount to 20 or 30 lacs more. The Nabob's allowances are reduced to 42 lacs, and the tributes to the King fixed at 26, and your Civil and Military expenses in time of peace can never exceed 60 lacs: so that there will be remaining a clear gain to the Company of 122 lacs a year."

In the south of India, besides the real power they engrossed in the Carnatic, the English had received the investiture of the Northern Circars from the Emperor. At first they experienced some difficulty in obtaining possession of the country, which, being a part of the viceroyalty of the Deccan, the Nizam, who, by the murder of Salabut Jung had since risen to supremacy, resisted all their attempts to take it. Nor did they ultimately gain possession of it till they had stipulated the payment of an annual tribute, and the furnishing of a body of troops, in time of war, to the Nizam. This involved the Madras Presidency in a series of contests with Hyder Ali, the Sultan of Mysore. •

Hyder Ali was a Mahomedan by birth, and of an obscure origin. By a regular system of robbery, pursued on an extensive scale, he had enriched himself on the ruins of the Mogul Empire, till, flushed with ambition, he resolved to raise himself to a throne. With this object at heart, he entered the service of the Hindu Rajas of Mysore, and performed such signal services that he was soon appointed commander of the Mysore Army. To a man of his genius, tact, and ability, from the command of the army to the throne was but a step. He deposed his royal master, and assumed the reins of Government about the time that the English completed the conquest of Bengal.

The success of Hyder Ali naturally enough had alarmed the Nizam; and anxious to put him down, he demanded of the British Government that auxiliary force which they had stipulated to furnish. The English were compelled to join him, and thus became involved in a war in which they had no direct interest whatever. The first war with Hyder however, was not an eventful one. The Mahratta Allies of the Nizam deserted him for a bribe, and seeing no immediate prospect of success, the Nizam himself concluded a treaty of peace. With the English the war was a little prolonged, but, as Hyder had all the advantages in it, they were glad to conclude a peace on the terms of a mutual restitution of conquests.

A treaty with Ragoba, the ex-King of the Mahrattas, who had risen to the throne of Poonah by the murder of his nephew and sovereign, and had thence been expelled again by disaffected ministers, gained the British, about this time, the possession of Salsette and some other smaller islands. The English, however, could not effectually aid the fugitive sovereign, and Ragoba was obliged to make peace with the Mahratta Government, and relinquish the throne to the infant son of the Prince he had murdered, himself retiring on a pension.

In the meantime, the political importance acquired by the Company, compelled the Home Government to interfere in their concerns, and claim a share in the administration of the Colony. A bill was accordingly introduced into Parliament and passed, vesting the Government of India in a Governor General, and four Councillors, the former of whom was to be approved of by the King; and establishing at Calcutta a Supreme Court of Judicature. The constitution of the home direction, also, was changed, and instead

of an annual election of the whole number of Directors, it was enacted that only one-fourth of the number should go out every year.

Warren Hastings was the first Governor General of India under this act. When he took charge of the Government he found the finances of the Company very much embarrassed, and a general confederation against the English agreed upon by and very much in progress amongst the native Princes. The powers that had so confederated together were the Mahrattas, the Nizam, and Hyder Ali; and these were assisted by the French, between whom and the British a new war had just broken out in Europe. In spite of the opposition of his council, who thwarted him in every undertaking, Hastings conducted the Government through all its difficulties with great skill and ability. Hyder Ali with his usual impetuosity was the first to provoke war. At the head of 80,000, men he crossed the frontier and entered the Carnatic. Madras began to tremble for safety, the sovereignty of the Carnatic was placed in imminent danger, Arcot was besieged and surrendered, and other towns were likewise invested. In this emergency, the Governor General acted with an energy and wisdom which has seldom been surpassed. He sent Sir Eyre Coote, a veteran officer of the highest military reputation, to stop the career of Hyder; gave him orders to suspend the Governor of Madras, who had wilfully neglected to take precautionary measures for preventing the successes of the enemy, though previously warned of his schemes by the Nabob of the Carnatic; and left the management of the war, and the use of the money entrusted to him for carrying it on, entirely and solely to his discretion. The gallantry of Sir Eyre Coote succeeded to stop the progress of Hyder, and at Cuddalore the latter received such signal defeat in a general engagement, that he was compelled to the necessity of evacuating the province. But neither this, nor other subsequent victories, could entirely put an end to the war. Hyder was aided by the French, and the war was protracted with varied fortunes until his death. Long, even after his death, it was maintained for sometime by his son Tippoo Sultan, and was only closed by the secession of his French allies, whom intelligence of a peace concluded between England and France in Europe, necessarily compelled to agree to the restoration of amity between them in India.

In the meantime Lord Macartney had come out to India as Governor of Madras, and he had brought with him the news of a war between England and Holland. The English immediately commenced hostilities with the Dutch settlements in India, and the Dutch were expelled from the Coromandel coast and from Ceylon: in fact, from every possession in the East, except the Island of Java.

Mr. Hastings has been much praised for his financial and administrative powers. We shall show how he levied contributions when distressed for money. The Raja of Benares had been received into the protection of the Company, on condition of paying a certain tribute. This he regularly paid. An additional subsidy was now demanded by the Governor General, just by way of testing his means. It was paid down; for the Raja valued more the friendship of the British Government than to split with it for an occasional extortion. But he stipulated that it should not be required in future. The demand was renewed the next year; the Raja remonstrated, but the Governor General enforced compliance at the point of bayonet, and forced him also to pay an additional fine of 20,000 Rs. for the trouble and expense he was put to. In the third year the same scene was acted over again; the contribution was enforced, and a fine of one lac of rupees extorted: and all this over and above a present of 2 lacs of rupees which the Governor General had received. Nor was Hastings content with this. He was doubtful if these proceedings would find favor at home, and determined to leave nothing half done. He went to Benares himself, and ordered the Raja to be arrested as a delinquent. This raised a disturbance. Hastings was obliged to escape to Chunar. A war followed; Benares was taken, and the Raja formally deposed; and a new one hoisted up to his place, the amount of tribute being raised to 40 lacs, and the administration of justice subjected to the supervision of British Officers.

The Rohilla war, also, was only undertaken for money. And the plunder of the Begums of Oude too, was an admirable resource to enrich an impoverished Treasury, which the spoils of Benares had failed to fill. There were two rich ladies in Oude, one the mother, and the other the grand mother of the reigning Prince who had large possessions in land and cash left to them by the late Nabob. To the English Government a debt from the Nabob of Oude was due, for the expenses incurred in maintaining

British forces within his dominions. This debt was become enormous—140 lacs. To expect that the Nabob would be able to pay it, was ridiculous. At least he could not pay it in haste. The Governor General therefore found no difficulty in striking a bargain with him, that, if he would aid him in stripping the Princesses of their Jagheers and treasures, not only would the present demand be allowed to stand over: but for the future, the expense of maintaining British troops in his country would not be charged to him. The Nabob had no objections, and the resumption of the Jaghires was effected with little difficulty, as no opposition was even attempted to be made. To get at the treasure rendered more violence necessary. But Hastings was not a man to stand on ceremony. The apartments of the females were not indeed actually violated; but their favorites and agents were placed in irons and denied sustenance until the Princesses had paid down 50 lacs of rupees.

In 1784, Mr. Fox introduced into Parliament his bill for the better Government of India, in which he proposed to place seven Commissioners chosen by the legislature at the head of Indian affairs, dismantling the Court of Directors of their patronage and power. This was approved of and passed by the Commons: and would no doubt have been passed by the Lords also, if the King had not through Earl Temple, declared to the house, that he would consider every one who supported the measure, in the light of a personal enemy. The Directors of the East India Company have always found in Kings great friends.

Lord Cornwallis was the second Governor General of India, and he assumed the administration in 1786. His instructions were to avoid war, and he adhered to them so long as he could. His attention was first directed to the affairs of Oude. The Nabob, who had suffered Hastings to plunder the Begums on the distinct understanding that the maintainance of the Company's brigades in his country should not for the future devolve on him, now very justly complained of not having yet been relieved from those expenses: and demanded that if he must pay them, either a portion of the troops stationed within his territories should be removed, that the charges might be lightened, or that the British Government should contribute to alleviate his pecuniary burthens. The Governor General agreed to the latter alternative, declining to draw off any part of the forces then located in Oude.

The relations between the British Government and that of Hyderabad next engaged his care. This was soon placed in a very favorable footing, and the Guntoor Circar obtained from the Nizam. But the close alliance formed in consequence with him aroused the jealousy of Tippoo Sultan, and led to a renewal of old hostilities. Tippoo was now the most powerful prince in all India. He had assumed the title of Padshah, which none but the Emperors of Delhi had ever done before; and in the prayers read in the mosques, he had substituted his name for that of Shah Allum.* He invaded the dominions of the Raja of Travancore, a faithful ally of the British Government, and overran and laid waste the whole province. This was not to be put up with. It was determined to lessen his power and presumption; and in the first campaign, the whole province of Malabar was recovered from the Sultan, whose troops were driven away from every fortress they had held. The second campaign opened by Lord Cornwallis in person, was still more decisive. The strong fortress of Bangalore was stormed and taken, and the hill fortresses of Nandidroog, Ootradroog, and Savendroog (the rock of death,) fell one after another into the hands of the victor, who finally advanced upon and laid siege to Seringapatam. A series of the most brilliant operations followed the siege, and, Tippoo after a desperate struggle, finding it impossible to hold out, opened negotiations for peace. The terms of the British were, that he should cede one-half of his dominions to the allies; that is, to themselves, the Nizam, and the Mahrattas, each to take the portion nearest to their respective territories; pay three crores and two lakhs of rupees to defray the expenses of the war, and give up two of his children as hostages to the British camp. The haughty Sultan was compelled to agree to these hard conditions. He summoned his chief officers in the great mosque, and there read to them the proposals of reconciliation. They all agreed in telling him that his crown and kingdom were in the greatest peril, and that his best course was to secure peace on *any* terms, and the treaty was accordingly signed.

The last act of territorial aggrandizement during the first administration of Lord Cornwallis, was the taking possession of all the French settlements in India, the revolution

* And yet he was at times *Citizen* Tippoo, having adopted the Jacobin principles of his French allies, and their rule of equality.

in France having once more precipitated her into war with England. Of the financial and judicial improvements introduced by Lord Cornwallis it were needless here to speak.

Sir John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth, succeeded Lord Cornwallis in the government of India. The treaty of Seringapatam having been fully executed, he sent back the sons of Tippoo to Mysore, and endeavoured to establish a friendly communication with the Sultan. But Tippoo was too much hurt at heart, to think of friendship. He received the advances of the Governor General coldly, and declined expressing himself freely on the subject. He was at the moment planning the expulsion of the British from India, and was holding correspondence with the Directors of the French Republic, to obtain their co-operation and assistance. But all these anticipations were destined to be crushed and annihilated; and, as if fortunately, men were at this juncture appointed to serve in India, who alone could demolish his power. The Marquis of Wellesley succeeded Sir John Shore as Governor General of India; Lord Clive superseded Lord Hobart as Governor of Madras; and Generals Harris and Baird, and the present Duke of Wellington, then Colonel Sir Arthur Wellesley, were in the army serving in India. The publicity which Tippoo's proceedings had already acquired, justified the Governor General in renewing the war, and the war was renewed. Nor was it of long duration. After two or three indecisive actions Seringapatam was again besieged, stormed, and taken; and the death of Tippoo while it concluded the campaign, placed a large kingdom at the disposal of the Governor General, who took possession of the coast of Canara, the district of Coimbatore, the passes of the Ghauts, and Seringapatam, in full sovereignty on behalf of the East India Company. Of the rest of the Sultan's dominions, a part was assigned to the Nizam for his aid and co-operation, and another to the original Hindu Rajas of Mysore, whose representative, a child not more than six years of age, was rescued from obscurity and indigence, and installed on the throne. The members of the Sultan's family were removed to Vellore, and when in 1806 a formidable mutiny broke out at that station, the ultimate object of which was to replace them in power, they were thence removed to the suburbs of Calcutta: where they yet abide.

The dominions of the Company were also increased, about this period, by other adventitious circumstances.

The Nabob of Surat, who had become independent since the fall of the Mogul empire, dying, left a successor too imbecile to assert his own rights. The prince purchased the support of the British Government to an empty name and a pension, by surrendering to them the administration of his dominions both civil and military. The possession of Tanjore on a similar footing, was also secured after the same manner: a disputed succession having forced the British Government to interfere.

Arrangements were next concluded with the Nabob of Oude, by which a large part of the Doab and other countries were ceded to the Company for the support of the subsidiary force. The Nabob was irregular in the payment of his subsidies, and yet he would not maintain a regular army himself to protect his kingdom from foreign aggression, nor was the civil government of the country better than a system of legal profligacy. To rectify these evils, the Governor General forced him to make a territorial concession that he might himself remedy them. A Board was established for the government and settlement of the ceded districts, and every arrangement made calculated to improve the condition of the whole of the territories.

The establishment of a subsidiary force within the Mahratta states, next engrossed the attention of the British Government. Lord Wellesley was eager everywhere to establish the supremacy of the Company, and so secure the general tranquillity of the country. Thus that he appears not to have considered that the native princes would naturally dislike a measure which, taking the military defence of their territories out of their hands, necessarily reduced them to subjection. Their opposition should have been anticipated, and then it would not have cost so much trouble and expense to overrule the same as it did. At first the nature of the Peshwa's condition, as well as other circumstances, seemed to favor the Governor General's design. The Peshwa was at war with the powerful family of the Holkars—had been defeated, and had retired to Bassein; and he was glad to conclude a treaty by which, while he bound himself to receive an English subsidiary force within his dominions, he was promised to be restored to his dominions. The restoration was quickly effected, and the efforts of the Governor General were directed to obtain the acquiescence of the principal Mahratta chiefs to the treaty concluded, knowing as he did that the Peshwa himself was but a name. The

present Duke of Wellington was entrusted with this charge. He found it a tough affair. Raghoojee Bhonslay, the Raja of Nagpore, and the rival houses of Scindia and Holkar, though far from being well disposed to each other, strongly objected to a measure that amounted to a virtual resignation of independence. Adept in native policy, however, they never ostensibly affected their dislike, but rather gave hopes of coming round : when, to put them to the test, General Wellesley proposed that the Raja of Berar and Scindiah should withdraw their troops to their own dominions. This was a plain proposal, and required an unprevaricating answer. They refused ; and war was immediately commenced upon. The army was divided into two bodies simultaneously to carry on operations in the north and south. As Lord Lake and the Iron Duke conducted the campaign, it is needless to mention that it was a brilliant one. Raghoojee Bhonslay and Scindia submitted to the terms signed to by the Peshwa : Scindia giving up possession of the cities of Agra and Delhi, which had hitherto been under his control. This placed the Emperor in British hands, and they thus obtained the sanction of a name for all their proceedings. And Holkar was hard pressed, though he still held out. But a change in the administration lost all the advantages which the war had gained. The Court of Directors had always been inimical to Lord Wellesley's policy, and on his retirement from the government it began speedily to be abandoned. A large increase of territory, however, was effected on the occasion, consisting of the upper part of the Doab (including the cities of Delhi and Agra) on the North ; the rich province of Cuttack on the East ; and a part of Guzerat on the West ; and the perilous power of the Mahrattas was also considerably broken down, at the same time that the Emperor of Delhi was liberated from their hands.

Lord Wellesley was succeeded by Lord Cornwallis, who, in spite of his accumulated years and infirmities, was again appointed Governor General. His policy in his second administration, was of a pacific character, and directly opposed to that of his predecessor. Upon his death, which happened soon after his arrival in the country, he was succeeded by Sir George Barlow, a Civil Servant of the Company, but not necessarily an able ruler like Warren Hastings. He followed the non-interfering policy of Lord Cornwallis, but in a more servile manner, and was therefore very soon

obliged to depart from his peaceful course, to counteract the intrigues concocted to destroy the influence of the British Government. These intrigues were being planned at Hyderabad, where the discontented soldiery had been tampered with. But the promptitude of the Resident and of the Commander of the Troops soon disconcerted the conspiracy.

Lord Minto arrived in India 1807. His attention was chiefly directed against the French. Their power in India had indeed already been virtually annihilated, but as Napoleon still frequently exhibited a wish to contest with England the empire of Hindustan, his Lordship determined to reduce their possessions in the East. The isles of Bourbon and Mauritius were accordingly taken by armaments fitted out from India; and the Dutch being in close friendship with the French, and their harbours being resorted to by the French marine to annoy British commerce, the island of Java also was reduced, the Governor General himself acting as a volunteer in the expedition.

In 1813 the Marquis of Hastings arrived in India; and in 1814, the Government became involved in a war with the Nepaulese, who in large hordes had been making frequent inroads into the British territories for some time. Lord Minto had complained of these depredations to the Raja of Nepaul; but, though the Raja affected great obsequiousness and humility, the discussions that followed came to no substantial end, and outrages continued yet to be perpetrated for which no reparation was made. The Marquis of Hastings therefore, at once prepared for war. The details of the war possess very little general interest. The nature of the enemy's country and the imperfect knowledge the British officers possessed of it, for a while presented formidable obstacles to the success of the British arms. But the valor and military skill of General Ochterlony ultimately overcame every difficulty, making amends for the disgraceful inability of Marley, the disasters of the two Woods, and the defeat and death of the gallant Gillespie; and the Nepaulese were soon compelled to give up certain extensive districts to the British, which the Governor General deemed necessary to the security of the Company's frontier, while the Governor General, also, by way of return, gave up to them such places on the confines of their dominions as they were most solicitous to possess.

. The aggression of the Pindarees was the next transac-

tion that occupied the Governor General's attention. The constant feuds and wars of the native princes had contributed to the organization of a body of men reared in lawless rapine, who respected neither justice nor power. They could muster on emergency a force not less than 40,000 horsemen, and with these they committed predatory excursions in all parts of the country, when they had no hireling service to perform. The Marquis of Hastings early perceived the necessity of demolishing their power. This could only be done by decisive measures of extirpation; and he prepared to execute his great plan with his usual diplomacy and vigor. In the course of the operations against them, however, the Peshwa, an ally and dependent of the British, revolted against them, with a hope of recovering the advantages lost by treaty; and the Raja of Nagpore, who stood in a similar relation, also attempted by treachery to rid himself of British control. Scindia and Holkar too, the two most deadly foes of the British name, had recourse to war: and the whole of central India was in a blaze. We dare not, in this short sketch, attempt to enter into the details of the operations that followed. Scindia was forced to accede to a treaty dictated by the Governor General; the power of Holkar was completely broken down; the Pindaries were annihilated, the Raja of Nagpore deposed, and his grandson elevated on his throne: and the Raja of Sattara, a descendant of Sivajee, raised in place of the Peshwa, who was compelled to abdicate. The whole of Central India was thus brought under the control of the British power, and by far the greatest portion of the Mahratta country was annexed to British possessions.

The occupation of Singapore, likewise, was effected during the administration of Lord Hastings. The peace of 1814 having restored to the Dutch all their insular possessions in the Indian seas: and the Dutch, from the first moment of their restoration, exercising their influence of position to oppress the English trade, Sir Stamford Raffles, the British Governor of Sumatra, took possession of Singapore to counteract their efforts. "With this single station," said he, "I undertake to counteract all the plans of Mynheer;" and the present importance of that station at the same time that it justifies his choice, also fully vindicates his boast.

Lord Amherst succeeded the Marquis of Hastings. The period of his administration was very brief. He took charge of the Government in 1824, and quitted it in 1827. And

yet it was not without its stirring events. A war broke out with the Burmese, who had for a series of years occasioned much trouble on the eastern frontier. The Mugs of Arracan migrating to Chittagong first sowed the seeds of dissension. They would not go back to their country, for they were regarded as the helots of the State, and were tired of oppression and tyranny, and the Burman authorities wrote to the British "If you will keep the Arracanese in your country, the cord of friendship will be broken." This was succeeded by threats and insults, and retaliation in the shape of forays, which the Mugs of Arracan both provoked and repaid by predatory excursions. During the Pindaree war the Burmese went further, and intrigued with several of the Mahratta chiefs, and even contemplated an invasion of Bengal. The Burmese monarch wrote to the Governor General requiring him to surrender up all the provinces east of the Hooghly river. To avoid the necessity of punishing this insolence at the time, Lord Hastings affected to consider the letter a forgery, and sent it back to the king of Burmah, that he might discover and punish the forger who had used his august name to sow dissensions between two powers then in amity. The object was gained, and the Mahrattas being soon after vanquished, the Burmese were glad to remain at peace. But this was only for a short time. The desire of the British to avoid a rupture was misunderstood, and the strength of the British Government miscalculated; and hostilities being wantonly provoked without any previous attempt at explanation, or negotiation,—Lord Amherst was compelled to fit out an expedition to Rangoon. At first the success of the English was in some degree retarded by the nature of the country. But this obstacle was soon overcome. Negotiations were then commenced, but these were broken off on the Burman court transmitting the following laconic answer to the proposals of the British; "If you desire peace you may go away: but if you ask either money or territory, no friendship can exist between us. This is the Burman custom." But the good old custom was destined to be violated; for the British, after giving the Burmese a total defeat, began to advance rapidly towards the capital of their empire. The Burman Government was now glad to purchase peace, giving up many districts on the British frontiers, and a sum of money to cover the expenses of the war. Our readers, perhaps, would like to read the Burman justification of this breach of custom.

One unique proclamation is all that we can afford space for, to satisfy their curiosity :—

“ The King of the East, the Lord of the White Elephant, the Ruler of the Sea, and the arbitrator of the living and the dead, thus declares, that in such a year, a number of white men arrived in the country whom the great king permitted to approach within a day’s journey of his capital : when they were so utterly confounded by the splendour of royalty, that they were not able to advance another step. They then sent up a petition to his majesty, and begged forgiveness of their trespass, and to be allowed to return to their country. The great king, who is the abode of mercy, from his infinite compassion received and granted their prayer. Moreover he gave them much money for their expenses, by the way, and to a number of them who did not wish to return to their country, he assigned large grants of land.” Since then, out of his “ infinite compassion” the king of Burmah has again very recently given us Rangoon and Martaban, and means to follow up the gift soon with something yet more substantial. But we will not anticipate the imperial proclamation. •

After the termination of the Burman war the Governor General made a tour to the Upper Provinces, and that opportunity was taken to deprive the Sovereign of Delhi of his nominal supremacy over all India, and to reduce him to what he actually was a mere pensioner. The independence of the British Government was now avowedly asserted. To complain against this humiliation the great Mogul sent an Embassy to England, Raja Rammohun Roy acting as his Envoy on the occasion. But the cause was lost, the authorities at home agreeing with the Indian Government that the time for them to assert their supremacy openly was come.

Lord Amherst was* succeeded by Lord W. Cavendish Bentinck, the greatest Governor General that ever came out to India.* His administration was one of great tranquillity. War and diplomacy were no longer urgent ; and he seized the opportunity properly to cultivate the arts of peace. The prosecution of two great objects entirely engrossed him. The first was to economise and invigorate the Government, the second to ameliorate the condition of the people. His first measure experienced great opposition

* It is certainly here needful to remind the reader, that the Editor of L. M. does not hold himself answerable for the sentiments of his contributors !

from the European officials under the Government, who, reduced to indigence by the failure of certain agency houses, with which they had indiscreetly allied themselves, smarted the more under his clipping scissors. An unpopularity was attempted to be fixed on his character owing to the retrenchments he made in the expenses of the Empire, though none could question either the justice or the expediency of the step taken; for the outlay of the state had actually come to exceed its resources. But Lord Bentinck, was not a man to be daunted by malicious calumny: Nor did he confine his exertions only to the reduction of allowances. The following anecdote, here given on good authority, will best explain the peculiar character of the man. A Civilian high in office in Calcutta, applied to the Government for an assistant, having found it impossible to get through his work alone. His Lordship thereupon repaired to his office one fine morning, not in his state carriage, but as a private gentleman, in a common hired palkee. It was 11 o'clock; but the huzoor was not yet come, and the Governor General quietly took out a newspaper from his pocket and sat down to read it. He had time enough to finish the paper: for it was not till 1 o'clock that the huzoor made his appearance, or rather came to his private apartment in the office, it being not yet late enough for him to take up official business. When some of his subordinates informed him that a Saheb was waiting to see him since the morning, he very urbanely sent down for his card. The confusion that ensued is indescribable. Lord Bentinck of course disallowed the application for an assistant, and no doubt this added a grain to his unpopularity. The popularity of a Governor General is not the best test of his efficiency.

For the Hindus Lord Bentinck did great things. He abolished the Suttee-rite in spite of their opposition, and not their opposition alone but that of a great many European pseudo-philanthropists, who pretended that the measure would surely provoke a general insurrection! Nay, Col. Wilks and others objected to it even on moral grounds, viz. that the British Government had no right to stand between the Hindu widow and her hope of eternal salvation! For such opinions and such men, however, Lord Bentinck had no respect, and on his own individual responsibility he forbade the burning of the living with the dead. The great Albuquerque, who established himself at Goa, had done

this before him, within the little dominion that then belonged to the Portuguese; and it is said that he was very popular with the natives for the wise and beneficent interdiction. What native is there fool or fanatic, who does not in like manner, bless the memory of Lord William Bentinck at this moment?

The establishment of Steam Communication between England and India belongs, also, to Lord Bentinck's rule. He too aided the diffusion of knowledge among the Hindus, not only by founding schools, but by raising the character of the teachers. He likewise opened the Savings Bank for the poor to put their little earnings in. The institution was originally designed only for the soldiery, but the Governor General was too liberal a reformer to stint his liberality, and it was opened to all classes alike. And last, not least, he admitted the natives to situations of emolument and trust, from both which they had hitherto been all but avowedly debarred.

The brief administration of Sir Charles Metcalfe, on whom the Government devolved on the retirement of Lord Bentinck, has been rendered famous by the Freedom of the Press, a boon secured only in consequence and liberality to the abolition of the *Suttee*, by his illustrious predecessor. This boon to the public in fact could no longer be withheld. The last renewal of the Charter, in 1833, had deprived the Company of all its exclusive rights as a trading association. It was now to stand or fall only as a governing power, and every governing power requires an uncontrolled press to check and regulate it. The censorship to which the press had hitherto been subjected, was therefore very wisely removed.

Lord Auckland assumed the reins of Government in 1836. Everything promised a pacific administration, particularly the personal character of the Governor General; and the interest he took in native education threatened entirely to engross his hours. But circumstances arose to divert his attention, and embroil him with the troubled politics of Central Asia; and he soon got entangled in a war most unfortunate in its issue even when most triumphant. We cannot here follow in detail the intricate history of those politics, and that war. Much has been written on the subject, and none of our readers require to be told in extenso why the Afghan war was undertaken, and what was secured by it. •A brief notice of it therefore must suffice. •

On the arrival of Lord Auckland in India, Dost Mohammed, the King of Cabul, solicited the interference of the British Government against the encroachments of the Sikhs, in a letter full of oriental compliments. The Governor General returned a friendly reply, but stating that "it was not the practice of the British Government to interfere in the affairs of independent states." Anxious, however, to embrace that opportunity of opening commercial negotiations with countries beyond the Indus, and of securing to British merchants the navigation of that river, he deputed Sir Alexander (then Captain) Burnes to the Cabul Court, to cultivate its friendships and conciliate its co-operation. The Affghans, however, mistook the object of the mission. They could not appreciate a commercial treaty, and regarded the Embassy entirely as a political one. Perhaps they were justified in doing this: for the Correspondence of Burns is chiefly political. Moonshee Mohan Lal very shrewdly tells us, that, "the disguised word or appellation for politics is *commerce*,"—and we have indeed too many proofs of it in India. Why should we now conceal the fact, or why was it ever concealed, that all our movements towards Central Asia, whether commercial, political, or military, had only one object—the circumvention of the intrigues of Russia?

Those intrigues could have been peacefully circumvented. Dost Mohammed wished for the restitution of Peshawur, and negotiated first with great earnestness and sincerity. Runjeet Sing was anxious to part with it, if he could do so with honor; for it was a burthen on his treasury. Both expected the mediation of the British Government. But "the Governor General could not, consistently with justice, and his regard for the friendship of Maharaja Runjeet Sing," advocate the pretensions of the ruler of Cabul: or, in other words, he considered Peshawur in the hands of Runjeet Sing a safer boundary to the British dominions, than it could be in the hands of the Affghans. Burnes attributed to this the failure of his mission. "Our Government would do nothing" he said, "but the Secretary of the Russian Legation came with the most direct offers of assistance and money." The Shah of Persia, also, proffered his aid, provided the Dost assisted him in his designs on Herat with the chief of which he was at war: and the ruler of Cabul, finding it impossible to recover Peshawur by treaty, was compelled to listen to these overtures. The consequence

was that Burnes left Cabul, and the British Government determined to remove the Dost from his throne.

Sooja ul Moolk, hitherto a fugitive, now rises in importance. He had been expelled from the throne of Cabul, and had found asylum, first in the court of Runjeet Sing, and ultimately within the British dominions. It was now determined to recognise his rights and espouse his cause ; and an army was equipped to replace him on his throne. How that restoration was effected—how a nation arose in arms to repel the insult—what vicissitudes of glory and defeat attended our exertions—how the Dost became a prisoner—how Macnaghten fell—how Sale maintained his perilous position at Jellalabad—how Shah Soojah was murdered—how British dishonour was avenged and the colours of old England planted once again on the Balla Hissar, it were tedious to relate. Every Englishman is supposed to be acquainted with those painful details, and our limits will not permit us to dwell on them. Mohamed Akber was the hero of this war for independence—a prince in whose character the ferocity of a barbarian appears to have been mingled with all the virtues of an oriental king.

The Afghan war was provoked by Lord Auckland, and terminated by Lord Ellenborough. The former retired from the administration when the British arms had met the most disastrous reverses ; during the administration of the latter was sent the army of retribution, to waste, and devastate, and redeem the British name. This is the only praise, if praise it be, that the administration of Lord Ellenborough is entitled to. When chagrined with our disasters in Khorassan, where we had no business to go at all, we remember that during his rule the Afghan war was terminated ; and our connection with Central Asia brought to an end, we do him all the justice he merits at the hand of historians. Even in awarding him this meed of praise, we are bound to mention, that the arrangements which led to this conclusion were not made by him. He arrived in India in 1842, and was recalled in 1844 by the Court of Directors, for having defied their authority. Within this short while he did a great many things, but nothing sensible ; and his most charitable historiographers have represented him as a madman. The conquest and annexation of Scinde was rashly undertaken. The Ameers had intrigued against the British power, (as who had not ?) and their perfidy required to be punished. The battles of Meanee and Hyderabad inflicted due ven-

geance. We grudge not the fighting: though that was discreditable enough, since the treachery of the Ameers was after all but hypothetical. But to make matters worse, Scinde was annexed to the British dominions, which at the same time that it was a punishment disproportionately severe, made us richer only by a large swamp, and entailed on us a heavy debt. The only real gain in the achievement perhaps was, that it opened the navigation of the Indus; but this could have been as well achieved by treaty, had it been the only object in view. Nor do we forget the battles of Maharajpore and Punniar, and the arrangements by which a hostile army of above 30,000 men were reduced into a friendly contingent of 6,000. But we doubt if the Governor General is entitled to much praise for having abandoned possession of a fine country, which every motive of justice and policy had marked for our own. Gwalior had set our Government more openly at defiance than Scinde. In the one case perfidy was assumed, in the other substantiated and avowed. But the gallantry of the Governor General, where a girl of 14 years was concerned, reconciled him to the policy of merely taking away the army and the guns, and leaving the country to the young, dissolute Bacc and her adopted child. A little show of moderation was perhaps also wanted to vindicate his former indiscretion.

In 1844 Sir Henry Hardinge came out as Governor General of India. Mountstuart Elphinstone had advised him not to meddle with the civil details of the government, and he considered that a sufficient authority for neglecting civil affairs, which were entirely left in the hands of his secretaries. The education resolution passed at the commencement of his rule has been much lauded. But it never came into actual operation, and hardly deserves the adulation it has received. We shall therefore only review in brief his military career, as besides that there is nothing to rest upon.

Since the death of Runjeet Sing, the politics of Lahore had become troubled, and the relations of the British Government with the Sikh court doubtful. In 1843 the Lahore army had threatened an invasion of the British frontiers, and the same was repeated in 1844. But, as before, the remonstrances of the British government changed its course, and it withdrew from the frontiers to the interior of its own dominions. Accounts, however, continued to come of a contemplated invasion, and the council of the Lahore durbar

were so conflicting as to give authority to the rumour. The Sikh army was prepared every moment to cross the Rubicon, and the Rani and her advisers no longer opposed the step, feeling that their power was gone. The only circumstance that withheld the attack was the hesitation of the Sirdars. Unlike the rabble they had property to lose, and were therefore obliged to deliberate. But taxed with cowardice they were compelled to give in. Of the hard contested battles of the Sutledge we will say nothing. Moodkee, Ferozshah, Aliwal, and Sobraon are in the recollection of our readers. They redounded much to the credit of the Governor General, and completely broke down the Sikh power. A large beautiful country now awaited the fiat of the Lord Sahib. Was it to be annexed to the British territories? The Governor General hesitated. The annexation was left for his successor to accomplish. Lord Hardinge gave one part to Golab Sing, and left the remainder to be governed by the infant Dhulleep, separated indeed from the influence of his mother, and hampered too by the protectorship of a British resident: but still under the guardianship of disaffected sirdars.

That the laudations this arrangement received at the time, were unmerited, appeared very soon after, when peace and tranquillity were once again outraged, at first ostensibly by the refractory governor of a single province: but, in fact, as was discovered anon, by a well organised conspiracy of the whole nation. All the Punjaub very shortly uprose in arms against the British supremacy; and it thus became necessary to conquer it once more, before the expiration of three short years after the establishment of the Hardinge policy. From the citadel of Mooltan the war was rapidly transferred to the banks of the Jhelum, and the opening engagements of Ramnugger and Chillianwallah were so bloody that, except at the massacre of Cabul, the slaughter of British forces in India had no where ever been greater. The decisive engagement of Goozerat however, at once terminated the war. The Sirdats, chased and pursued, surrendered rapidly, and their forces were disarmed; and Lord Dalhousie unhesitatingly declared the Punjaub to be a portion of the British Empire. That empire at the present moment is far more extensive than it ever was in the palmiest days of Mohammedan supremacy.

MIDNIGHT CHIMES.

The grimest of times
 To hear the clock-chimes,
 Is twelve at the noon of night ;
 In the silence profound,
 Remorseful they sound,
 Like the tones of an un-graved sprite.
 From the shadowy tower,
 With unwonted power,
 Gray Time appeareth to say—
 " I creep to my doom,
 And you to the tomb,
 By night as well as by day."
 And a watchman drear
 Groans in Fancy's ear,—
 " The wasted to-day is dead :
 And another to-morrow,
 Fen and bog thorough,
 Flares into the Mist a-head."

L. MOYLE.

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Tread lightly the spot, where his ashes reposing
 Lie far from the home of the free and the brave
 For Sacred to friendship's the sad urn, enclosing
 All now that remains in the cold silent grave.
 Ah ! few were his days—fate early did sever,
 The bright links of joy that his boyhood once knew :—
 And doom'd him, the sport of adversity, never
 Those joys in his own native land to renew.
 Let the cypress and elm, and the dark weeping willow,
 Ever dropping a tear at the shrine of the dead,
 As calmly he rests on his cold, earthen pillow,
 Enweave a kind shade of their leaves o'er his head ;
 That the foot of the stranger, or paynim unholy,
 Disturb not his rest in his last sad abode ;
 Let him sleep in his grave undistinguished and lowly,
 For ever at peace with himself and his God.
 How pure was his love—'twas that of a brother,
 As gentle and deep as the source whence it sprung ;
 Ever ready to bleed for the wounds of another,
 He sank 'neath his own, while his hopes were yet young.
 Let charity then draw a veil o'er his errors :—
 And calumny breathe not a slight on his name.
 For death has no longer for him any terrors ;
 He's gone and forgot : let his faults be the same.

THE EMIGRANT.

I.

Gaze for the last my child,
Over yon mountains wild ;
View each cold craggy steep, streamlet, and brae ;
Far o'er the rock-girt shore,
Wildly the waters roar,
Lashing the caves of thy childhood with spray !

II.

Tossed on the ocean's wave,
When the wild tempests rave ;
Rocked by the night winds when dreaming of home :
May his protecting hand,
Shew thee thy chosen land,
Guide thee in peace, thro' the ambient foam !

III.

In sweet flowing numbers,
To soften thy slumbers,
The wife of thy bosom shall sing by thy side :
And her prayers shall be borne past,
On with the mighty blast,
To the stars which are glassing their orbs in the tide !

IV.

The winds of thy native dell,
Murmur a soft farewell,
Welcome and kind ;—wilt thou e'er hear them more ?
When years have passed o'er thee,
And Heaven shall restore thee,
To spring on the soil of thine own verdant shore ?

V.

The Sun in red clouds doth sink
Over yon mountain's brink,
Promising fair for the forthcoming day ;
Thus may he ever smile,
When thy dear native isle,
Lost in the waters, from sight fades away !

VI.

When round thy father's home
Hoarsely the breakers foam,
Prayers shall be said, for thy safety and peace :—
'Till the wild tempests still
By his Almighty will,
And the dread ocean from raging shall cease !

I.

Thus spoke the sire as o'er the scene,
 He gazed with anxious troubled brow ;
 And stood with stern majestic mien,
 Beneath a tree's far spreading bough.
 He viewed the prospect 'round his home,
 Which stood upon a mountain's side ;—
 Lashed by the ocean's ceaseless foam,
 Where tiny vessels daily glide,
 And bring the produce of the deep,
 To where yon huts in silence sleep.

II.

That mountain's giddy height was crowned
 With rugged rocks, which cast beneath
 Their shadows giant-like—and frowned
 Upon the low sweet smelling heath,
 And rich dark soil which yearly yields
 A harvest to the laborer's hands :—
 Wide verdant meadows—smiling fields—
 All that the soul of man demands ;
 While murmuring streamlets winding stray,
 Until they kiss Old Ocean's spray !

III.

Stirred by the blast which swiftly sped,
 The old man's silver locks were raised,
 And gently played around his head,
 As he in silence fondly gazed
 Upon his son—a favored child,
 Who scarcely numbered twenty years ;
 Yet who had long since been beguiled
 Despite a young bride's anxious tears,
 To quit for aye his father's dome,
 And make Columbia's wilds his home.

IV.

What matters it why thus he turned,
 So willingly away from those
 For whom his infant breast had yearned,
 To dwell 'mid wild and savage foes :
 And earn with weary toil his bread,
 'Mid burning suns and piercing frost,
 Which o'er the unhewn forests spread,
 Until upon the waters lost—
 Where stern Niagara's rapids roar,
 And rage, along Ontario's shore.

V.

Perhaps grim death had snatched away
 The loved ones of his early life :—
 Perchance he had been led astray,
 By some corrupting son of strife.
 For plenty blessed his father's roof :
 And tho' he should have ever erred,
 Mild was the good man's calm reproof,
 And just rebuke administered :—
 Nor taunting tongue, nor stately port,
 Provoked his soul to harsh retort.

VI.

Perchance, he could not brook to hear,
 The groans which filled his native land :
 For want and tyranny were near,
 Oppression frowned on every hand.
 Perchance from o'er the western seas,
 The voice of freedom seemed to call ;
 From lands where servile tongues and knees,
 Ne'er praised or bent to tyrant's thrall ;
 Nor liveried menials kissed the earth,
 To please the sons of noble birth !

VII.

Base minions ! how they smell of earth,
 To flattery and falsehood given ;
 Low worshippers of ribald mirth,
 Unfit to view the stars of Heaven !
 But I must not forget my tale :—
 Behold the wanderer bathed in tears !
 Hear his sweet bride his ears assail,
 With all her sorrows—all her fears !
 Reclining on his youthful breast,
 She urges thus the fond request.

I.

Recall thy thoughts from other lands,—
 Be this again thy home ;
 Behold thy parent's hoary locks,
 Nor brave yon bursting foam.

II.

Think on the scenes where thou did'st play,
 A pure and blithesome child :
 And say thou wilt not turn again,
 To seek the savage wild.

III.

Climb to the craggy mountain top,
 And gaze upon the deep ;
 Turn to the verdant vale, whose streams
 In thread-like windings creep.

IV.

Thou can'st not find a spot unknown,—
 Where'er you choose to roam ;—
 Some object bids thee still remain,
 Nor quit thy childhood's home !

V.

Stand on the green-clad, silent graves,
 Where friends and grand sires dead
 Repose in peace :—and say that thou
 Wouldst rest here, too, thine head,

VI.

Amid the friends who played with thee,
 Ere sorrow marked thy brow,
 With signs of care and seeming age,
 Which even rest there now.

VII.

The well-loved songs of fatherland
 May cheer thee for a time;
 When toiling for thy daily bread,
 In yon ungenial clime.

VIII.

But when death comes, and o'er thy head
 The gloomy forests wave;
 Then who will utter fond regrets,
 Or deck with flowers thy grave?

VIII.

Vain was the warning—tho' the tears
 Moistened his cheek and dimmed his sight,
 Yet vain his loved one's sighs and fears:
 The chosen bark was gone that night.
 And ere the morrow's sun could rise,
 To tint the massy clouds with gold,—
 With gentle breeze and favouring skies
 The vessel o'er the billows rolled:—
 While father's pray'r and mother's wail
 Were borne along the lonely vale!

I.

Sad was the heart of Paul, for such his name,
 When gazing on the waters he beheld
 The fading landscape which retired and came,
 At intervals, above the waves that swelled
 With gentle motion—as a glimmering bright
 Cast from the shore a path that danced in glittering light.

II.

And long they watched it, till the rising wind.
 Increased the waves and shut it from their sight.
 Leaving a waste of darkness, like the mind
 From which content hath long since taken flight.
 But *his* might still return some future day:—
 Amid a forest home the heart *might* still be gay.

III.

So thought his gentle wife, as by his side,
 She wept his sufferings and forgot her own:
 While gazing o'er the dark Atlantic wide,
 They felt themselves so utterly alone;—
 Cast amid strangers on a trackless waste,
 Which man, with all his boasted power, hath never yet defaced.

IV.

Tired nature soon demanded rest,—and ere
 The morrow broke to show their loneliness,
 The young wife dreamed of home, companions dear,
 Indulged in visions vain the fond caress—
 And Paul, too, slumbered with a troubled brow,
 Lulled by the surging waves, which washed the vessel's prow.

* * * * *

V.

They woke to sickness and to solitude,
 And looked with sadness o'er the boundless deep ;
 Or wondering listened to the strangely rude
 Discourse of those whose place it was to keep
 The vessel on her course ;—a motly throng,—
 Who wiled the hours of night, with laughter, tales, and song !

VI.

And days passed on—bright, cloudless, summer days,
 Which brought them health, and almost happiness :
 Around, beneath, they cast their rapturous gaze,
 As gathering strength the foam clad breakers press,
 A mighty emblem of the One whose power,
 Is pictured forth, when lightnings, clouds, and darkness lour !

VII.

The wanderer's brow was sad—yet none knew why—
 A shadow seemed to mingle with the smile,
 Which sometime lit his cheek. The radiant sky
 With all its majesty cannot beguile,
 The gloom which dwells around some ruined tower,
 The wreck, perchance, of time, and many a tempest's power.

VIII.

Could *she* be glad, who loved him more than all,
 That could be formed to please the youthful eye ;
 Could she rejoice when sorrow held in thrall
 Her chosen one ? She echoed every sigh :—
 And in soft tender accents would beguile
 His memory from the past, with sweet delusive smile.

IX.

Smooth was the voyage, but slowly sped they on,
 Free from the hurricane and Ocean's rage ;
 No fears for life had they yet undergone,
 Which might the bitterness of grief assuage.
 For in the storm, Hope drowns all former pain,
 And prompts the soul to long for pleasant earth again.

X.

Alas ! it came—with vengeance unforeseen,
 It's advent heralded by gathering night,
 And fire-charged clouds, and darkness, tho' serene
 Had been the morn. The restless sea gull's flight
 Was well observed,—while the great sluggish whale,
 And bounding porpoise, wooed with joy the coming gale !

●

XI.

At first a strange sulphureous atmosphere,
 A yellow light sped gloomy o'er the deep—
 The messenger of storm and danger near ;
 While amid the shrouds the moaning wild winds creep
 With varied force, 'till at the midnight hour,
 It urged the stricken bark with all resistless power.

XII.

Dread was the shock ! the vivid lightnings flash
 Played thro' the clouds across the foaming space,
 With dazzling brightness ;—a terrific shock,
 And falling bolts of Heaven, fill each face
 With dread alarm, as crashing o'er the side,
 • The shattered spars o'er the foam crested waters ride !

XIII.

Whence was that cry of anguish borne to Heaven,
 Above the voice of elemental strife?
 Amid what cruel suffering hath she striven,
 That ever faithful ever patient wife!
 No conflicts of the winds or waves could smother
 The agony, with which she there became a mother!

XIV.

Strange was the cradle of that Ocean child,
 Few were the hours he passed in life on earth;
 Amid the tempest, lightnings, breakers wild,
 And desolation dread, he had his birth;
 And ere that tempest's wrath had passed away,
 The sire beheld his only offspring lifeless clay.

XV.

And when the winds were hushed she knew it not,
 Nor the bright morning beams which burst again,
 With pristine splendour, as tho' Heaven would blot
 Away the memory of her cruel pain;—
 Vainly the sunlight danced across the wave,
 Paul's gentle spouse was destined for an early grave!

XVI.

The soul of Evelina was not there:—
 She saw her honored lord, but knew him not;
 She held converse with spirits of the air;
 Life, earth, her sufferings, were all forgot.
 Again she roamed the meads where childhood strayed,
 The scenes she wandered as a pure and guiltless maid!

XVII.

But this passed o'er. One bright and sunny day
 She woke to reason, but to smile no more;
 With prosperous gales the vessel sped away,
 And hearts were throbbing for the longed for shore;
 The sky was changed—the waters erst so blue,
 Assumed at last, a lighter, yet less pleasing hue,

XVIII.

And strange bright birds, passed by the vessel's side
 Unknown before upon that boundless space;
 Green boughs and leaves were borne upon the tide,
 Which had not perished yet upon its face.
 But Paul cared not to view them; by the bed,
 Of her he loved, he sat, and leaned his throbbing head.

XIX.

And once she turned and gazed into his face,
 And bade him stoop, that she might kiss his brow;
 And he amid his falling tears could trace,
 That he should soon have none to love him now.
 But when she asked to look upon her child,
 He told the tale, and wept with anguish still more wild.

XX.

But not so Evelina. Sigh, nor tear,
 Nor change passed o'er her white transparent brow;
 She wished to gaze upon his liquid bier,
 And almost prayed she were beside him now;
 But when she saw the face of Paul again,
 She prayed that she might live to soothe the sufferer's pain!

XXI.

The day passed on, and near the sun's decline,
 They bore her form above, that she might breathe
 The breath of Ocean. In the west, a line
 Of golden clouds was gathered, while beneath
 The waters rose and sparkled in their light,—
 The last fond smile of earth, that ever met her sight !

XXII.

She knew that she would never see the morn.
 Ere she could see her loved one's chosen land—
 The heart that throbbed so fondly would be borne,
 Down to the Ocean's caves : upon the sand,
 Where the long weeds in solemn darkness wave,
 Around, and near the spot, that forms her infant's grave.

XXIII.

And when the sun went down she was in Heaven :—
 The gentle mother joined her Ocean child ;
 Within the element where he was driven,
 By changing currents. When the morning smiled,
 Paul gazed upon the circling waves which closed,
 Above the spot, where all he ever loved reposed !

XXIV.

Years have passed on—long dreary untold years,
 And Paul hath sojourned still in that strange land ;
 The memory of his former pains and tears,
 At last forgotten. On the Ocean strand
 He wanders forth, now free from mental pain.
 Yet thinks that his long lost, will still return again !

XXV.

And oft he sits upon the sands so white,
 Which glitter at his feet : and bids her come,
 And yet converse with him at lone midnight,
 Beneath the trees which gird his lonely home.
 He deems she dwells where fabled monsters sleep,
 A mermaid in the oozy caverns of the deep !

XXVI.

Or turning from the lonely midnight strand,
 Beneath the shelter of the forest trees ;
 He sits and leans his head upon his hand,
 And pours this mournful song upon the breeze ;—
 Reason hath flown—her basest dregs remain,
 To fill the vacuum of an idiotic brain !

I.

In the dark untravell'd deep,
Evelina ;
 Why art thou so long a-sleep,
Evelina ?
 They tell me thou art dead,
 That wild weeds enwrap thy head,
 In the Ocean's oozy bed,
Evelina !

II.

I believe not that thy soul,
Evelina ;
 Hath been freed from earth's control,
Evelina :
 I believe not that thy voice
 Doth not in the storm rejoice
 'Mid the caverns of thy choice,
Evelina !

III.

Oh ! leave me not alone,
Evelina ;
 Why cruel, hast thou flown,
Evelina ?
 Why bearest thou thy child,
 O'er the midnight breakers wild,
 Whom the tempest hath despoiled—
Evelina ?

IV.

I cannot see thee now,
Evelina ;
 Why dost thou hide thy brow,
Evelina ?
 But at times I hear thy song,
 On the wild winds borne along
 From thy mermaid sister's throng,
Evelina !

V.

At midnight in the storm
Evelina ;
 I would behold thy form,
Evelina :
 I wait to hear the strain,
 Which was wont to cheer my pain :—
 For I know thou'lt come again,
Evelina !

LE JUIF ERRANT.

May, 1853.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

"Cuttings and shreds of learning, with various fragments and points of wit, are drawn together and tacked in any fantastic form."

LORD SHAFTESBURY.

RECENT INDIAN LAW LITERATURE.

[*From Morley's Digest of Indian Cases. New series.*]

The law literature of India has received a few additions since I last wrote: these I shall here describe, together with some works omitted in the former lists. In the branch of Hindee law I have only met with two publications of texts; the one, a new addition of the Daya Bhaga of Jimuta Vahana, with the commentary of Srikrishna Farkalankara which appeared at Calcutta in 1844; the other a compilation in Telegu, from the Mitakshara and other works.

M. Gibelin published a work at Pondicherry, in 1846-47, which may be pointed out to the reader's notice as exhibiting a comparison between the civil law of the Hindus, the laws of Athens and Rome, and the customs of the Germans. M. Gibelin's volumes in their comparative portion are very interesting; but there is much irrelevant speculation, and they are disfigured by a number of fantastical etymologies, which are quite as extravagant as any that are to be found in the pages of Bryant, Vallancey, or Alexander Murray.

The presses in India, which have of late so largely contributed to every branch of Muhammadan literature, have not neglected the subject of law. I fear that many of the legal works have not as yet reached England; but I shall here make mention of such as have come under my own notice. These are as follows:—The *Kauzalkahír-ki-Usúl* at *Tafsír*, a treatise on the science of commenting on the *Korán*, by Mullá Sháh Walí Allah Muhaddis Dahlawí, was printed at Delhi in 1842. The *Sahib al Mustin* appeared at Calcutta in the year 1848. This edition is lithographed.

A Persian translation and commentary on the *Miskhat-al-Masabi*, entitled the *Ashia'ih al Lama'ât-fi-Sharh al Mishkat*, by the Shaikh Abdal Hakk Dahlawi, was published at Calcutta in 1842. A short tract in Persian, by Mullá Háfiz Sháh Abd al Aziz, entitled *Resala-i-Usul-i Hadis*, may also be mentioned. It is a sort of introduction to the study of the Sunnah, and was published at Calcutta in 1838. The *Asas-al-Usul*, by the Sayid Dildar Ali Ben Sayid Muhammed Mu'un-al-Hindí al Nasá'hádí, is a treatise on the sources of the law. It was published in lithography, at Lakhnau in the year 1847.

A new edition of the *Nural-Anwár-fe-Sharh-al-Manár* was published in the year 1849.

A short general law treatise in Urdú, entitled *Tekh Ahmadi*, by Malawee Kadrat Ahmad Ben Hafiz Ináyat Ahmad Farúki was lithographed at Delhi in 1847.

At the same place, and in the same year, appeared a translation in Urdú by Muhammad Husain Ben Muhammad Bákir, of a Persian treatise on the law of marriage by Mulla Muhammad Bakir. This work is also lithographed.

A very complete treatise on the Persian language on the Shiah law of inheritance, was printed in lithography at Lakhnau in 1841. It is an extract from a larger work, entitled *Rauzat al Ahkim* by Sayid Husain. This treatise well deserves translation: for although it presents all the peculiar difficulties attendant on the mode of treatment adopted by the Muhammadan lawyers, it is very full and satisfactory. Another treatise on inheritance, in the Urdu language, entitled *Kitab Ilm al Faraiz*, was lithographed at the same place in the year 1847. The author is Mullá Inayut Ahmad. A new edition of the *Durar al Mukhtár* was printed at Calcutta in 1846."

The works on the Muhammadan law by European authors, not already described, are only four in number, and two of these are in continuation of works previously noticed. A volume entitled, "*Droit Musulman*," forming the 1st section of a projected collection of ancient and modern codes in general, was published at Paris in 1849. It is the joint production of M. M. Joanny Pharaon and Théodore Dulan, but as M. Dulan informs us that the former gentleman knows but little law, and that he himself is entirely ignorant of Arabic (p. 473) it is scarcely necessary to state that the work is valueless as an authority. M. Pharaon, as it appears, is a voluminous writer on various subjects; amongst other

productions, he has written a treatise on the French, Musulman, and Jewish legislation at Algiers : this work I have not seen. M. Perron's excellent translation of the *Mukhtasar* of Khalil-ibn Ishák is still in progress, the 5th volume having appeared within the last few months. M. Du Caurroy is also continuing his learned treatise on the Hanafé law in the *Journal Asiatique* : the 7th article was printed in the June number of that periodical.

An important work on the Muhammadan law was published in Russian, at St. Petersburg, in the year 1850. The author, M. Nicholas Fornau, has derived his work from original sources, and has embodied in it a quantity of information obtained by himself from living Muhammadan doctors ; it comprehends both the Sunni and Shiáh laws.

The recent works on the Regulation law are not numerous. Mr. Clarke has completed his edition of the Bombay Code of Regulations, following the same plan that he adopted in his former volume of the Madras Code. The Bengal Regulations by the same editor are in the Press, and will speedily appear. The 1st part of an Index to the unrepealed enactments of the Government of India for the Presidency of Fort William, containing the Civil enactments, was published at Calcutta in 1849. Mr. Fenwick, the author of this useful compilation, has adhered to the plan of Dale's Index.

Mr. Theobald has continued his collection of the Acts of the Government to the end of 1848, and has added a new Index to the whole volume, completing the Acts from 1834 to 1848 inclusive. Since then he has edited the Acts for the years 1849, 1850, and 1851, with Indices, and the publishers have announced their intention of discontinuing their own annual report of the Acts, and of supplying Mr. Theobald's edition, which will in future be annual, in lieu of it. An Index to the Acts passed by the Legislative Council of India from 1834 to 1849, by Mr. Small, appeared at Calcutta in 1851.

The Acts and Orders for the North Western Provinces for the year 1844, were published at Agra in 1846.

The most important work that has yet appeared respecting the actual working of the system for the administration of justice in India, is Mr. Macpherson's treatise on the procedure of the Civil Courts in Bengal. The author has followed the method adopted by the writers of books of practice in this country, and has executed his task with

great ability and judgment. The acumen with which he deduces principles from the decisions of the Courts, and the lucidity of arrangement throughout the work, are remarkable, whilst the mass of authorities quoted in the margin bear witness to his untiring industry and deep research. Mr. Macpherson is an English Barrister; and his work proves, if proof were necessary, the advantage of bringing a legal education to bear on the analysis and illustration of the intricate law of India;—and the policy of the enactment of 1846, (Act. I.) which, opens a new forum for the honourable exertion of the Indian bar, must eventually be of mutual advantage both to that bar and to the Company's Courts. A very useful compilation by Mr. Marshman, entitled the Darogah's Manual, was published at Serampore in 1850. This work includes every Rule and Order which it is important for the Police Officers to know, in the Regulations and Acts, in the Circular Orders of the Superintendent of Police, and of the Nizamut Adawlut, and in the constructions and reports, scientifically arranged. To render the work more complete, all the rules which determine the Police responsibilities of the Zamindars, and of all persons connected with the landed interest, both in the lower and in the North Western Provinces, are fully given. It must be observed, however, that this work does not comprehend the duties of Magistrates and the Superintendent of Police, except in connexion with the Officers of Police and the Zamindars.

I may here mention two works that have recently appeared, which though not immediately connected with the Regulation law afford incidentally much valuable information on the judicial system. These are Mr. Barchou de Penhoën's "*L'Inde sous la domination Anglaise*," and the "*Notes on North Western Provinces of India*," by Mr. Raikes. Mr. De Penhoën's work, though not divested of prejudice, exhibits a tolerably fair appreciation of our system of Government in India; and leaning to the exposure of its weak points is, for that very reason, the more worthy of a careful perusal. The notes of Mr. Raikes, which were written originally in the *Benares Magazine*, offer a popular but accurate account of the rise and progress of the Revenue system, the condition of the landed proprietors, and of the agricultural classes; and comprise many interesting details as to the duties of Magistrates and the operation of the Police Regulations.

HIPPOLYTUS, OR NOVATIAN.

[This letter copied from the *Athenæum*, when it appeared in most discouragingly small print, seems to us most important. If Hippolytus was a heretic, his evidence with regard to the Church of Rome in the time of Commodus should be received with as much caution as that of Dr. Achilli would be now.]

The Chevalier Bunsen's Hippolytus;—I have been for many years engaged in the critical study of the early records of the Christian Church, and my attention has naturally been called, by a good many articles in English and foreign journals, your own included, to the *Φιλοσοφουμενα* or 'Refutation of all Heresies,' attributed by Mr. Miller to Origen, and by the Chevalier Bunsen to the martyr St. Hippolytus. I am far from wishing to call in question the very great archæological value of this work. Still less is it my intention to quarrel with M. Bunsen's reasons for ascribing it to St. Hippolytus; for they seem to me, on the whole, unanswerable. But it does not in the least follow that a work, however genuine, of St. Hippolytus must necessarily give (as many persons seem to think) an accurate notion of "the doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome," or of the Christian Church generally, "under Commodus and Alexander Severus." At the present day, few English Protestants would look upon Novatianism as a startling or even erroneous opinion.* It was, however, considered as a deadly heresy by the Church of Rome and the Christian Church generally in the 3rd Century. Now, there can be as little doubt, among persons acquainted with the ecclesiastical literature of the period, that (at the time he wrote) the author of the *Φιλοσοφουμενα* was a Novatianist, and not an orthodox Roman Christian, as that Tillotson's writings are Protestant and not Papist. But how, it will be asked, can the authorship of a Novatianist and heretical work be reconciled with the character of St. Hippolytus, and the extreme veneration paid by the Church of Rome to his memory so shortly after his death? I must reply, that if very little indeed is known of the life of St. Hippolytus the ecclesiastical historians have at least preserved the tradition that he expiated by martyrdom the faults of his life; what these faults were, we learn from the acts of his Martyrdom, written by Prudentius,—who speaks of him in the most explicit terms as having taken part in the Novatianist

* At least in one of its characteristics,—denying the power of the Church to forgive certain sins.

Schisms. The martyr is represented as deliberately retracting the errors which he had taught;—

———— Fugite, O miseri, execranda Novati
Schismata; Catholicis reddite vos populus.
Quod docui docuisse piget: venerabile, martyr,
Cerno, quod a cultu rebar abesse Dei.*

Baronius doubted the accuracy of Prudentius with reference to the Novatianism of Hippolytus, but the question is now settled by the publication of the *Φιλοσοφουμενα*.

Without, therefore, in any way deprecating the other merits of the work in question, I simply deny its value as an authentic exposition of the orthodox Christianity of the 3rd century. For such a purpose it can be used only indirectly, like Fatian's Apology, Novatian's work on the Trinity, or the Montanist writings of Tertullian. All these works, and several more that I could mention, are considered as of great value on account of the information which can be derived from them—but it is not precisely that kind of value which some zealous journals have already assigned to the newly discovered work of St. Hippolytus. Although I have not yet any where met with the view which I have taken on the subject, I should not be at all surprised if I should have been anticipated in England or elsewhere, for I cannot conceive the possibility of its not striking any one who has the necessary information. But this necessary information is from the nature of the case confined to a narrow circle of persons,—and I confess that I have been unable to discover it in any of the notices of M. Bunsen's work which have come in my way.

I am, &c.,
P. LE PAGE RENOUF.

[The following account of the Eminent Oriental scholar Lee selected from the *Church Missionary Intelligence* for March will, we think, be perused with interest.—ED. L. M.]

THE REV.^d SAMUEL LEE, D. D.,

REGIUS PROFESSOR OF HEBREW AT CAMBRIDGE, CANON OF
BRISTOL, &c. &c.

Many notices have appeared, in periodical publications, of this eminent and accomplished scholar; whose history

* Prudent, Hymn XI. Peristeph, S. Hippolyte, 29 Seqq.

Novatus is here put for Novatian, as in other writings of the period.

The two names represent the same idea, Novatus, who left Carthage with very different views joined the party of Novatian at Rome.

presents one of the most astonishing instances upon record, of great powers of mind surmounting difficulties, and raising the possessor from an apparently hopeless obscurity to the first rank in the literary world. But no mention has hitherto been made of Professor Lee's early connexion with the Church Missionary Society. The fact has been wholly lost sight of, that he owed to that Society his academical education, and that he had at one time devoted himself to the promotion of its objects, either at home or abroad. His subsequent election to a professorship gave a different direction to his future course of life.

Yet the Professor himself ever cherished for our Society a cordial and lively affection. A few months before his death, he visited the Society's house while the Committee was sitting; and one of the Secretaries being called out to see him, invited him to enter the Committee-room. Dr. Lee replied to the invitation in terms which are now recollected with peculiar interest, as they mark the last interview in a friendship of nearly forty years' duration—"My health is too weak to bear the emotions which would be excited in entering that room. I look upon this Society as engaged in the greatest and most blessed work going on in the world. My prayers are constantly with you. May God give you grace to rise to the crisis!"

It will prove interesting to all our readers to have some account of the early struggles of this extraordinary man, in his course of self education. To some, perhaps, who have entered upon a similar path, it may prove at the same time eminently instructive and encouraging. We therefore present a history which has been often printed in different forms, and which embodies the account which the Professor was himself accustomed to give of his own early career.

"Samuel Lee was born at the village of Longer, situated on the Hereford road, about eight miles from Shrewsbury, on the 14th of May, 1783. In this village a charity-school had been founded and endowed by the family of Corbett, ancestors of Archdeacon Corbett, who afterwards became Mr. Lee's earliest patron. In this school he received the first rudiments of his education, remaining in it until he was twelve years of age; but acquiring nothing more than a general knowledge of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and without distinguishing himself in any respect by those developements of genius, which occasionally give, in early life, such strong indications of future greatness. •

" Having attained the age of twelve, Mr. Lee was put apprentice to a carpenter ; and, though little disposed to such an occupation, he yet pursued it for a time with diligence. Advancing, however, towards maturity, Mr. Lee felt an increasing attachment to reading, and perused with attention such books as happened to fall in his way in the house where he lodged. In the pages of these he occasionally found quotations from Latin authors, and felt no small degree of mortification in not being able to understand them. This circumstance suggested to him the first idea of making an attempt to learn the Latin language. Another incident, occurring nearly about this time, tended in no small degree to confirm the resolution which he had thus formed. Being employed in business by Sir Edward Smith, of Acton-Burnel, he had an opportunity of seeing many Latin books, and, not unfrequently, of hearing them read, accompanied with the painful reflection that their treasures were concealed from him.

" Having fixed his resolution to attempt the Latin language, when he had reached the age of seventeen Mr. Lee obtained Ruddiman's Latin Grammar, and some other elementary books, of which he made himself master. But, notwithstanding the information which they afforded him, the difficulties with which he was compelled to struggle still appeared formidable. To obviate some of these, he one day ventured to solicit information from a Catholic priest, who frequently visited the scene of his labours. But unhappily, instead of finding that assistance with which he had flattered himself, he was dismissed with an unexpected repulse.

" Mr. Lee, however, was not to be intimidated by the cold refusal. He was mortified at the unkindness he had received, but this indignity only furnished a new stimulus to exertion ; and he determined, if possible, to excel, in his knowledge of the language, the man who had dismissed him with such frigid indifference. His circumstances, moreover, at this time underwent a slight improvement, and he was thus furnished with the means of reading the Latin Bible, Florus, some of Cicero's Orations, Cæsar's Commentaries, Justin, Sallust, Virgil, the Odes of Horace, and the Epistles of Ovid.

" On being liberated from his indenture, he formed a determination to make himself acquainted with the Greek. He accordingly purchased a Westminster Greek Grammar, and not long afterwards a Greek Testament ; which, with the

assistance of Schrevelius' Lexicon, he was soon able to read. Having made this proficiency, he next procured Huntingford's Greek Exercises, which he wrote throughout; and then, agreeable to the plan recommended in these Exercises, read Xenophon's Cyropædia, and, shortly afterwards, Plato's Dialogues, some parts of the Iliad and Odyssey of Homer, the Golden Verses of Pythagoras, with the Commentary of Hierocles, Lucian's Dialogues of the Dead, some of the Poetæ Minores, and the Antigone of Sophocles.

"Having surmounted these difficulties, Mr. Lee next resolved to attempt Hebrew; and, with this design, he procured Bythner's Grammar, with his Lyra Prophetica, by the help of which he was enabled in a short time to read the Hebrew Psalter, a copy of which he procured. Advancing in the study of this language, he next purchased Buxtorf's Grammar and Lexicon, together with a Hebrew Bible, with which he soon made himself acquainted.

"Here it may be useful to observe, should this account meet the eye of some solitary, unbefriended student, that the system pursued by Mr. Lee in the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, if not the best, is well adapted to the end for which it was intended. For if the authors here specified be read with patient industry, and accuracy of elementary research—namely, the constant exercise of analysis or parsing, declining the nouns, adjectives, and pronouns, conjugating the verbs, examining the rules for the genders of the nouns and tenses of the verbs, and investigating the syntax—the student—

Nabit sine cortice—

will be able to pursue his studies to any extent. During his progress, he would derive great assistance from Sir William Jones's method of double translation—that is, translating a passage of Latin, Greek, or whatever language he is studying, into English, and, after laying by the translation for a short time, re-translating it back into the original language: this method will give him a facility of expression, and, by comparing his re-translation with the original, he will, as it were, become his own master.

"It was about this time that a kind of accident threw in his way the Targum of Onkelos, which, with the assistance of a Chaldee Grammar he already possessed in Bythner's Lyra, and Schindler's Lexicon, he was soon able to read. His next step was to undertake the Syriac, in which, also,

his efforts were crowned with success. By the assistance which he derived from Otho's Synopsis and Schindler's Lexicon, he was soon enabled to read some of Gattir's Testament. He next turned his attention to the Samaritan, in which he found less difficulty than in several of his former attempts ; for as the Samaritan Pentateuch differs but little from the Hebrew, except in the variation of character, he found few obstacles to his reading it. In this, however, he was compelled to confine himself to such quotations as books supplied, as works in that language did not lie within his reach.

" During the whole of this astonishing career, Mr. Lee was unaided by any instructor, uncheered by any literary companion, and uninfluenced by the hope either of profit or of praise. The difficulties which he had to surmount, arising from his situation in life, were more than sufficient to depress any spirit less active and energetic than his own. But, in addition to these, his incessant application to study brought on an inflammation in his eyes, with which, at times, he was severely afflicted ; and this induced those by whom he was surrounded to use every effort to dissuade him from his pursuits, and to oppose his progress with every discouragement in their power. These circumstances united, presented to his view an accumulation of opposition, the aspect of which was truly formidable. But habit, and a fixed determination to proceed, had now made study his principal solace ; so that, when the business of the day was finished, he renewed his application, and found it rather a source of rest from manual labour, than a mental exertion which augmented his bodily toils. And although, in his prosecution of these arduous studies, he suffered many privations ; yet the solitary satisfaction which he derived from his successful efforts imparted a recompense, which a mind actuated by similar principles alone can feel.

" But while Mr. Lee made these rapid advances in the acquirement of languages, he was not inattentive to the business upon which his livelihood depended. Considering his trade as his only support, and receiving some intimations and promises of a favourable nature in the line of his occupation, his prospects in life now fully engrossed his attention ; and under these views he married in 1811. The changes which had thus taken place soon induced him to think, that, how pleasing soever his acquisitions might appear, they were entirely useless in the situation that

seemed to be allotted to him ; and, under these impressions, he thought it prudent to relinquish the study of languages altogether. His books were accordingly sold, and new resolutions were formed, that were suited to his station, if they were not conformable to his inclination.

“ But the issues of human life frequently depend upon incidents, which we can neither anticipate nor command. Just at this time, Mr. Lee lost almost every thing that he possessed by a destructive fire ; and being thus almost incapacitated, for the time, from pursuing his previous avocations, he began seriously to think of adopting some new course, in which he might derive advantages from his former studies. At this time, nothing appeared so eligible to him as that of becoming a country schoolmaster ; and, to qualify himself more fully for this office, he applied himself to the study of Murray’s English Exercises, and improved himself in arithmetic.

“ Providentially, while he was in this state of depression, solicitude, and embarrassment, the Ven. Archdeacon Corbett, having heard of his singular attachment to study, and of his being at that time in Longnor, requested an interview ; that he might learn from his own statement the genuine particulars of a rumour, in which, from its singularity, he hesitated to place implicit confidence. A little conversation soon convinced him that report had by no means exaggerated Mr. Lee’s acquisitions ; and an inquiry into his mode of life soon led to a developement of his present calamities.

“ Pleased with having such an opportunity of fostering genius, of relieving distress, and of rewarding application, this worthy gentleman soon adopted measures, through which Mr. Lee was appointed to the superintendence of the Blue-school in Sirewsbury, and, at the same time, introduced to the notice of Dr. Jonathan Scott, who had been Persian Secretary to Mr. Hastings in India, and who was well known and highly respected as an oriental scholar. It was with this gentleman that Mr. Lee had, for the first time in his life either an opportunity or the pleasure of conversing upon those arduous studies in which he had been so long engaged ; but which, under all the disadvantages arising from solitude and poverty, he had prosecuted with so much success.

“ Astonished at Mr. Lee’s acquisitions, and finding him possessed of almost unexampled facilities for the acquirement of languages, Dr. Scott put into his hand some books,

through the assistance of which he made himself acquainted with the Arabic, Persian, and Hindustani languages. The loan of these books, and some instruction in pronunciation, included all that Mr. Lee received of foreign aid; his own mind furnished every other resource. And such was his progress in these hitherto-untrodden paths, that, in the course of a few months, he was not only able to read and translate from any Arabic or Persian manuscript, but compose in these languages. To his friend and patron, Dr. Scott, Mr. Lee sent Arabic and Persian translations of several Oriental apologues, taken from Dr. Johnson's *Rambler*, and also Addison's *Vision of Mirza*, in the *Spectator*; which translations, in the opinion of Dr. Scott, were 'wonderfully well done.'

"From the knowledge which Mr. Lee had obtained of the oriental languages through his acquaintance with Dr. Scott, he was introduced into a few private houses, as instructor in Persic and Hindustani to the sons of gentlemen who were expecting appointments either in the civil or military department of the Honourable East-India Company's service. This engagement, the superintendence of his own school, and his occasional attendance on two other seminaries as teacher of arithmetic, constituted his employment during his residence at Shrewsbury; and, from the proficiency made by his pupils, it may be fairly inferred that his talent of conveying knowledge to others corresponded with the facility with which he made his personal acquisitions.

"But the period was at hand, in which, through the order of an over-ruling Providence, Mr. Lee was to be transplanted to a region more congenial to his natural feelings and the bent of his genius. His acquaintance with Dr. Scott, which knew no interruption, was soon matured into a cordial friendship; and this, in conjunction with his constantly-accumulating attainments, led to the splendid advancement by which his subsequent career has been distinguished."

Dr. Scott introduced Mr. Lee to the notice of Dr. Claudius Buchanan, who had lately returned from India, and was deeply-interested in all the operations of this Society, especially in the oriental department. Dr. Buchanan at once conceived the idea that Mr. Lee's great talents might become useful to our cause, if the Committee should be satisfied with his religious character. A personal

interview satisfied Josiah Pratt that Mr. Lee, amidst his astonishing literary acquisitions, had received the gift of true faith and deep humility ; and that his views of Divine truth were, in all respects, consistent with those of the Society. The Committee immediately undertook to support him and his family while he passed through the University, with the prospect of eventually sending him as a Missionary to India or the Mediterranean, where his oriental learning might be consecrated to the work of translating the Scriptures. Dr. Buchanan was at that time residing at Cambridge, and he was requested to select the college at which Mr. Lee should be entered. A letter in the published life of Dr. Buchanan thus notices the fact—"Queen's College, Jan. 13, 1814—I consulted the college to-day concerning the proposed admission of Mr. Lee, the Shrewsbury linguist. It was agreed to admit him at Queen's." He commenced residence soon after this date. His contemporaries well remember the striking simplicity and unassuming manners of their new associate. He diligently pursued the classical and mathematical studies which were prescribed in the college course, and regularly attended the lectures. But his chief attention was still devoted to oriental languages ; and in classics and mathematics he did not obtain the first place, even in the limited competition of the college examinations. The Fifteenth Report of the Society records, that, during the first year of his residence at College, Mr. Lee translated into Arabic and Persian a small tract, entitled "The way of truth and life," of which the Persian edition was, three years afterwards, stereotyped, and copies were furnished to the Missionaries of the Edinburgh Missionary Society at Astrachan, who found it serviceable in their labours. In February 1815 Dr. Claudius Buchanan died, and a difficulty arose respecting the completion of the Syriac New Testament, which he was engaged in carrying through the press. The Committee gladly assented to Mr. Lee's undertaking the work on behalf of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

It became necessary that Mr. Lee should begin the work *de novo* ; and, having collated several Syriac manuscripts for the purpose, it appeared in 1816. The following mention is made of Mr. Lee's literary labours in the Seventeenth Report of this Society—"The completion of the edition of the Syriac New Testament has been executed in a manner so honourable to himself as a scholar, that the Court of

Directors of the East-India Company was pleased to present him with one hundred guineas in testimony of its approbation. Mr. Lee has proposed to enhance to the Syriac churches the value of this gift of the New Testament, by furnishing them with an edition of the Old Testament, chiefly by the aid of the celebrated Travancore manuscript of Dr. Buchanan; and your Committee will rejoice in being instrumental in thus reviving and confirming these ancient churches in the primitive faith."....."As the real history of those churches is imperfectly known, the Committee have requested Mr. Lee to compile a brief narrative of the principal events which have occurred in that history. The Committee were desirous of thus making known the sufferings and exigencies of that persecuted people."

"This task Mr. Lee has very ably executed. He will be found, in his narrative, to have arranged in lucid order the chief facts which are supplied by Geddes, La Croze, and Asseman; and to have accompanied them by remarks well suited to interest the members strongly in behalf of these oppressed Christians."....

"Beside these works, Mr. Lee is editing the Old and New Testament in the Malay language, printed in Roman characters; of which tongue he made himself master for the purpose of rendering this service: and he is also carrying through the press an edition of Martyn's Hindustani New Testament, and the Book of Genesis in the same tongue, translated by Mirza Fitrut, and revised from the Hebrew by the lamented Martyn, the manuscript copy of which book was kindly presented to the Society by one of its friends from India."

The publication of the Syriac New Testament raised the reputation of Mr. Lee abroad, as well as at home. The University of Halle, in Saxony, accordingly presented him with the degree of D. D., through the hands of Dr. Gesenius, the Hebrew Professor of that University. The Syriac Old Testament was not completed till the year 1823, when 4000 copies in quarto were issued.

The compiler of these notices well recollects the fact alluded to in the foregoing extracts—Mr. Lee's acquisition of the Malay language. It was accomplished in the college Christmas vacation of about two months; and upon expressing to him his astonishment at the facility with which he acquired new languages, and the fidelity of his memory in retaining a perfect and distinct knowledge of each, Mr. Lee

made the remark, that the acquisition of languages was to him as easy and certain a process, as the study of Newton's "Principia" appeared to be to his fellow student; that in all languages there were certain links and dependencies, which, when once understood, fixed the language in the mind; and that afterwards the "*copia verborum*" might be acquired at your leisure.

In the October Term of 1817 Mr. Lee took the degree of B.A., and soon afterwards was admitted to Holy Orders as curate of Chesterton, near Cambridge. Several of his college friends went over to hear his first sermon; and one, at least, retains a lively recollection of the fervour and simplicity with which he discoursed upon the text—"But now they desire a better country, that is, heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city" (Hebrews xi. 16.) This sermon afforded a lively proof, if one had been needed, that Mr. Lee's great advancement and rising reputation had not kindled the flame of ambition in his mind, nor corrupted it "from the simplicity that is in Christ."

The annual record of his literary labours, presented in the Eighteenth Report of the Society, introduces a new language to our notice. "The attention of the Committee has been called . . . to the Ethiopic Scriptures. A manuscript copy, in high preservation, of the first eight books of the Old Testament, in Ethiopic, having come, by purchase at a moderate price, into the hands of the Committee, the hope was again awakened, which had before been entertained, but often disappointed, of communicating to Abyssinia the gift of the Scriptures." "Mr. Lee at once prepared himself to edit the manuscript, while the British and Foreign Bible Society took measures to print it." "Of how great importance to Abyssinia the gift of the Scriptures would be likely, with the blessing of God, to become, a judgment may be formed from a 'Brief History of the Church of Abyssina,' which the Rev. Samuel Lee has compiled, from the best authorities, at the request of your Committee. Mr. Lee has executed this task with the ability with which he compiled the 'Brief History of the Syrian Churches in the South of India.'"

He was also at this time employed, with the aid of a learned Persian, in preparing for the press an edition of the Old Testament in Persian, to accompany Martyn's New Testament; and he was associated with Professor Macbride, of

Oxford, in preparing a correct and acceptable version of the Bible in Arabic. The two latter undertakings were to be at the expense of the British and Foreign Bible Society. Within the same year he also carried through the press a compendium of the Liturgy in Hindustani, prepared by Mr. afterwards Bishop, Corrie, and printed at the expense of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society. "It will appear from this statement," the Report of the Church Missionary Society observes, "how entirely Mr. Lee's time had been occupied. That his peculiar qualifications would enable him to render important services to the Society, either at Calcutta or in the Mediterranean, the Committee are well aware; but, while such employment as that in which he has been engaged crowds upon him at home, it would perhaps be impossible to place him anywhere abroad to so effective a purpose."

The Syriac and Arabic Bibles, together with his ministerial duties, occupied the attention of Mr. Lee during the year 1818.

The commencement of the next year introduces a new era of his life. The Arabic Professorship at Cambridge became vacant by the resignation of Mr. Palmer. His friends proposed that he should become a candidate; but as it was necessary that he should have an M.A. degree, the first step was to procure a royal mandate for conferring upon him that degree before the statutable time had been completed. For this purpose the consent of a majority of heads of houses, and a vote of the senate, were required. Mr. Lee's modesty and retired habits had made him little known in the University. He was opposed, also, by a gentleman already of the degree of M.A., who had been many years in India, and was an accomplished oriental scholar. Under these circumstances, a paper was printed, and circulated among the members of the senate, simply giving a list of the various oriental works which he had edited, and a few testimonials from well-known oriental scholars. Amongst them was the testimony of four native Persian gentlemen, at that time residing in London, who testified to his thorough acquaintance with the idiom and pronunciation, as well as with the grammar of that language, in the following emphatic terms: "Upon the whole, this being the entire persuasion of your servant, and in like manner the belief of all his companions who have spoken with the above-mentioned Mr. Lee, both in Persic and Arabic, that, whether as regards

pronunciation, or reading, or writing, he is learned and perfect."

The claims of Mr. Lee upon the vacant chair, and his pre-eminent learning, were recognised by all parties. The petition to the Crown for a royal mandate was triumphantly carried through the senate. The Government used every effort to expedite the business, so that Mr. Lee obtained his degree just in time for the election. The election is vested in the heads of houses, and Mr. Lee announced his success to the Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in the following letter—

TO THE REV. JOSIAH PRATT—

Queen's College, March 11, 1819.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I have now the happiness of announcing to you my complete success in being elected to the Arabic Professorship. The Candidates had all withdrawn, except Mr. Keene, of Haileybury, and myself."

The numbers, I understand, were nine to four, so that my majority was great. But had it been necessary, I should have had a few more votes. Now let me pay the tribute due to Him who governs 'all things after the counsel of His own will.' My prayer and hope is, that this and every other dispensation of His providence may at length promote His glory, and the good of His church. I hope in this to be joined by many a warm and devoted heart; and also that some pious breathings may be put up for me, that I may not be led into temptation, but delivered from evil.

"My kindest regards to all friends—Mrs. Pratt and family, &c. I hope soon to see you in town, when I will tell you particulars. Please to excuse haste.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your's very affectionately,

(Signed) "SAMUEL LEE."

The elevation of Mr. Lee to an University professorship naturally closed his official connexion with the Church Missionary Society, as he no longer needed the pecuniary assistance hitherto rendered to him.

And here it is impossible, for one who has had both the privilege of an intimate acquaintance with Professor Lee, and a large experience in Missionary subjects, to suppress the thought of what might have been the services rendered to the cause of Christ, if the original destination of Professor Lee had been adhered to, and he had proceeded to India as a translator. His early habits of life rendered him

more independent than many others of the comforts and conveniences of home society. His extraordinary powers and diligence in the study of languages, and even his mechanical turn, would have enabled him, like Carey, at the head of a Missionary translational and printing establishment, to have spread over India a flood of religious literature. So great has been the vacuum in this respect, that, at the present day, the Church Missionary Society is commencing a series of elementary books of instruction for the use of 50,000 native Christians in South India. A remark once made by Professor Lee himself is recalled to mind by this review. It was to this effect—"I regret that I have no important work to leave behind me, as a testimony of my desire to consecrate my learning to the promoting of the knowledge of God among mankind. I have commenced in this view a revised version of the Arabic Bible, and I trust that I shall be spared to finish it, and to leave it as a legacy to the oriental world." This wish was not fulfilled. It is important to dwell upon this topic, because it is feared that the conversion of the world has been much impeded by the mistaken and miserable notion, that talents of a high order should not be dedicated to Missionary work. Yet what achievements in literature at home can be regarded by the Christian as comparable with the presentation of the truth of the gospel to the nations which are perishing "for lack of knowledge?" The name of Samuel Lee, at Madras, might have been enrolled with that of William Carey, at Calcutta, as the greatest benefactors of a hundred million souls.

At the time of which we are speaking, it was thought by the Committee of the Society, and by Professor Lee's best friends, that he was providentially fixed in a home sphere. His labours were never intermitted; but they gradually became of a more general character, such as scarcely fall within the scope of this record, and a large share of them was engrossed by academic duties. He delighted whenever he had the opportunity of giving instruction to any students or Missionaries of the Society in the oriental languages. This he continued to do, even to the last year of his life. One of the alumni of Cambridge would scarcely reach his Mission, in West Africa, before he would hear of the death of the venerable friend who encouraged and helped him in the study of Arabic. Such pupils will bear witness that the learned Professor omitted no opportunity of inculcating spiritual truth, or ever failed to respond to the motives

which carry the Missionary into a far country. One of his earliest letters lies before us, in which he thus speaks of the advice which he had just given to a student of the Society under his instruction—"Private prayer is the marrow of religion. It is that which makes the soul delight itself in fatness: but for literary men it appears to me to be almost the 'one thing needful.'"

The literary works which he undertook in furtherance of the Society's objects after his election to his professorship were, the compilation of a New Zealand Grammar and Vocabulary, in which he fixed the orthography upon a system which has proved eminently successful. This work was accomplished mainly by availing himself of the assistance of two New Zealand chiefs, Hongi and Waikato, who resided near him at Cambridge for several months in the year 1820. In 1821 he also edited the controversial tracts on Christianity and Mahommedanism, by Henry Martyn, being the substance of his public disputations at Shiraz with learned Mahommedans.

Among works of a general kind may be noticed, a Hebrew Grammar, first published in 1832, and a Hebrew and English Dictionary in 1840; also an edition of Sir William Jones's Persian Grammar in 1828, which nearly deserves the title of a new work; the travels of Ibn-Batuta, translated from the Arabic, (1833); and the Syriac version of Eusebius on the Theophania, from a recently-discovered MS. (1840), together with a translation of the same in 1843. He published, also, a volume of Sermons and Dissertations, as well as several controversial Tracts and single Discourses.

In the year 1831 Professor Lee was removed from the Asiatic professorship to the Regius professorship of Hebrew. At this Professor enjoys certain privileges at Trinity College, he migrated from Queens to that Society. In the same year he was presented by the Crown to a stall in Bristol Cathedral, through which he obtained the vicarage of Banwell, Somersetshire, which he afterwards exchanged for the rectory of Barley, in Hertfordshire, on the borders of Cambridgeshire. He resigned the Hebrew professorship in 1848, and died on the 15th of December 1852.

These brief notices may be well closed by extracts from two private letters which have been received from well-known friends of the Missionary cause. The first is from the Rev. Theodore Preston, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, himself already distinguished in oriental learn-

ing; and the second is from the Rev. T. Vores, of Hastings, a late Secretary of the Church Missionary Society. Mr. Preston writes—

“ You have probably seen mention in the papers of the death of Dr. Lee. He had been sinking for nearly a year, though, from the nature of his complaint, very sanguine, almost to the last, about his recovery. Long before that he had an asthma, which seemed to me to be much increased by mental exertion, of which he was very unsparing, as well as by the keen air of Barley. I should think his review of my *Makamat* was about the last thing he sent to press. It is full a year that he has ceased to look over the proofs of the Arabic Bible. I remember his saying that it did not seem likely it should be finished (*i.e.* the revision of it) in his life-time. The *whole* of the translation has been made under his superintendence, to which it owes very much indeed. His Biblical labours were assiduous in the highest degree, and aided by an amount of erudition unequalled in this country. His learning and perseverance have been the model of many others, to whom he kindly gave his aid and encouragement, myself among the rest, and by whom his loss is deeply felt. Along with enlarged and fervent charity, he was remarkable for his strenuous disapproval of the presumptuous speculations of modern German Neologians, to whom he would hardly grant a hearing, so strongly was he set against them. He laboured conscientiously through life to promote the devout study of the Scriptures, and it is impossible not to deplore the departure of the possessor of such rare endowments, with whom so much that is valuable is lost.”

Mr. Vores writes—

“ I fear that there are not any materials to assist you. I called on Dr. Lee's daughter yesterday, but she told me she fears her father has not left any *mémoranda* of his life. I would that it were otherwise, and I much wish that some one competent to the task would draw up a memoir of moderate length. Dr. Lee's distinguishing characteristic as a Christian was, his cheerful, rejoicing, thankful spirit. But when the period of suffering came, he was able to kiss the rod. He spoke of the abounding mercies which had attended him through life; he acknowledged the final mercy of his Father's chastening hand; and his spirit was like Job's, when he said, ‘ Shall we receive good at the hand of God and shall we not receive evil?’ I need not tell you, who knew him so well, that the Lord Jesus was to him the Alpha and Omega.”

